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THE Port Folio.

VOL. I.

(THIRD) (SERIES.)

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1813.

Fisher Ames.

P321.1

THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.
COWPER.

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1813. No. 1.

AMERICAN SCENERY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

We have procured a very beautiful portrait of Fisher Ames, Esq. whose biography, from the pen of an eloquent and enthusiastic admirer, occupies the succeeding pages of this number. But the various occupations of the engraver have prevented him from furnishing it for the present month; and we, therefore, substitute an interesting view on the Hudson. That river after its escape from the mountains, winds between rich banks and beautiful islands, till within about a hundred miles from its mouth, when it expands into an ample surface, to which the boldness of its shores, and the long reaches, terminated by high promontories, give the character of what is called Lake Scenery. The annexed plate represents the bluff point opposite Coxsackie landing, about twenty miles below Albany, and may be considered as the limit between the two last divisions of lake and river scenery.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LIFE OF FISHER AMES.

On the illustrious and much lamented subject of the present article, we feel most sensibly how difficult it is to think without emotion, or to speak with that coolness and self control, that temperance and impartiality, which become the biographer. If, however, on any point of history, it be admissible to indulge in the language of sensibility, it is when attempting to portray the virtues and talents, the dispositions and achievements, of so excellent, so amiable, and so distinguished an individual. He was one of those extraordinary characters, which, at long intervals, a benificent Providence calls into existence, to instruct, delight, and astonish mankind. Had he been a citizen of Greece, when in the zenith of her glory, or of Rome, during the period of her fairest renown, he would have been preeminent in the ranks of statesmen and legislators, patriots and orators. In modern times, few men, devoted exclusively to civil pursuits, have moved in a sphere more elevated and radiant. From the commencement till near the close of his public career, which, alas! was almost as transient as it was brilliant, although associated with the ablest men of the nation, his wisdom in council, and his eloquence in debate, imposed on him the arduous and responsible office of a leader, in many of the most intricate concerns of legislation. As long as the state of his health enabled him to persevere in the exertions necessary for maintaining the station he had acquired, his ascendency in the house of representatives of the United States was as sensibly felt and as generally acknowledged, as that of Fox or Pitt, Burke or Chatham, in the British parliament.

When, in obedience to the decrees of heaven, a statesman, so preeminent in wisdom and eloquence, and so exalted by all the moral virtues, descends to the tomb, to suffer his services to be forgotten, and his fame to sink in the general wreck of common reputation, would argue, in the public mind, the most culpable degree of inattention and ingratitude. To perpetuate, in the broadest and most durable shape, the excellencies and achievements of such a character, becomes the duty of those

who survive him. Influenced as these sentiments, which we hold to be correct, and under the impulse of impressions to which we are proud to yield a willing obedience, we have ventured to prepare a biographical notice of *Fisher Ames.*

This distinguished personage was the youngest of a family consisting of five children. He was born on the 9th of April 1758, in the old parish of Dedham, a pleasant country town, situated in the county of Norfolk, about nine miles from the city of Boston. Descended from one of the oldest families in the state of Massachusetts, he was, in the strictest sense of the word, an American. In this respect, his blood was as pure from foreign admixture, as his spirit was free from foreign partialities. Although by far the most able and eminent of his line, he was not the only one of them who aspired to and attained distinction in letters. His father, a man of uncommon wit, acuteness, and worth, was a practitioner of medicine, high in reputation. In addition to the extent of his professional attainments, he was well versed in natural philosophy, astronomy, and mathematics. He died in July, 1764, when the subject of this notice had but little more than completed the sixth year of his age. He also numbered in the line of his ancestry, the rev. William Ames, who flourished about the beginning of the seventeenth century, and was the author of a very able work, denominated Medulla Theologiæ, and several smaller tracts in polemical divinity. That celebrated English divine, unable to submit to the spirit of domination and intolerance by which he was assailed, under the authority of Christ's College in Cambridge, emigrated to the State of Friesland, where he was afterwards chosen a professor in their university. He was an active member in the synod of Dort, in the year 1618. That he might be still farther removed from that most galling of tyrannies, which interferes with the rights of conscience and the forms of devotion, he had made definitive arrangements for emigrating to Newengland, but was prevented by death in the month of November 1633. We mention these facts to show, that the family of Ames had been long distinguished by their love of freedom.

On the death of young Ames's father, his mother was left to experience the anxieties, and to struggle with the difficulties

incident to the rearing of a family, in a widowed condition, and under straightened circumstances. As if inspired, however, with a presentiment of the future destinies of her son, she determined to bestow on him a liberal education. She accomplished her task, lived to rejoice in his prosperity and eminence, to witness the manifestations of his filial piety, and to weep, alas! over his untimely grave.

In a notice like the present, much that is important must be necessarily omitted. It is scarcely allowable, therefore, to exhibit even a transient view of the scintillations of genius in the morning of life, when they are so completely obscured by the lustre of its meridian. Were such a step admissible, it would be easy to show the early and rapid development of the faculties of young Ames—that he surpassed, in vigour and activity of intellect, the companions of his childhood, no less than the associates of his riper years.

At the age of six, he commenced the study of the Latin language. Here, the incompetency of teachers, and the frequent interruptions he experienced in his scholastic pursuits, were serious barriers in his career of improvement. The energy of his own mind, however, aided by a degree of industry, exemplary for his years, supplied the want of every thing else, and hurried him along in the road to knowledge. In the spring of 1770, his twelfth year being just completed, he was received as a student into Harvard College. Preparatory to his admission, he was examined by one of the ablest scholars of the country, who had long been a teacher of the learned languages. On this occasion, such was the readiness and accuracy he manifested, and such his acquaintance with the principles of language, even at so early a period, that his acquirements excited admiration and applause. From that time he was considered as a youth of exalted promise.

During the years that are spent in college, the character usually begins to unfold itself. To young Ames, this development was highly honourable. Persevering in his studies, conciliating in his manners, gentlemanly in his deportment, and amiable in his disposition, he was equally the ornament and delight of the institution. From his strict subordination to dis-

cipline, the correctness of his general conduct, and his distinguished attainments in learning, he became and continued a favourite with his teachers; while his associates were charmed with the affability of his manners, and the brilliancy of his parts.

Among the subordinate institutions of the college, calculated to minister to the improvement of the youth, was a society recently established for the cultivation of elocution. In this, young Ames discovered an object capable of awakening all his ambition; for even now, he coveted fame, and was warmly enamoured of the glory of eloquence. In the declamations which he practised under this establishment, he was early marked and admired for the propriety, energy, and elegance of his delivery. In specimens of lofty and impassioned eloquence in particular, his manner was peculiarly forcible and impressive. From the aptness of his genius for oratory, and the assiduity with which he devoted himself to its cultivation, he might soon be said to stand alone in the society. Discouraged and humbled by the acknowledged superiority of a youth so far behind most of them in point of years, his fellow students were at length induced to yield him the palm without competition. His orations, though mostly selected, were occasionally the production of his own pen. In these instances he manifested a capacity for the style and manner of the orator. Although he never offered himself a candidate for "wreaths of rich Parnassian growth," the invocation of the muse of poetry was sometimes the employment of his leisure hours. Even at this early period his compositions exhibited not a little of the same stamp and character which marked them so strongly in after life. They were figurative and sententious, highly animated and rich in ornament.

Amidst the dissipation, which notwithstanding the most strict and salutary laws, is too often attendant on a college life, it was equally the honour and felicity of young Ames to preserve his morals free from taint. Like the person of Achilles by the waters of the Styx, his mind was rendered invulnerable by a happy temperament and a virtuous education. This circumstance amounts to no ordinary praise. When vice approaches the youthful mind in the seductive form of a beloved companion, the ordeal is threatening and dangerous in the extreme. Few

possesses the prudence and firmness requisite to pass it in triumphant safety. One of these few was the subject of this article. Those who have been accurately observant of the dependence of one part of life on another, will readily concur with us, that his future character derived much of its lustre, and his fortunes much of their elevation, from the untainted purity and irreproachableness of his youth. Masculine virtue is as necessary to real eminence, as a powerful intellect. He that is deficient in either will never, unless from the influence of fortuitous circumstances, be able to place and maintain himself at the head of society. He may rise and flourish for a time, but his fall is as certain as his descent to the grave.

As happily illustrating and confirming the preceding observations, we cannot resist the temptation of introducing, in this place, a few very sensible and well expressed sentiments of a friend to Mr. Ames, in relation to his early habits of virtue, and the influence they exercised over his subsequent character and standing in society. "Young Ames," says this elegant writer, "did not need the smart of guilt to make him virtuous, nor the regret of folly to make him wise. He seems to have been early initiated in that caution and self-distrust, which he used afterwards to inculcate. He was accustomed to say, 'we have but a slender hold of our virtues; they ought, therefore to be cherished with care, and practised with diligence. He who holds parley with vice and dishonour, is sure to become their slave and victim. The heart is more than half corrupted that does not burn with indignation at the slightest attempt to seduce it."

"His spotless youth," continues his biographer and friend, "brought blessings to the whole remainder of his life. It gave him the entire use of his faculties, and all the fruit of his literary education. Its effects appeared in that fine edge of moral feeling which he always preserved; in his strict and often austere temperance; in his love of occupation that made activity delight; in his distaste for public diversions, and his preference of simple pleasures. Beginning well, he advanced with unremitted steps in the race of virtue, and arrived at the end of life in peace and honour." These are sentiments which we earnestly recommend to the youth of our country. They deserve

to be treasured up with care and guarded with more than miserly vigilance. They are precious beyond gold and pearl and jewels, and all that is comprised in the riches of the east. Besides shielding the earlier periods of life from those vices and dissipations, which sow the seeds and quicken the germs of future wretchedness, they will tend to crown a manhood of vigour, usefulness, and renown, with an old age of peace and honour, and to scatter blessings on the borders of the grave.

In the year 1774, when he had just completed his sixteenth year, Mr. Ames was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He took leave of college, bearing along with him an equal share of affection and honour. To say nothing of the excellence of his scholarship, he was pronounced the most eloquent of the sons of Harvard.

The struggle of the American colonies for freedom soon afterwards commencing, rendered the times perplexing and perilous. They were peculiarly so for the youth of the country, who had yet their principles to mature, and their plan of life to shape and settle. Too young to be employed in the public councils, and not having a predilection for the profession of arms, Mr. Ames took no active part in the contest which ensued. His heart, however, with its warmest affections, and his whole soul, with its best wishes, were with the sages who toiled, and the heroes who bled, in the cause of Independence. Nor was this all. Juvenile as he was, his pen was frequently employed in anonymous addresses, calculated by their wisdom to instruct the patriot, and by their impassioned eloquence to animate the soldier.

Influenced no less by the wishes of his mother, to whom his obedience and piety were exemplary, than by the early predilection of his own mind, he had determined, almost from his childhood, on devoting himself to forensic pursuits. He did not, however, enter on the study of his profession, till the year 1781, when he commenced it under the direction of William Tudor, Esq. an eminent counsellor, of the city of Boston. The interim, from his leaving college to this period, Mr. Ames had in no instance misemployed or abused. On the contrary, he had passed it in a manner useful to the community, as well as ad-

vantageous and honourable to himself. His reading, although somewhat irregular, had been so extensive and multifarious, as to excite astonishment, and almost surpass belief. His ardour for books amounted to enthusiasm. During this period, he not only revised the classical works, which he had previously read in the course of his academical studies, but, not satisfied with this, pushed his researches still further into the rich stores of ancient learning. No man relished, in a higher degree, the beauties of Greek and Roman literature. Few in America have been more familiar with them. On the works of Virgil he dwelt with rapture; and could recite, from memory, with an eloquence and force peculiar to himself, all his most splendid and touching passages. His rehearsal of the stories of Nisus and Euryalus, Pallas and Evander, Lausus and Mezentius, is said to have been a specimen of pathetic elocution. Poetry was now the luxury of his mind. He read with attention all the principal English poets, and became familiar with the writings of Milton and Shakspeare, committing to memory many passages of peculiar excellence. This course of reading, although possibly in some instances, not well directed, tended greatly to extend and liberalize, enrich and embellish, the mind of the young student. It aided in supplying him with that fund of materials for writing and speaking which he possessed in such abundance, as no length of debate or latitude of discussion could ever exhaust. It was also the source, in part, of his unprecedented fertility and aptness of allusion—his ability to evolve, with a felicity we never witnessed in any other speaker, a train of imagery suited to every subject and every occasion.

Not long after his admission to the bar, Mr. Ames was called on to appear in the character of a statesman and a legislator. Having been attentive to the native impulses of his own mind, and carefully observant of the drift of his genius, he had now a sufficient knowledge of his powers to perceive that the senate chamber rather than the forum, was to prove eventually the theatre of his renown. Notwithstanding, therefore, the voice of private interest to the contrary—for what honest American has ever grown rich in the service of his country!—so highly was he enamoured of that reputation and glory which conscious ability

whispered was awaiting him, and so ardent was his desire to move for a time in his proper sphere, that he now, perhaps, courted rather than declined the conspicuous walks of public life. Nor do we regard this disposition as amounting to a blemish in his character. On the other hand, we consider it as tantamount to a virtue. That great man is so far deficient in greatness, who is not ambitious of his just reward, the gratitude and applause of the virtuous and discerning portion of the world, consequent on the performance of exalted duties. Even Washington himself, that resplendent epitome of all that is great and excellent in our nature, was no stranger to the love of renown.

After having acquired distinction in the discussion and arrangement of certain points of local policy, he was elected a delegate to the convention of the state of Massachusetts, which met in the year 1788 with a view to the ratification of the federal constitution. Here an opportunity presented itself for making fresh and ample augmentations to his fame. The subject under consideration was eminently momentous. It elevated and expanded his views to its own dimensions, and called forth all the fervours of his mind. It was a decision of the question, whether the United States should be blessed with a wise, free, and efficient government, or exhibit the awful spectacle of a national chaos—a people passing in convulsions from faction to anarchy, and from that to the calm of a military despotism. It was during the session of this convention that he gained such high and well merited eclat, by that beautiful specimen of parliamentary eloquence, his speech on the subject of biennial elections.

In the first congress under the federal constitution, which met at Newyork in the year 1789, Mr. Ames appeared in the house of representatives, as a member from that district in which was included the city of Boston. During the eight years of the Washington administration, he retained his seat in that august assembly:—august let us call it; for it was composed of the ablest and most virtuous men of the nation. Rome, in her best days, would have gloried in a senate so enlightened and dignified; and the states of Greece would have committed their destinies to a council so preeminent in patriotism and wisdom.

This period of eight years, during which Mr. Ames held a seat in the legislature of the union, was all-important to the people of America. In the course of it, the most momentous concerns of the nation were discussed and adjusted with that sagacity and discernment, that expanded wisdom and spotless integrity, which their weight and the crisis so pressingly demanded. The complex and mighty machine of a government calculated to maintain its own existence, and to embrace and reconcile the different and clashing interests of an extensive country and a numerous, high-spirited, and jealous people, was constructed and put in motion. In addition to this, successful and satisfactory arrangements were made on the score of the most important of our external relations. By a wise and humane system of policy, combining the principles of justice and force, conciliation and firmness, the friendship of the Indian tribes was secured. With Great Britain and Spain, an honourable adjustment was effected in relation to all our points of difference. A spring was given to commerce which carried our flag to every sea, and brought to our shores the products and riches of every climate; and, by a dignified neutrality, the nation was preserved from the horrors of war, and the threatening vortex of a foreign alliance.

In the achievements of wisdom and the duties of patriotism, necessarily appertaining to these transactions, Mr. Ames held a share that was ample and distinguished. Persevering in his attentions, and faithful to the trust reposed in him by his constituents, in no instance did he indulge himself in absence from his post. On every question of interest and importance, he took an active and responsible part in debate. His eloquence was always adapted to the occasion—argumentative or impassioned, playful or serious, lofty or satirical, according to the subject, and the prevaling temper and disposition of the house. It was rich in every thing, both as to matter and manner, calculated to delight, impress, and instruct. Although it might not always convince his opponents, it seldom offended them, and never failed to excite their admiration, and command their respect.

His speech, on the appropriations for carrying into effect the British treaty, was certainly the most resplendent exhibition of

his talents; and may almost be regarded as constituting an epoch in modern eloquence. An English gentleman of cultivated taste and great attainments, who was present on the occasion, frankly acknowledged, that it surpassed, in effect, any thing he had ever heard in the British parliament. He even preferred it to Sheridan's celebrated speech in the case of Warren Hastings. It had, perhaps, more of the irresistible sway, the soul-subduing influence of ancient eloquence, than any thing that has been heard since the days of Cicero. The circumstances attending its delivery were peculiar. A brief recital of them will not, we flatter ourselves, be deemed uninteresting, or regarded as a departure from the duty of the biographer.

The debate on the subject of the treaty had been unusually protracted. In the course of it great liberties had been taken in the manifestation of individual feeling; and the collision of party politics had been inordinately keen. The public mind, having felt a deep and lively interest in it at first, had become weary and exhausted by its unexpected length, and was now extremely anxious that it should be brought to a close. The house itself, particularly the great body of the members who had already spoken, gave strong indications of the same temper. For several days the question had been repeatedly called for, by numerous voices at once, with a vehemence amounting almost to disorder.

During all this time, Mr. Ames, in a feeble and shattered state of health, and bowed down by a load of languor and despondency, had remained a silent spectator of the conflict. He had even determined not to speak at all, because he felt himself unequal to the exertion, and had, therefore, made no preparatory arrangements. As the moment, however, approached, when he was to join in the vote—a vote, on which, in his estimation, depended the future prosperity of his country, his resolution forsook him, and his patriotism triumphed over his prudence. From an expectation, on the part of some, that the question would be that day decided, and of others, that, perhaps, Mr. Ames would be induced to speak, the lobbies and galleries of the house were overflowingly crowded. The flower of Philadelphia was present no the occasion.

Under these circumstances, with a pale countenance and a languid air, the orator rose, and, in a voice, feeble at the commencement, addressed himself to the chair. At his appearance on the floor, a murmur of approbation escaped from the audience, who in their keen impatience that the debate should be closed, would have been tempted to frown on any other speaker. To this involuntary expression of the public satisfaction succeeded the most profound silence, that not a syllable might escape unheard. Animated, for the moment, by the workings of his mind, and inspired, as it were, by the occasion, with a degree of life and strength, to which his frame had long been a stranger, the orator's ardour and energy increased, as he proceeded; his voice acquired a wider compass, and he carried the house triumphantly along with him. Never was man gazed at with more steadfast attention, nor listened to with more eager and thrilling delight Pale and sickly, as it was, his countenance seemed at times, under the irresistible illusion of the moment, to be irradiated with more than mortal fires, and the intonations of his voice to be marked with more than mortal sweetness. We speak feelingly for we heard him throughout; and never can his image be effaced from our recollection, nor his accents seem to fade on our ear. Even now, after a lapse of nearly sixteen years, his look, his gesture, his attitude—all the orator seems embodied before us. He addressed himself to every faculty of the mind, and awakened every feeling and emotion of the heart. Argument, remonstrance, entreaty, persuasion, terror, and warning, fell, now like the music, and now like the thunder of heaven, from his lips. He seemed like Patriotism personified, eloquently pleading for the salvation of his country. The effect produced was absolute enchantment, if any thing earthly deserve the appellation. He threw a spell over the senses, rendering them insensible to every thing but himself. We venture to assert, that while he remainded on the floor, no person present had the slightest consciousness of the lapse of time.

When he resumed his seat, the audience seemed to awake as from a dream of delight. So absorbed were they in admiration—so fascinated and subdued by the charms of his eloquence, that no one had the proper command of his faculties. Conscious

of this, a leading member in the opposition moved for an adjournment, that the house might have time to cool, and the vote not be taken under the influence of the overwhelming sensibility which the orator had excited. This circumstance was in itself a tribute to the eloquence of Mr. Ames, far beyond what language can bestow. It was a confession, extorted from a political adversary, the most inexorable of human characters, that even the spirit of party was vanquished by his powers.

In the autumn of the same year, the college of Princeton, in consideration of his distinguished rank as a scholar and a statesman, conferred on Mr. Ames the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

His health being somewhat restored by regimen and travel, he was enabled to appear in the national legislature during the winter of 1796-7, although not to fill up his usual sphere in the duties of the house. Still, however, he was a leading member. The splendour of his former services had thrown around him unfading honours, and given him an ascendancy which little else than his presence was requisite to maintain. But even now he was far from being a silent spectator of events. In the debate which ensued on the answer of the house to the president's speech, he vindicated in a strain of the loftiest eloquence, and in a style of eulogy peculiar to himself, the claim of Washington to the unqualified love and gratitude of the nation.

On the close of this session, which was the last under the auspices of the Washington administration, Mr. Ames, having previously declined standing a candidate for congress, returned to the walks of private life. But it was his body alone that sought repose from public toils. His love of country continuing, as before, his predominant passion, and his mind still delighting to mingle in exercises where the eminent contend, he threw even now a large portion of light into the councils of the nation. Through the medium of the public prints, under various signatures, and in a style rich and fascinating, in an eminent degree, he imparted to his fellow citizens, from his private residence, as exquisite lessons of political wisdom, as had issued from his lips in the house of representatives. For several years his productions through this channel were multifarious and abundant. Al-

though generally written with great rapidity—frequently amidst the interruptions of a court-house, or the noise of a public inn, where he only rested for the night, they were always delightful and instructive, breathing the purest sentiments of patriotism, and hallowed by a spirit of enlightened philanthropy.

Among his compositions, during the period of his retirement, should be particularly noticed his eulogy on Washington, to the delivery of which he was appointed by the legislature of Massachusetts, and his masterly sketch of the character of Hamilton. He lived long enough to weep over the ashes, and to celebrate the praises, of these two wonderful statesmen and heroes; and, perhaps, of all men of the age, he was most worthy of so exalted an honour, because most competent to the task it imposed. His affection for the latter, and his sorrow and regret for his untimely fall, he pours forth in a style of sensibility and pathos, which nothing can exceed.

"The tears," says he, "that flow on this fond recital, will never dry up. My heart, penetrated with the remembrance of the man, grows liquid as I write, and I could pour it out like water. I could weep, too, for my country, which, mournful as it is, does not know the half of its loss. It deeply laments, when it turns its eyes back, and sees what Hamilton *was;* but my soul stiffens with despair, when I think what Hamilton *would have been.*

"His social affections and his private virtues are not, however, so properly the object of public attention, as the conspicuous and commanding qualities that gave him his fame and influence in the world. It is not as Apollo, enchanting the shepherds with his lyre, that we deplore him; it is as Hercules, treacherously slain in the midst of his unfinished labours, leaving the world overrun with monsters."

In the year 1804, Mr. Ames was chosen president of Harvard college. To the infinite regret, however, of that institution, the broken and precarious state of his health, conjoined with other considerations, which had no influence on any one but himself, prevented his acceptance of so responsible an office. The proper education of youth was a subject which always lay near to his heart. He considered it not merely as the principal ornament

of the edifice, but as the only durable cement to hold the fabric of a representative government, not to say the very structure of society, together. Contrary, however, to the sentiments of others, he did not think his habits altogether such as were calculated to fit him for the chief of a college.

In relation to the closing years of the life of Mr. Ames, we find that we cannot do better than to copy the language of his biographer of Boston, who, as formerly stated, appears to have been in the number of his personal friends.

"From 1795," says this interesting writer, "his health continued to decline, with partial and flattering intermissions, till his death. He was a striking example of magnanimity and patience under suffering. Retaining always the vigour and serenity of his mind, he appeared to make those reflections which became his situation. When speaking of his first attack, he observes, "I trust I realize the value of those habits of thinking, which I have cherished for some time. Sickness is not wholly useless to me. It has increased the warmth of my affection to my friends. It has taught me to make haste in forming the plan of my life, if it should be spared, more for private duties and social enjoyments, and less for the splendid emptiness of public station, than yet I have done."

"At length," continues his biographer, "after an extreme debility for two years, the frame which had so long tottered, was about to fall. With composure and dignity he saw the approach of his dissolution. He had many reasons for wishing to live. The summons came to demand of his noon of life the residue of a day which had been bright and fair; of his love of fame, the relinquishment of all that respect and honour, which the world solicited him to receive; of his patriotism, the termination of all his cares and labours for a country, which he loved with inextinguishable ardour; of conjugal affection, a separation from an object inexpressibly dear; of his parental tenderness, the surrender of his children to the chances and vicissitudes of life without his counsel and care.

"But these views of his condition did not sink his heart, which was sustained by pious confidence and hope. He appeared now what he always was, and rose in virtues in proportion to

his trial, expressing the tenderest concern for those he should leave, and embracing in his solitude his country and mankind. He expired on the morning of the fourth of July, 1808. When the intelligence reached Boston, a meeting of the citizens was held, with a view to testify their respect for his character and services. In compliance with their request, his remains were brought to the capital for interment, at which an eulogy was pronounced by his early friend Mr. Dexter, and every mark of respectful notice was paid.

"Funeral honours to public characters, being customary offices of decorum and propriety, are necessarily equivocal testimonies of esteem. But Mr. Ames was a private man, who was honoured because he was lamented. He was followed to the grave by a longer procession than has, perhaps, appeared on any similar occasion. It was a great assemblage, drawn by gratitude and admiration, around the bier of one exalted in their esteem by his preeminent gifts, and endeared to their hearts by the surpassing loveliness of his disposition."

That Mr. Ames held a place in the foremost ranks of intellect, and is, in that respect, entitled to a conspicuous station in the temple of fame, those who knew him best are most ready to allow. Even his enemies—if, indeed, he left any behind him—will not deny, that he was endowed, in an eminent degree, with all the powers and qualities of a man of genius. Whatever his imagination conceived and his judgment approved, his fancy decorated in the most vivid colours, and his ardour carried home with irresistible effect.

Although eminent as a jurist, and still more so as a writer, he was most distinguished as a statesman, and an orator. The style of his eloquence was peculiar to himself. We know of no model, either ancient or modern, to which it can, in strict propriety, be compared. Too rich to borrow, and too proud to imitate, he looked into himself, and drew on his own resources for whatever the subject and occasion demanded. He sought, indeed, for information from every quarter; through the abundant channels of reading and conversation, no less than those of observation and reflection. But when knowledge once entered his mind, it experienced so many new combinations, and underwent

such a thorough digestion, as to be completely assimilated to his own genius. Although it entered as knowledge derived from another, it soon took the character of the intellect it nourished, and went forth again, when required, to appear in a renovated, expanded, and more radiant form.

In relation to the modes of debate it pursued, and the abundance of instruments it was in the habit of using, a more pregnant, plastic, and versatile mind perhaps never existed. Nature and art were alike tributary to its amazing resources. With an ease and velocity which we never, we think, witnessed in any other being, it would bound through the range of space from pole to pole, and from earth to heaven, returning fraught with the choicest lights and happiest allusions; with all that was rare, and new, and beautiful, as means in illustration of some topic of debate. Capable of sporting with the lightest objects and of wielding the mightiest, it passed, with equal familiarity, from the dew-drop to the ocean, and from the whispering of the breeze, to the roar of the elements. As circumstances demanded, its subject appeared either in a dress, "*simplex munditiis*," elegantly simple, or clothed in a style of oriental magnificence.

In the different views entertained on the subject by different individuals, the oratory of Mr. Ames has been compared successively to that of most of the distinguished speakers, both ancient and modern—to the oratory, in particular, of Burke and Chatham, Cicero and Demosthenes. He has been even said, to have formed himself on the model of each of these illustrious standards in eloquence. The criticism is, in both its branches, erroneous. The oratory of Mr. Ames, although equally lofty, was less gorgeous than that of Burke, less full and swelling than that of Cicero, and, though somewhat similar in its sententiousness, energy, and point, less vehement and abrupt than that of Chatham or Demosthenes. In unstudied ornament, striking antithesis, fertility of allusion, and novelty of combination, it was certainly far superior to either. Nor is it just to the reputation of Mr. Ames, to represent him as an imitator of either British, Roman, or Grecian eloquence. That he was familiar with the best models of the art, which every age and country have produced, will not be denied. He studied them, however, not with a

view to servile imitation, but merely for the purposes of instruction and improvement—with the intention, perhaps, of correcting faults, but certainly not of acquiring excellencies. Something negative might have been derived from them; but every thing positive originated in himself. After collecting the best lights that extensive reading and inquiry could bestow, he retired within himself, and followed the bent of his own genius.

In the various exterior qualifications of the orator, Mr. Ames, though not perfect, was highly accomplished. His figure, somewhat above the common size, was well proportioned, erect, and manly. His countenance, although not marked by the strongest lines, or the boldest features, was lively and intelligent, susceptible of great animation and variety of expression, when thoroughly warmed and illumined by debate. His voice was clear, distinct, and melodious, of sufficient compass to fill the largest of our public buildings, and capable of great variety in its intonations. His action, although not, perhaps, varied to the extent that was allowable and even desirable, was easy, graceful, and appropriate; and, in his more lofty and impassioned flights, became sometimes dignified, vehement, and commanding. Without ever descending to what might be denominated the stratagems of oratory, he, notwithstanding, practised that command of temper, and never failed in the observance of that regard to the feelings and disposition of the house, which are such powerful auxiliaries to argument and persuasion.

In endeavouring to give a view of the genius of Mr. Ames, it is proper to obaerve, that his imagination was the master faculty of his mind. Original, lofty, prolific, and inventive, yet, at the same time, inimitably sportive and gay, it was capable of every variety of exertion. It could mount, with the eagle, through tempests and storms, skim, with the swallow, along the surface of the pool, or, like our own sylph-winged Trochilus,* playfully dart from flower to flower, robbing each of its sweets, or plucking the fairest and weaving them into festoons of the choicest imagery. It was in his hours of relaxation and social intercourse, that these latter qualities of his imagination were displayed with

* The humming bird.

a felicity that never was surpassed. It has been remarked, that those individuals most celebrated for their oratorical, are not generally distinguished in an equal degree, for their colloquial, talents. With him, however, the case was different. His powers in conversation were even paramount, in their kind, to his eminence in debate. It was within the circle of private friendship that he might be said to feel the influence of a peculiar inspiration. On these occasions, his mind never laboured, nor appeared to be sensible of its own exertions. Every thing came to it spontaneously and unsought for. Yet did it furnish forth such a rich and gorgeous intellectual banquet—the fruits of judgment, the stores of memory, and the decorations of fancy, delightfully arranged by the hand of taste, while the champaign of wit was brilliantly foaming around the board—that the scene was heightened almost to enchantment.

Criticism has not yet settled the rank and character of Mr. Ames as a writer. Nor, were we otherwise qualified for it, would either our functions or the limits of this article permit us, at present, to engage in the task. That he possessed, in an ample degree, the power to instruct by the variety and excellence of his matter, to surprise by the novelty of his combinations, and to delight by the sprightliness and beauties of his style, no one who has read his productions will deny. Notwithstanding this, we do not feel authorized to place his works in the highest order of prose composition. This, however, was the result of inauspicious circumstances, rather than of any deficiency in the powers of the writer. Excellency in composition is not attainable by a hasty effort. It is as much the work of time and the offspring of labour, as a highly finished painting, or an exquisite piece of sculpture. The first draught of an essay, however masterly the hand which executes it, is always, in some of its qualities, imperfect. That writer who does not carefully review the labours of his pen, will never rise to eminence in his profession. Even the productions of the great Johnson that were written in haste, and hurried to the press without correction, can be easily distinguished from those that received a careful revisal.

Hence arose the principal imperfections, in point of composition, that appear in the works of Mr. Ames. All his produc-

tions were hastily written, and seldom revised. Still, however, they constitute a splendid and durable monument of his talents and research. They are an important addition, not only to the science of politics, but to English literature. We firmly believe, that few, if any men living could have written so rapidly, with so little preparation, and, at the same time, so well. They are animated, sententious, full of ornament, and clothed in a style more chaste and classical, than the circumstances under which they were composed would warrant us to expect. If they are not equal to the writings of Burke, whose compositions, perhaps, they most resemble (yet we cannot admit that the inferiority is striking) it is only because they were hastier productions. More devoted to his country's welfare than to his own glory, their author hurried them rapidly from his pen, and as rapidly through the press, anxious only that they should be clearly understood, and the truths they contain duly appreciated.

That in the attributes appertaining to mere elocution, Mr. Ames was the most distinguished speaker of his time, all men of all parties readily acknowledged. His political opponents, however, that they might not resign to him the palm in every thing, but, by endeavouring to make his defects a counterpoise to his excellencies, lop his reputation to their own standard, asserted that both his speeches and writings were wanting in depth and soundness of thought—that they were more brilliant and touching, than solid and instructive, and, therefore, much better calculated to dazzle the imagination and subdue the heart, than to inform the judgment or convince the understanding. They charged him with substituting declamation for argument, the pomp of imagery for the severity of logic, and pronounced him deficient in political sagacity and wisdom. Of this calumny, as illiberal as it was unfounded, his works are themselves an ample refutation. They demonstrate, in a manner the most clear and forcible, that his discernment and sagacity were equally pre-eminent with his powers of elocution—that, on many points, his political wisdom amounted almost to the light of prophecy. We venture to assert that no man of the age has surpassed—in our opinion none has equalled him, in the almost divine attribute of predicting the occurrence of future events. Not to mention his

foresight in relation to the affairs of our own country, his writings are a chart of the progress of those changes that subsequently occurred on the continent of Europe. Deeply read in history, which furnishes the best clew to the intricate mazes of the human heart, and is itself philosophy teaching by example the consequences attendant on the operation of certain principles and measures, he was extensively and profoundly observant of the present, and had learned to foretel the future from the past.

The principal fault in the writings of Mr. Ames is itself an evidence of the richness and extent of his intellectual resources. It is a superabundance of metaphor, an excess of imagery, which sometimes diverts the attention from substance to ornament, and thereby weakens the effect of the sentiment which it adorns. In this respect, although he excites our admiration, and even moves our wonder, he holds out an example which sound criticism forbids us to imitate. Had he lived to revise his writings during hours of leisure, when the glow of original composition had subsided, he would have pruned them of this cumbersome load of ornament. In such an event, but little would have been wanting to render them perfect. They would have borne a proud comparison with the best writings which Europe has produced.

In private and domestic life, Mr. Ames was peculiarly amiable. His temper was mild, his heart benevolent, his disposition open and generous, and his affections warm. Participating of the frailties incident to our nature, he was not perfect. His faults, however, were so few and inconsiderable, so lost in the lustre of his excellencies and virtues, that, without being chargeable with a spirit of partiality, we may be suffered to commit them unrevealed to the same shrine that encloses his ashes. He preserved throughout every station which it was his fortune to fill, and every scene in which he bore a part, a reputation of the highest moral standard—unsullied and unsuspected.

His death, which occurred in the fifty-first year of his age, bore testimony to the conscious purity and rectitude of his life. It celebrated his praises in a style of panegyric which the language of the eulogist would emulate in vain. He was sustained and comforted, in his last moments, by those cheering hopes and beatific expectations which constitute the rich inheritance of the Christian.

C.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The works of Ponce Denis Lebrun, arranged and published by P. L. Guingené, with some notice of the life and writings of the author prefixed. 4 vols. 8vo. Paris.

To an editor, the world is at length indebted for the appearance of these volumes, which have been so long and so anxiously expected, but which, in spite of the author's repeated promises, for the last twenty years, would never have seen the light, had he lived to the age of a patriarch. Let the lovers of literature rejoice, for it is to them a moment of high gratification.

Lebrun was *born* a poet; and, if we dared venture to assert that a writer has existed, in our own times, more gifted with inspiration than *M. Delisle*, we would, assuredly, award the laurel to the author of the odes, which compose the initial volume of this collection. Delisle, no doubt, has more art; his versification is more laboured and correct, and he knows how to marshal his phraseology inimitably well; a vivid imagination, and a brilliant colouring, glow through all his productions; his talents, in short, resemble, as it were, the *girdle of Venus*, which he seems to have borrowed—but who, at the same time, can deny, that Lebrun received from heaven an incomparably larger portion of that fervid, *inborn* flame—that *vivida vis animi*, which constitutes the soul of genuine poesy? The former has established a style and a school; hundreds of juvenile rhymsters, without possessing a particle of his admirable powers, conceive that they are able to imitate all those happy touches of his, and to dive into all the resources of his genius. But who can pretend to copy after Lebrun? Inspiration cannot counterfeit itself, and that intuitive brilliancy which points out and illumines a path to the lofty minded bard, expires with its possessor.

To those extraordinary powers with which nature had gifted our poet, was added an intimate acquaintance with the great writers of antiquity. Like the authors of the age of Louis XIV, he made them his guides through the devious intricacies of Parnassus, and from this source he acquired that commanding hardihood of manner, which is the prominent characteristic of Lebrun's style. His reading, we are assured, was remarkably ex-

tensive and judicious; and that he always read with profit is evidenced by the numerous marginal notes which crowd his books. At the latest period of his life too, Lebrun was still a student; he studied, he digested every thing thoroughly *before* he wrote, and however paradoxical it may appear in this scribbling age *to* write—In the present day, indeed, it would seem that the pens of our writers are guided by inspiration alone, scorning the aid of study and of previous instruction. God only knows what will be the result of this inversion of the order of things, but so far as an observation extends, these poetasters will themselves, ere long, lament the change. Independently of that total want of genius and talent, which excites the disgust and contempt of every person of taste, the gross ignorance which most of them labour under, must certainly prove an insuperable bar to their enjoying the smallest success; the circulation of their rhyming bagatelles is daily narrowing; and they will sooner or later find that a poet's only security for reputation or profit consists in a diligent study of those great models which antiquity has bequeathed to us.

Lebrun was much indebted, in the early part of his life, to the friendship of Mr. Louis Racine, son of the immortal bard of that name, and a poet himself. It was he who guided his unpractised steps in the arduous career he had entered, who encouraged him with praise, and communicated, no doubt, those valuable and curious traditions, of which he alone was the depositary. This Louis Racine had a son, who was the intimate friend of Lebrun; three beautiful odes, which rank the author very high among lyric poets, are the fruit which the world has derived from this connexion. These, however, were only the dictates of friendship; but *love*, all-powerful love, soon inspired the youthful poet's bosom with sentiments of a warmer and more vehement complexion. *Fanny*, the heroine of his soft tale, soon became his wife, and three swift years scarce witnessed a diminution of his bliss. What, in fact, was wanting to his good fortune? The estate he possessed was comfortable, and though moderate, amply sufficed for the gratification of every wish; for at this period, let it be observed, a man of letters did not consider it impossible to exist satisfactorily without a rent-roll of twenty thousand livres *per annum*. To these materials of happiness was added a wife, young and

pretty, fond of her husband, and capable too of appreciating his merit, since, according to the editor, "she composed equally well in prose and verse." But this honeymoon was soon clouded; in 1774, the adorable angel, *whose countenance was the breath on which he existed*, to whom he had so often whispered,

Mets ton cœur sur mon cœur, ta bouche sur ma bouche;

the tender, amiable Fanny abandoned him, applied for a divorce, and succeeded. We may conceive that the poet's tone was now changed. In his rage he compares his wife to the vile daughters of Danaus, *who bathed their murderous hands in their husbands' gore*. The petty accidents and misfortunes, however, which rouse and depress the passions of that little animal, man, when viewed in another, serve only, like those of the buskined hero, to vary the amusement of the spectator; to the marriage of Lebrun we are indebted for passionate eulogiums; his rage supplies us with frenzied imprecations. It was about the same period also that the prince of Conti, to whom he was secretary, died: his hopes, from this quarter, were extinguished by a paltry pension of a thousand francs, very ill paid. And to cap the climax of his misfortune, the prince of Guémenée, in whose schemes he had invested the whole of his capital, became bankrupt. But the spirit of Lebrun was not be depressed by such accidents as these, and his vengance was only that of a poet. He did not forget to sting the princely banker with such epigrams as

Quand le beau prince, escroc sérénissime, etc.

And again:

D'un petit gentillâtre ou d'un banquier trés-mince
La faillite serait d'un million ou deux;
Mais de trente-six! aucun d'eux
Ne l'oserait: c'est faillite de prince.

The satisfaction of snarling a few sarcastic epigrams, was the only equivalent that Lebrun received for twenty thousand francs.

It is observed by the editor, M. Guingené, that at this epoch the poet composed his finest odes—is misfortune then the spur of genius? Certain it is, that opulence too often benumbs it.

How many ardent, aspiring souls, whose youth afforded the most flattering promise, have sunk into oblivion and a fortune, or resigned Parnassus for a counting house! Poets should always be hungry and necessitous—Enriched they become lazy and indolent, or else present the world with the verses of a fine gentleman, or a wealthy Idon, from both of which, God in his mercy preserve us. It was when treading the regions of misery and misfortune, that Lebrun addressed his two odes to Buffon; one on occasion of the dangerous illness from which that illustrious philosopher had just emerged, the other *on his calumniators:* They were both severely handled in the Mercury, by La Harpe, as the ode of Voltaire had been, in the Année Literaire, by Freron. To this piece of criticism, we are indebted for some hundred epigrams and a few epistles, to which the author has modestly declined giving the title of satires. If the bickerings of men of letters, always produced results such as these, we would willingly consent to banish every lover of peace and concord from the poetical fraternity.

But the prospects of Lebrun soon began to brighten, and misfortune, weary of persecution, left him, at length, to the guidance of his better genius. He became an object of favour at court, and, by the solicitation of M. Calonne, obtained a pension of two thousand francs. It was then that our poet, in a very beautiful discourse, composed on occasion of the assembly of notables, sang the praises of Louis XVI and his minister.

The storm of the revolution was at this moment gathering, and soon burst forth. Lebrun became a zealous republican. Who does not remember those famous lines:

L'insecte usurpateur, etc.!

The editor informs us, that for upwards of thirty years Lebrun professed those principles which the revolution consecrated. God forbid that we should play the part of accusers, but it would, in our opinion, have been more manly, if the poet had either refused the favours of this *insecte usurpateur*, or if he did receive them, to have restrained such indecent exulation at his benefactor's fall. It is a very fine thing, no doubt, to be a great poet; but gratitude is certainly no derogation from his merit.

Be this as it may, democracy provided its eulogist with a very comfortable residence at the Louvre, and though, as Mr. Guingené observes, *the apartment was decorated with ornaments which could not be removed*, Lebrun contrived to accommodate himself; and a pension from the government of six thousand francs, shielded his old age from every want.

Lebrun undoubtedly did not enjoy, in his lifetime, that degree of celebrity to which his merit was entitled. By many he was regarded as the mere author of *Republican Odes*, trifles of the day. The present collection of his works will, however, we have no doubt, dispel such injurious ideas; indeed when we re-reflect a moment, the cause of his neglect is of no very difficult explanation. Prior to the revolution, the republic of letters was divided into two distinct parties, styled *philosophers* and *anti-philosophers*. Did you desire to have eulogists, to be lauded in the public journals, and extolled in the various circles of taste and fashion? You must immediately and warmly attach yourself to one of the conflicting parties. Lebrun, proud and independent, ridiculed both. On the one hand, Diderot, Marmontel, La Harpe, Rulhière, &c. are the subjects of innumerable biting sarcasms. On the other side, he attacked Freron with equal violence.

Dealing out thus, indiscriminately, his deadly blows, Lebrun raised up a host of enemies, without engaging a solitary defender. While Dorat was applauded in the various journals, and cried up as the only competitor of Voltaire in the lighter species of poetry, the name of Lebrun was seldom heard, unaccompanied with the most contemptuous epithets. Nor was it until after the revolution that he could obtain a seat in the academy. *Numerous enemies, and few friends*, will, we believe, be found the clue to those unfavourable sentiments which his cotemporaries professed for the genius and writings of Lebrun. It will, no doubt, be asked, however, did Lebrun *deserve* to have many friends? We dare not answer in the affirmative. Mr. Guingené, who so justly holds up to admiration the genius and imagination of his author, says not a word, we observe, about the goodness of his heart. This silence, on a point which biographers usually seize with avidity, appears, to us, rather suspicious. Opening, casually, the second volume, we find, in the

invocation to Nemesis, abounding in *frightful beauties*, these four verses which Lebrun indited—against his own mother and sister:

O Méléagre! ainsi ton effroyable mère
Te dévouait aux feux qu'alluma sa colère;
Ainsi l'horrible sœur d'Absyrthe massacré,
Dispersait en lambeaux son frère déchiré!

Poetry, we acknowledge, has its privileges; but this is straining the license beyond all bounds. Admitting that Lebrun had cause of complaint against them, is that a reason for thus holding up to public execration his own mother and sister?

Our poet has somewhere said,

Jamais, jamais, je n'ai d'une épigramme
Lancé le dard, sans être provoqué—

Heaven preserve us from such *lambs* as these; wolves could not be more ferocious! To be sure, when this mighty lion was chafed, in advanced life, by juvenile pretenders to rhyme, who, disregarding his prowess and experience, had the temerity to goad him, he had a right to display the fierceness of his nature, and chastise such insolence: but very difficult, indeed, would be the task of justifying those numerous angry thrusts which were aimed at an illustrious poet, who never provoked a human creature, and never replied to the most virulent calumniator.

Mais il (Fréron) prôna l'ingénieux Delille,
Qui, sous le fard, se donnant pour Virgile,
Si bien lima son vers mince et poli,
Que le grand homme est devenu joli.

Sur deux poëtes qui nous manquaient à l'Institut.

Deux poëtes chez nous ne font point résidence:
Sur Delille et Leblanc notre choix se méprit;
Delille à l'Institut manque par son absence;
Leblanc, par absence d'esprit.

You may call this a mere fit of spleen, if you choose; but Lebrun had such fits every morning—they were, we may say, his *breakfast*, and the translator of the Georgics appears to have afforded him the heartiest meal.

The secret of this dislike seems to have been, that Lebrun was himself a translator of the Georgics, and had been in the habit of reading to a select circle, certain portions of his work, long before De Lisle's translation appeared. Conscious of his superiority, Lebrun could ill brook the general enthusiasm which was excited by his rival's production, and the oblivion into which his own immediately sunk—*Inde iræ*. The translation of the episode of *Aristæus*, by our author, has very considerable merit. It is observable too, that the editor, who, in his wisdom has conceived it a duty to suppress the sarcasms against authors now living, makes an exception in favour of Mr. Delisle. He thought, no doubt, that however malignant, they possessed no power to injure a character so amiable and so exalted; and we are very much of the same sentiment.

Another example will serve to display still further the simplicity and ingenuousness of this *lamb*. That celebrated "Thomas," before whose name the gall was dissipated from Lebrun's pen, in what did his exalted merit consist? He had admired, forsooth, the talents of our author, had vaunted with enthusiasm, (vol. 4, page 241.) the *harmony* of his verses, and the *majestic flow* of his odes. Turn over the volume of epigrams, and you will find in what coin the poet has repaid his panegyrist. Happily these epigrams are not dangerous; they may be read with pleasure, as possessing, for the most part, a very agreeable and amusing turn; still, however, we will not the less admire those writers whom Lebrun has selected as his victims.

It is not our intention, in this place, to delineate the nature of the ode, nor to discuss at large, that *beautiful irregularity*, and disorder, which is in reality the effect of art.—The delightful sensation it excites, is to be felt, not analysed; the poet, who never seizes the pencil, but when guided by heavenly inspiration, and when he can exclaim

Est deus in nobis, agitante calescimus ipso,

may unshackle himself from the fetters of ignoble rules; his genius, his enthusiasm will supply their place—while the reader would turn with weariness and disgust from the plodder, who, though he may surpass the Stagyrite himself in a knowledge of the laws of verse, inhaled not from Heaven the *mens divinior* of

a poet. No writer, perhaps, was ever more deeply versed in these pretended rules than *Lamothe*, and yet we all know of how much service they were to him—Nothing certainly can be more learned, more frigid, or less lyrical than the odes of this gentleman; nevertheless, in spite of common sense, they were repeatedly crowned by the academy, while the *Ode to Fortune*, presented as a candidate for the prize of the *Floral Games*, was adjudged to be wholly unworthy of notice—a decision which shows how far we are to appreciate those rewards, which are commonly styled *academic crowns*.

It will not be denied, that he who succeeds in a task so arduous, as this species of composition, is, indeed, a poet; this honourable title, therefore, will surely be granted to Lebrun, who has presented the world with a volume of odes, some of which would not shrink from a comparison with the most beautiful of Rousseau's. According to the editor, indeed, we might go still further—"*Hitherto*," says Mr. Guingené, "the odes of Rousseau appear to have been the best that our language could boast, next to the admirable chants of Esther." From this word *hitherto*, we may augur that Mr. Guingené would intimate a preference of his own author over Rousseau. But however excusable such an excess of partiality may be, in a gentleman standing as he does, the *god-father*, as it were, of these volumes, *we* could plead no such apology, and therefore still think that Rousseau's odes to the *count de Luc*, to *prince Eugene*, the *duke of Vendome*, and *Malherbes*, are the most genuine specimens of lyric poetry; yet proud may Lebrun be, to occupy a place even next below the inimitable Jean Jacques. Like Horace, who seems to have been his model, our poet adopted each style in turn, so that no want of variety, at least, can be complained of. His finest production perhaps, is the ode addressed to Buffon *on his calumniators*; we would wish to transcribe the whole of it for our readers, but our limits must confine us to the three concluding strophes:

Quoi! tour à tour, dieux et victimes,
Le sort fait marcher les talens
Entre l'Olympe et les abîmes,
Entre la satire et l'encens!

Malheur au mortel qu'on renomme!
Vivant, nous blessons le grand homme;
Mort, nous tombons à ses genoux:
On n'aime que la gloire absente;
La mémoire est reconnaissante,
Les yeux sont ingrats et jaloux.

Buffon, dès que rompant ses voiles,
Et fugitive du cercueil,
De ces palais remplis d'étoils
Ton âme aura franchi le seuil,
Du sein brillant de l'empyrée
Tu verras la France éplorée
T'offrir des honneurs immortels,
Et le temps, vengeur légitime,
De l'envie expier le crime,
Et l'enchaîner à tes autels.

Moi, sur cette rive déserte
Et de talens et de vertus,
Je dirai, soupirant ma perte:
Illustre ami, tu ne vis plus!
La nature est veuve et muette;
Elle te pleure, et son poëte
N'a plus d'elle que des regrets.
Ombre divine et tutélaire;
Cette lyre qui t'a su plaire,
Je la suspends à tes cyprès.

There is something in these verses superior to mere harmony; they abound in elevation, and with fine thoughts, brilliantly expressed. The ode was set to music by Miss Beaumenil, and it is not surprising that Buffon shed tears of tenderness, when Madame Genlis sang to this great philosopher the last two strophes; such, however, is the charm of fine poetry, that it requires no additional aid from music. *God will bless you*, said the old marquis de la Fare to Rousseau, *because you compose excellent verses*. At a later period, he would have paid the same compliment to Lebrun. Unhappily, however, it is not always on good poets that Heaven bestows its benedictions, and seldom, indeed, does it permit the Muses to meddle with the purse-strings, or to interfere in adjusting the balance of good and evil.

Rousseau, persecuted for a long time, died at length in a foreign land, an exile from that country which now vaunts of its having given him birth. It is true, Lebrun did not experience this misfortune; but we know that his first wife, the object of his adoration, abandoned him, and that an *escroc sérénissime*, pillaged the shattered remnants of his fortune. The gods, we firmly believe, select the most miserable grinders of rhyme, for the objects of their favour—at least most of our acquaintance in that branch of literature, are in very flourishing circumstances.

If the author whom we are here considering, was once little known, it would be necessary to multiply quotations, and advancing no remark without proof, to carry conviction to the most incredulous mind; but the well established reputation of Lebrun, render such exertion unnecessary. We need, therefore, only say, that having attempted, in succession, every species of ode, he succeeded in all. Mr. Guingené does not hesitate to affirm, that his muse is *infinitely more various* than that of Jean Rousseau; nor will this assertion appear so extravagant, when we advert to the nature of the latter's odes; they are generally grave, austere, and sublime; yet it would be an act of injustice not to remark, that when his subject permits, he is full of pleasantry, grace and ease—witness the *ode to a widow*, addressed to *M. d'Ussé*, &c. But to view this subject in its proper light, we ought to consider Rousseau as the author of "*psalms*" and "*cantates*." Thence we may collect a just idea of the variety of his talent. Lebrun himself has said, of those who accuse this illustrious poet of monotony, "They see in his works nothing but the truly sublime, which is little susceptible of a playful style. The masculine strength which he then exerts, prevents their discerning the various touching, tender beauties, that are scattered through more than one of his volumes. Do they not remember that exquisitely pathetic piece, of which our tears so often spoke the eulogium?"

J'ai vu mes tristes journées
Décliner vers leur penchant;
Au midi de mes années
Je touchais à mon couchant.
La mort, déployant ses ailes,
Couvrait d'ombres éternelles

La clarté dont je jouis,
Et dans cette nuit funeste
Je cherchais en vain le reste
De mes jours évanouis—

A *chef d'œuvre* of French poetry—which for its sublimity, its noble, harmonious style, is equal to any ode in our recollection, not excepting even the celebrated *cantate of Circe*, "where," says La Harpe, "the transport of the poet recalls to our mind that which animated the fiery steeds of Neptune, who, in three strides, accomplished a tour from one extremity of the globe to another." It is more especially in the *cantates*, that Rousseau, diversifying his subject with great art, displays the flexibility of his genius. To make use again of Lebrun's testimony, "the mild breath of zephyrs is not more soothing, nor the heavenly ambrosia more delicious—a river of milk and honey, could not flow with more sweetness and serenity, than the verses of *Diana*, of *Adonis*, and of *Amimone*." Such is the poet to whom Lebrun is placed second, in lyric and epigrammatic praise. Let him be satisfied.

The second volume of this collection, comprises Lebrun's *Epistles*, *les veillés du Parnasse* left unfinished, and all the fragments which the editor could collect of the poem *de la Nature*. This last effusion of the Muse, had originally a more simple title, *Les Avantages de la Campagne*. The author's design was to prove that "a country life tends to the increase of our wisdom, makes liberty more determined, genius more sublime, and love more tender." This subject was one that would have called forth the full exertion of his talents; and it is to be regretted, that a work he valued so much, and on which he founded the most sanguine anticipations of future glory, should never have been finished; the fragments which remain, serve very much to augment our regret. Amongst the Epistles, every person of taste, will recognise with pleasure that addressed *to a friend*, "on false and genuine humour;" in which the writer adds example to precept.

This is the style of good old times. Many a poet of the present day, has arrived at the pinnacle of distinction, all of whose quartos united, would not weigh with this single epistle—

forming, as it does, so inconsiderable a portion of the treasure to be found in Lebrun's volumes.

We have now reached that division of our poet's works, which the editor considers most amusing and agreeable—we mean the epigrams. In a momentary ebullition of spleen or good humour, there are few men who cannot indite an epigram; but to compose, leisurely, a whole volume of them, requires not only considerable talent, but a species of talent rare and peculiar. Mr. Guingené has not given to the world all those found among the papers of Lebrun, but has confined himself to a judicious selection of *six hundred and thirty-six*. The reader will, it is hoped, feel no disposition to carp at this abridgment. "Every thing has been omitted, aimed at persons now living, every thing elicited by political controversy during the revolution, and, in short, whatever seemed unworthy the company of its fellows." With such judicious principles of exclusion, we can hardly complain; and must therefore make the most of the stinted portion meted out to us—

Ce ne sont que les bonnes gens
Qui font les bonnes épigrammes,

says Lebrun. According to this mode of estimating worth, our author should be a paragon of perfection, since his epigrams are not less numerous than excellent. In that concise and biting *tournure* which delights us in the verses of Lebrun, he is inimitable. Unlike the generality of writers, whose witty conceptions often lose their effect, by being cramped into awkward rhymes, his phraseology generally adds very much to the thought. Epigrams against the academy and academicians, against fools and philosophers, women, and in short, the whole world, were the inexhaustible topics with which he charmed the lovers of wit and malignity. They are all so good, that we would willingly extract the whole of them; but this being impossible, we must confine ourselves to the selection of a few—giving the post of honour to the academy.

This curious body, has long been regarded as a subject quite stale and hackneyed, till the ingenuity of Lebrun contrived to

strike out new points of ridicule. Innumerable are the epigrams it has furnished him.—

Jadis le Pinde grec comptait dans son empire
Un Apollon, et neuf doctes beautés,
Qui, sous le nom de Muse, inspirèrent sa lyre;
Mais dans l'Académie, où le bon goût expire,
D'Apollons soi-disant trente au moins sont comptés,
Sans qu'une Muse les inspire.

On the creation of the Institute, Lebrun was nominated a member, but it is a piece of justice to say that he did not renounce his privilege of ridiculing it.—

Tous ces beaux esprits qu'on assemble
Ont trop peu d'esprit, ce me semble.
Momus, qui jamais ne se tut,
Dit, avec franche bonhomie:
On bâillait à l'Académie,
Et l'on rebâille à l'Institut.

We know that he did not yawn less, at the meetings of the society, and that he took very little interest in its proceedings. In the year 11, the whole institution underwent a new organization, and Lebrun being now, in turn, one of the forty whom he had so much hissed before, yawned still more than ever. Our readers, will call to mind, perhaps, the sneering distich which he uttered on the adjournment of a sitting dedicated to the famous *Dictionary*.

On fait, défait, refait ce beau dictionnaire,
Qui, toujours fort bien fait, reste toujours à faire.

And on another occasion he gave the following epigram:

Aux quarante.

Dans vos fauteuils honorifiques
Dormez aussi, beaux endormeurs.
Sûrs de vos dons soporifiques,
Bravez les malignes clameurs.
Qu'importent que des Frérons braillent,
Et vous montrent toujours les dents;
Les cerbères les plus mordans
Peuvent-ils mordre quand ils bâillent?

After mentioning the epigrams against this learned body, we may say a word of those aimed at some of its individual members. Thirty we have counted up against La Harpe, and Marmontel is lashed in nearly an equal number. La Harpe had treated our poet roughly in the Mercure, and it was not his disposition to remain passive under injuries. Some one had compared his opponent to a serpent. "No," says Lebrun,

Non, La Harpe au serpent n'a jamais ressemblé!
Le serpent siffle, et La Harpe est sifflé.

And again,

Recette pour le manque de glace en 1791.
Point de glace au Caveau!—Vous voilá bien en peine,
L'imprimeur de La Harpe a sa glacière pleine.

It seems that his resentment was not transient, since La Harpe having written, during the revolution, an eulogium on the liberty of the press, our epigrammatist suggested, in answer, this curious mode of repressing it.

Ce petit rimeur qui sans cesse
Imprime maint ouvrage en courant fagoté;
La Harpe veut que de la presse
L'abus même soit respecté.
Soit; mais jusqu'à l'excès s'il porte son délire,
Opposons, pour le réprimer,
A sa liberté d'imprimer
La liberté de ne point lire.

He is not less sparing of La Lande;

Sur Lalande.
Lui! courtiser Pallas! A quoi veut-on que serve
A la sage déesse un aussi triste fou?
A moins qu'elle ne lui réserve
La survivance du hibou.

But the best of his epigrams, seems to be that on the *damning* of *Cleopatra*, a tragedy by Marmontel;

Au beau drame de Cléopâtre
Où fut l'aspic de Vaucanson,

Tant fut sifflé, qu'à l'unisson
Sifflaient et parterre et théâtre;
Et le souffleur oyant cela,
Croyant encor souffler, siffla.

All this is excellent. Academies and academicians, damnings, and dull works, are the fair game of satire. But may not Lebrun be accused of insulting the misery of poor d'Arnaud, without provocation? Are natural deformities the legitimate objects of ridicule? A hunch, for instance, however oddly shaped, is, in our opinion, no laughing object; and even that of Theodore Desorgues, which formed his only prominent characteristic, which, by the bye, was not very large, should have been shielded from the sneer of an epigram. But since this subject, bad as it is, has so happily inspired our author, we see no reason for our being more squeamish than his editor.

La bosse de Désorgues.

Quand polichinelle Désorgues,
Ce petit bossu rodomont,
Sur la montagne au double front
A voulu grimper avec morgue;
On croirait que le double mont,
Pour ce venger de cet affront,
Lui-même a grimpé sur Désorgues.

The subjects of the following are much fairer game.

A . . . , qui exaltait mes épigrammes pour déprécier mes odes.

Dans l'épigramme au moins j'ai su te plaire:
Là je suis bon; tu le dis, je le crois;
Je n'ai pourtant jamais parlé de toi:
O mon ami! la meilleure est à faire!

En prose, en vers, Lubin compose,
Et je ne sais par quel travers
Il met trop de vers dans sa prose,
Et trop de prose dans ses vers.

Sur un rimeur prolixe.

Ce rimeur a du bavardage
Un tel usage.

Que même en un distique il a su trouver l'art
D'être bavard.

Sur Flins.

Des léthargiques rimeurs
Flins est bien le coryphée;
Lui seul vaut mille endormeurs;
C'est le vrai fils de Morphée;
Ce dieu coule dans ses sens.
Sa lourde Muse est coiffée
De pavots assoupissans.
Qui pourrait troubler sa vie!
Il n'est pas jusqu'à l'envie
Qui ne dorme à ses accents.

A un nouvel académicien.

Ta Muse enfin s'est donc glissée
Dans l'académique dortoir!
Tu vas dormir comme au Lycée:
Mais déjà tu ronfles! Bonsoir.

Contre un fâcheux.

O la maudite compagnie
Que celle de certain fâcheux
Dont la nullité vous ennuie!
On n'est pas seul, on n'est pas deux.

Lebrun, who appears to have sought for enemies, has unfortunately rendered himself obnoxious to a very numerous and respectable portion of society, who are easily provoked, and who seldom, if ever, forgive—we mean the ladies. Not content with laughing at their foibles, he had the hardihood to question the morals of our fair countrywomen, and to stigmatize their infidelity. This perhaps might have been borne, as the sex is generally indulgent to calumniators on that head; but he even went further, and absolutely debarred them the privilege of *writing books!* He thought that a woman might be far more usefully employed in superintending her household and her family. But to this we may reply in the words of Madame Genlis, that if a woman devotes one hour, daily, to the regulation of her house, and giving orders to her servants (when she has any) there is no

reason why the remainder of her time, may not be employed in enlightening the world.

In giving publicity to the epigrams against certain ladies, Mr. Guingené has cautiously abstained from throwing out any clue to their names. In general, the initials only, are given, or else the fictitious appellations of Chloe, Lise, &c. We know not, therefore, who was the object of the following:

Chloé, belle et pöete, a deux petits travers;
Elle fait son visage, et ne fait pas ses vers.

Grand embarras.

Dans l'art de plaire, ou le talent d'écrire,
Juger Delphis n'est pas en mon pouvoir.
Talent, beauté, lequel des deux élire?
Qui voit Delphis aimerait mieux la lire;
Qui lit Delphis aimerait mieux la voir.

Ce qui donne à la femme une idée de Dieu et du diable.

Sans recherche, sans document,
Sans lire ni bible ni fable,
Instruite par le sentiment,
La femme très-naïvement
Se fait Dieu d'après son amant,
Et d'après son mari, le diable.

Portrait de Madame de. . . .

Chloé, pourquoi tant de vacarmes?
Ecoute deux mots pour ton bien:
Tu dis qu'on te dispute et tes vers et tes charmes;
Apprends que tous les jours on dispute sur rien.

This piece of discretion in the editor, is praiseworthy; as is also, his suppression of epigrams *having reference to revolutionary scenes.* We are almost tempted to regret this decision, when we read the following:

Fraternité ou la mort.

Bon dieu! l'aimable siècle où l'homme dit à l'homme:
Soyons frères, ou je t'assomme!

If our remarks had not already extended too far, we would say something of Lebrun's correspondence, which occupies near-

ly the whole of the fourth volume. The editor has been very moderate, as to the number of his notes, and we think he has acted with judgment. In less discreet hands, the works of Lebrun would have swelled probably to seven or eight volumes, instead of the four, in which they are now comprised; for we have not forgotten an unlucky "Ode," printed in 1806, which having fallen in the way of an unmerciful scribbler, was made the pitiable vehicle of a *preface* and body of *notes*, occupying not less than seventy-eight pages.

CRITICISM—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CUM TABULIS ANIMUM CENSORIS SUMET HONESTI.—*Hor.*

THE works of Mark Akenside, M. D. in prose and verse, with his life, a fac-simile of his hand writing, and an essay on the first poem by Mrs. Barbauld, 2 vols. 12 mo.—T. & J. Swords, Newyork; Bradford & Inskeep, and A. Finley, Philadelphia; Thomas and Andrews, Boston. Printed by William Elliott of New Brunswick, N. J.

THE name of Akenside is justly held dear by every Englishman who sets any value upon the literary reputation of his country, for he contributed to raise it high in the estimation of the world, and his want of general patronage during life, excites the sympathy of every feeling person, to whom the fact is known. The poor rewards bestowed upon literary men in republics, has long been deemed one of the objections to that form of government, by the friends of monarchy; but the reproach seems to be as unjust when applied to men of letters, as to the military or civil servants of the state. The literary biography of the European kingdoms, shows that poverty was the lot of most of them, and even in England, the boasted seat of Science and the Muses, it is sufficent to select from the long list of unfortunate authors, the names of Thomson the sweet poet of Nature, and Dr. Johnson, that Colossus in literature, both of whom long struggled with poverty, and were never enabled by the patronage of the public, or of the government, to enjoy more than a scanty subsistence. The minutes of the "literary fund" likewise show

the number of learned men who were relieved by that truly humane society: and the political history of the country abounds with details of neglected merit, while pensions and offices were bestowed upon the worthless favourites of the court.

Akenside would probably have starved, notwithstanding his great merit, had not a generous and disinterested patron been found in the honourable Mr. Dyson; who supported him while a candidate for business, and finally settled on him a pension of of 300*l.* annually, and thereby enabled him to make a proper appearance in the world, and to enjoy that luxury so essential to the success of a London physician,—a carriage.

For the present edition of the works of Akenside, the public is indebted to Mr. John Garnett, of New Brunswick, New Jersey, and it is believed to be more complete than any extant. The "Pleasures of the Imagination," is given as originally published by the author in 1744, and as afterwards enlarged and altered in 1757: and the figures at the bottom of the page, in both copies, refer to similar passages in each, for the convenience of those who may wish to compare them; an arrangement that will be found a source of amusement, if not interesting to many readers.—Mr. Garnett has also very properly inserted the advertisements to the edition of the works of Akenside, published in 1772, which appears to have been ushered into the world under the care of the author's friend Mr. Dyson, and explains the reason for preserving both copies. The author, says he, intended to comprise the new work in four books, but as what he left prepared, "takes in by much too small a part of the original poem, to supply its place, and to supercede the republication of it, both poems are inserted in this collection."

The Hymn to Science, vol. 1. p. 177, it is believed, is in no other edition of the poet's works. The "Virtuoso," "The Poet," "Address to Cordelia," and the song beginning "The shape alone let others prize," are now it is believed, first published; and the prose essay "On Correctness;" "The table of modern Fame;" and "the Balance of Poets," are inserted in no other edition of his works: and although the pieces said to be now first added to this edition, are doubtless "genuine," since Mr. Garnett, assures us they are known to be so, yet it would have been

agreeable, to be made acquainted with the sources whence he obtained the valuable *reliques*.—The fac-simile of the poet's writing, cannot fail of being acceptable to every reader: we understand that the gentleman, to whom the letter from which it was taken, is addressed, was the father of Mr. Wilkes of Newyork, who communicated it to the editor, for the present edition. It would be well if every medical man wrote so neat and legible a hand.

The life of Akenside, to which so little justice was done by the envious Johnson, is from the pen of Mr. Garnett, and is, what it ought to be, neat and perspicuous. He has very properly added the testimonies of Mr. Murphy, Dr. Darwin and Dr. Aikin (certainly good judges) in favour of the poetical merit of Dr. Akenside; and the essay by Mrs. Barbauld, will be found a very useful commentary on the principal poem.

The typographical execution does credit to the printer, and the general neatness of the whole edition, gives it an additional recommendation to the notice of the public. We reflect indeed with equal pleasure and surprise, that the credit of publishing the most complete edition of a popular English poet, should be reserved to the infant press of the United States.

EPISTOLARY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Oldschool,

As you have announced a desire of procuring, at all times, information with regard to American things, and men, and manners, so as, in some measure, to nationalize The Port Folio, and render it the depository of whatever relates to our country, I send you extracts from a correspondence between a gentleman of consideration in Philadelphia and his friends in England, between the years 1740 and 1763. The plan of your magazine excluding politics, all that occurs on this topic, in regard at least to party questions, which can be supposed to excite any sensation at the present day, is omitted, though a few characteristic sketches of men and times are retained.

Yours, &c. R. N.

"*Philadelphia, January* 20, 1741—2.

"Our winter has been uncommonly mild and open. Nothing can show the severity and changeableness of our climate more than our river being in one night entirely frozen up, and in two days after, not the least appearance of its having been so."

"*Philadelphia, November* 20, 1742.

"I should have observed to you, that an act for the choice of inspectors, expiring this year, the old custom was revived, which was, by the people passing from one side of the street to the other, to show their approbation of the person nominated. In order to counterbalance the number of Germans, who had no vote, it was proposed to bring a number of sailors, who, in logic, might be said to have an equal right with those who had no right at all. These soon appeared on the ground; but as sailors will be sailors, instead of answering the end proposed, they get drunk, fall upon the people with clubs and stones, and, without distinction, knock down friend and foe. In short, in three minutes High-street was completely cleared, nothing left but the stalls in the market, and many of them torn up with the hooks on them, as weapons against those who should oppose them. The scene, however, soon changes: for the sailors imagining they had won the day, divide themselves. At this instant a number of Dutch, and even the Quakers themselves (for *they* will fight) armed with whole trees, fall upon the seamen. It was a horrid engagement, not unlike that of Don Quixote and the carriers. You might have seen a poor fellow struggling with five or six combatants, who were aiming blows at his head with poles they could scarcely rear, and at length bringing him to the ground in the most bloody manner. The remaining sailors soon give way, and fly to their ships, and even into the river itself, for refuge. The *friends* do not hesitate to say, that Mr. Allen and the rest of the gentlemen in town, nay even the governor himself,* are at the bottom of it.

"The assembly have since sat, and made a strict inquiry into this affair, but have gained very little satisfaction. They have summoned Mr. Allen, Mr. Clement Plumsted, and Mr. Turner, to appear at the next session."†

* This was governor George Thomas.

† An account of this affray is given by Mr. Proud in his History of Pennsylvania.

"*Philadelphia, December* 21, 1742.

"The privateers of this place have taken a very great prize, a Spanish register ship, and a settee of Barracoa, without the loss of one man. Several were killed on the side of the Spaniards, particularly the captains, and a lieutenant-colonel belonging to the Havanna. The two prizes are valued at 100,000*l.* sterling."

—

"*Philadelphia, July* 31, 1744.

"The privateer I mentioned in my last, that was to be launched the 24th May, called the Tartar, captain Mackey, sunk in going down the bay. Above eighty people were drowned, among whom were Mr. Legate of Newcastle, captain M'Knight of this place, and captain Bodeman. She was a sharp built vessel, and out of all proportion, rigged and masted, and under ballasted. She overset in a moment, with but little wind, and went down instantly. Poor Ellison, a young fellow recommended by you to Mr. P., and by Mr. Samuel to myself, went out a volunteer in her and was lost."

—

"*Philadelphia, February* 27, 1744—5.

"I wish to God you were here to see the country, I hope your sons will live to see, and be one day masters of. Shall I tempt you with an account of some part of it, in the county of Bucks? Know then, that about fifty miles from town, lie the barrens of Macungie; from whence you have a prospect of twenty miles together, bounded at last by a variety of hills called Lehigh. Through these barrens falls one of the most beautiful trout streams in the province. The plains, which are equal to the heath of Newmarket for hunting, afford a vast plenty and variety of game. Wolves, foxes, deer, rabbits, turkies, pheasants, partridges, and heath-hens. These last are somewhat larger than the English hen-pheasant, and much alike in feather. I am positive I have seen 200 brace of them in a morning. I went up with a companion in January, and spent but a day and a half, when they were most shy. We had fine sport, killing 18½ brace, which we brought to town with us, and which, with our own weight, I assure you, tired our horses completely. If I can spare time in

September next, I shall have the happiness to attend thither, the wisest, worthiest, and best natured man and companion in the world, I mean the governor."*

—

"*Philadelphia, December* 10, 1745.

"Labour here is extravagant, consequently building and house rent at a high rate. No part of the continent has so plentiful a market. Fish and fowl of all kinds, from the partridge and chicken to the turkey, both wild and tame. Beef, pork, mutton, lamb, veal, as good as in England, from 3*d.* to 5*d.* per lb. A couple of chickens eight pence—a turkey or goose two shillings currency. The climate is too much on the extreme both of heat and cold. In summer I have known instances of people dying with heat, and in most winters our river is frozen over in a night's time.

"America is called the New World. Indeed, its climate seems scarcely to be put in order: for at Christmas, we have, sometimes, summer weather, and so on the contrary. It is now so warm as to set without a fire; the winds are hushed, the heavens serene, the sun in all his lustre."

—

"*Philadelphia, February* 3, 1747.

"Since my last I am become a soldier, and have been honoured with the commission of lieutenant, in one of the companies of associates, a post in life I very little dreamed of, &c. Our device is a city walled round, with this motto: "The safety of the people is the supreme law." I wish our assembly thought so; who continue still deaf to our petitions, and obstinate against defence."

—

"*Philadelphia, June* 16, 1748.

"Our assembly have been called, but to no purpose, towards giving protection to either trade or province. People in general think very hard of it. The necessity the Otter sloop has for men, obliged her officers to a press, which last night occasioned a very great mob, armed with swords, &c. But the of-

* Governor Thomas.

ficers escaped from the house wherein they were beset, and no mischief ensued."

—

"*Philadelphia, July* 19, 1750.

"I formerly attempted, I think, madam, to give you some idea of this city. It is situate on a plain between the two large rivers Delaware and Schuylkill. The streets are straight and spacious, intersecting each other at right angles, and consist of about 2000 houses, and must contain, according to the usual computation of 8 persons to a house, 16000 inhabitants.

"This province contains people of all persuasions; liberty of conscience being allowed of from the first settlement. To enumerate the different sects is almost impossible. One is apt to think with Hudibras—That divinity had catch'd the itch, on purpose to be scratch'd. The quakers are not a fourth part of the inhabitants, and yet are the ruling number among us.—Our winters are very severe, and our summers extremely hot. The best thermometers have been this month at 97; a degree of heat seldom known on your side the water. The extremes of heat and cold in this climate are very great, and I might add, it is unhealthy."

—

"*Philadelphia, July* 25, 1750.

"We have had, and it still continues, one of the driest summers ever known. Our pastures have entirely lost their verdure, and are become as brown as the hay they afforded."

—

"*Philadelphia, April 5th*, 1752.

"To the followers of Whitfield, we owe that spacious building, the seat of one of the best seminaries on the continent, where the sciences, the learned languages, and our own, are taught to a number of youths, little short of three hundred. Another instance of our calmness is seen in the united disposition to contribute to this, and many other undertakings carrying on among us—such as a steeple to our church, a presbyterian meeting house, a hospital, besides bridges, wharves," &c.

—

"*Philadelphia, March* 2, 1756.

"The province for some time past has had almost 1200 men in pay, and several forts are erected in the counties of York,

Cumberland, Berks, and Northampton; yet, the Indians are daily making incursions, committing murders, &c. All business in the back counties is at an end, and every one refusing to pay debts, that lives fifty miles from the city. The city itself is full of idle reports, scandalous papers, murmurings, and beggars. In short, all is division, hatred, and anarchy."

—

"*Philadelphia, September* 22, 1756.

"Governor Denny arrived here the 20th August. He was met at Trenton, Bristol, and all along the road, by every foe to Mr. Morris. Never was *gentleman* so escorted! Assemblymen, sheriffs, militiamen, associates, tag rag and bob-tail, lined the way from the widow Amos's* to the city. All more out of pique to our former,† than compliment to our present governor."

—

Same date.

"Since my last to you, we have proved many anxious moments: seen the defeat of general Braddock, and the remainder of his army, under colonel Dunbar, flying to the city. This, after a month's stay with us, was ordered to Albany. The Indians in our interest, deserting us and joining the French, and committing the most horrid massacres and waste on our frontiers. At first, to encourage their mischiefs, the French had promised the Indians, for every English scalp, a reward of five pistoles. But so overstocked has been this inhuman market, that the price has since fallen to a shilling, even to a dram of brandy."

—

"*Philadelphia, January* 26, 1759.

"The present governor (Denny) is the strangest composition of a gentleman I ever knew. Haughty without spirit, polite without manners, and learned without knowledge: With respect to business, always at home, yet never to be spoken with. In the morning for the proprietaries, at noon of no party, and at night, plump for the assembly. In short, my dear sir, all is going wrong, and if long suffered, will be irretrievable.

* The Red Lion inn, between 12 and 13 miles from the city.

† Governor Morris, spoken of in this correspondence, as a gentleman conspicuous for his good sense and easy manners to all degrees of people.

"At Lancaster one morning, he diverted a mixed company with a ludicrous picture of your family, an adept at this kind of painting. He represented a coach and six, in which sat your father asleep, and your uncle in full spirits: six attendant Quakers were behind, and Ferdinand Paris was seated on the box as their coachman, driving like the devil. On the way, a party of Indians spring from the covert and scalp two of the quakers, the others calmly saying, "who would have thought it!" - Your uncle entreats Ferdinand not to drive so fast, who replies, "damn you but I will." Your father, regardless of the driver, and ignorant of the accident, with his mouth open, continues his nap to the end of the journey."*

"*Philadelphia, December* 15, 1759.

"I most heartily congratulate you on the arrival of governor Hamilton. He came in nick of time to stop some, and prevent much intended mischief by the worthless governor Denny, who was on the eve of selling every office."

"*Philadelphia, November* 16, 1763.

"I now give myself the pleasure of acquainting you of the safe arrival of the Mr. Penns, on Sunday the 30th of October, a day rendered memorable as well from their landing, as from a very smart shock of an earthquake at four in the afternoon. Mr. John Penn was on Monday proclaimed governor."

THE USEFUL ARTS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE following practical directions for clearing vinegar, which I have translated from the Annales de Chymie, vol. 79, p. 71, for July, 1811, appear to me so likely to be useful, that I think you will be glad to insert them in The Port Folio.

On the Decoloration of Vinegar: with a new process for taking away the colour of that acid, and other vegetable liquids,

* It appears from the correspondence that governor Denny was recognised by the proprietaries to be a very bad servant. He had been recommended to the station by the duke of Cumberland, who gives him up, and concurs in the propriety of his removal.

by means of animal charcoal. By M. Figuiers, professor of chemistry, at the school of pharmacy, at Montpelier. Read at the sitting of 27th December, 1810, of the Society of Sciences and Belles Lettres.

Of all the vegetable acids, vinegar is doubtless the earliest known and the most useful. It is made cheaply, easily, in every country, in large or in small quantities; hence its use has been greatly extended, in domestic economy and in the arts. It is a principal ingredient in several chemical and pharmaceutical preparations. The physician, the cook, the perfumer, the confectioner, alike use it. It forms one of the most considerable manufactures of France: hence the many attempts that have been made to bring to perfection the process of making it, of purifying it, and applying it to use.

Being occupied in a course of experiments to destroy the colour of vegetable liquids by means of charcoal, I hit upon a method of clearing vinegar, which, if I mistake not, will increase its uses and its value.

Vinegar of wine, is usually considered preferable to the other vinegars, and it is of this I now treat. It is either red or white, as it is made from red or white wine. The last is more prized, inasmuch as it contains less of the coloured extractive matter than red wine vinegar.

The common means employed to deprive it of colour, are the following:

1st. The whites of one or two eggs are beat up and mixed with a litre (61,028 cubic inches, or about a quart) of vinegar. The mixture is exposed to a boiling heat; the coagulated albumen carries down part of the colouring matter; the liquor is passed through filtering paper.

2dly. A large wine glass full of milk (un verre de lait) is poured into 5 or 6 quarts of hot vinegar, the mixture is stirred: the cheesy part of the milk precipitates much of the colouring matter the liquor is filtered.

3dly. The refuse of white grapes, after all the juice is pressed out, has also the property of clearing vinegar: it is used for this purpose, in a large way, at the manufacture of vinegar at *Séte*, from whence a great quantity of white or colourless vine-

gar is sent on to the north. For this purpose the marc or refuse of the wine press of white grapes is put into large wooden vessels, which are then filled up with vinegar. It is so left for several days. The vinegar is drawn off by a plug at the bottom, into another vessel containing another quantity of the marc of grapes; and this process is repeated till the vinegar comes away colourless.

By my process, which can be used either in the large or the small way, the vinegar is obtained still more free from colour, indeed as colourless as water.

I have found that animal charcoal is better for this purpose than the charcoal of vegetable substances. I shall not detail the many experiments that this research has cost me.

Take a quart (litre) of red wine vinegar, add to it, cold, 695 grains, troy (45 grammes) of the charcoal of bones, obtained as hereafter described. Stir it frequently. In twenty-four hours the vinegar will be seen in a state of commencing discoloration. In two or three days the process is finished. Filter it through paper, and it will be found to have lost neither its flavour, its odour, nor its acidity. In a large way, the animal charcoal may be thrown into the cask of vinegar, and stirred about frequently. Nor need the quantity be in so large a proportion as above mentioned; one half the quantity will suffice, but it will require a longer time. No flavour is lost, nor is any superadded. I have kept this kind of mixture for months, without any diminution of acidity. By diminishing the proportion of charcoal, a light straw colour will still remain, which, to some, is desirable.

Vinegar thus discoloured, may be impregnated with any alcoholic solution of aroma, for the table or the toilet; and used for any purpose of pickling or preserving.

Wine may also be deprived of colour in the same way, and when so treated, its specific gravity is somewhat less. Still, on evaporation, it leaves a mucous residuum, which shows, that the animal charcoal acts principally on the colouring matter. This process may be used for brandy.

After the distillation of sulphuric æther, the acid employed remains in the retort; many attempts have been made to recover

it, for future processes. No experiment of mine has answered this purpose but that in which I employed animal charcoal. In the residuum of the distillation of æther, I added a quantity of water, equal in weight. I filtered it though paper, and then added to a quart of the filtered liquor, 50 grammes, or 772 troy grains of the charcoal of bones. After three days it was filtered, and it passed colourless. It was then concentrated by evaporation, and nearly the whole of the acid, originally employed, was recovered.

Tincture of turnsole, mixed with a few grammes of charred bones, is quickly deprived of its colour.

I prepare my bones thus: I take the most compact part of beef bone, or mutton bone; I break them, and fill a crucible, which I cover and lute carefully, except a small hole at the top. Thus prepared, I put it in a blacksmith's fire and heat it gradually to redness. When the flame produced by the combustion of the greasy matter of the bones is over, I partly stop the hole, and increase the fire; much carburetted and oxicarburetted gas escapes. I then stop the hole, and let the vessel cool. The charcoal is reduced to powder by trituration. The discolouring property of this charcoal depends much on the care taken in preparing it.

Ivory black, as well as bone black, also answers the purpose. By use they lose this property, which they regain on being strongly heated in a close vessel, but a little longer time is required to produce the effect.

All the experiments alluded to in this memoir, were repeated with the charcoal of wood, which produced but a slight effect. Hence, I conclude, that animal charcoal may, hereafter, be applied to many useful purposes in chemistry and the arts, to which vegetable charcoal is inedequate.

Vinegar, thus deprived of colour, contains a small quantity of acetite and phosphat of lime. These earthy salts produce no ill effect whatever on the animal economy, for we take them daily in much larger proportion, with our common food: but they may be previously separated, thus:

Pour on ivory or bone black, dilute muriatic acid; after twelve hours, add to it a quantity of water, filter and dry it. This

separates the calcareous salts, without depriving the vinegar of its property of taking away colour. Charcoal of glue produces the same effect.

To the above paper, it will be worth while to add the following process used for making vinegar in the large manufactories of England, which I describe from my own observation, and believe it is no where else detailed.

In an oblong room, heated by stoves to the degree of 75 of Fahrenheit, place upon tressels, a series of quarter casks, high enough from the floor, for a pail or tub to stand conveniently under the cocks, from which the liquor is drawn. The top of the quarter-casks is pierced full of augur holes. The casks are filled with cider. On the top of the casks is placed a tub filled with Malaga raisins, the bottom of the tub being likewise pierced with augur holes. A man is employed from morning till night, in going round this series of quarter casks, and drawing from the bottom of each, a pail or bucket full of cider, which he pours on top of the Malaga raisins. The cider percolating through the body of Malaga raisins, acquires some saccharine mucilage, and a vinous flavour, and by degrees is converted into vinegar. The raisins will generally answer to give flavour to two casks full of vinegar. When the cider is thus converted into vinegar, it is drawn off, and the casks are replenished with cider, to undergo a similar process. The vinegar drawn off is fined with white of egg, and then racked off for sale.

I take this opportunity of mentioning, that I am preparing a volume of manufacturing processes, depending upon chemistry.

Carlisle. T. C.

THE FINE ARTS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Their various uses meaner toils commend,
And Commerce finds in every want a friend;
Like plants of bold and vigorous growth, they bear
Spontaneous fruit, and ask but room and air;
But ARTS, a tribe of sensitives, demand
A hot-house culture, and a kinder hand;
A TASTE to cherish every opening charm,
A shade to shelter, and a sun to warm.

LIFE OF POUSSIN.

We now pass to the consideration of the French school of painters: and it is here proper to remark, that it remains a doubt to the present day whether Nicholas Poussin, who stands in the front of this class, is a disciple of this or of the Italian sect. This controversy, like most other questions of this nature, where the terms are not specifically stated and defined, will be found on examination to be a dispute about words only. If the accidental circumstance of birth entitles a country to this honor, France has indisputably the advantage; on the other hand, if the country to which this artist was indebted for all his celebrity, where he lived, and where he acquired his knowledge of the art, and which still retains his ashes: if these circumstances united, entitle Italy to the honour of enrolling the name of Poussin amongst her other illustrious names, all these may be urged in her behalf. As the controversy now stands, there is no point in issue, and although both parties *dispute* each other, neither *contradict*.

This eminent artist was born at the Adelys, a small town in Normandy, of poor but noble parents. They had suffered in the wars of Charles IX and Henry III and IV; but embarrassed as they were, they still watched with attention the education of their son, and kindled in his mind an ardent enthusiasm for Grecian and Roman letters. His early attachment to romance was indulged in exploring the uncouth legends of heathen mythology; and this in its turn created a subsidiary taste to become more intimately acquainted with the laws, habits, constume, religion of the people; and in short, to explore antiquity in its minutest details.

He was early denominated, from his love of ancient lore, and his rigid, austere, and unbending habits, an *Athenian* in taste and a *Spartan in manners*.

The young artist perceiving the poverty of his parents, and how unable they were to afford him that education he desired, at the age of eighteen formed the resolution of becoming no longer a burthen to them. He quitted his paternal abode, and, undisciplined in the ways of mankind, journied towards Paris. He entered this splendid metropolis a solitary stranger; poor, unknown, and destitute. Fortune, however, was bountiful beyond his expectations, and introduced him to the acquaintance of a young French nobleman, who, admiring his genius, and commiserating his distress, placed him under the care first of L'Attimant and then of Ferdinand Elli, two painters who were very little known, and still less regarded. He abode with them only a few months and then accompanied his benefactor to his residence in Poiteau. His silent and recluse habits were not regarded by the wife of this nobleman, to whom he had been recently married, with the kind partiality of her husband. She thought him a useless incumbrance to her family, and could discern no merit encompassed by so much apparent coldness, taciturnity and unbending reserve.

Poussin, with the virtuous pride of independence, abandoned the abode of his benefactor and returned to Paris; where, with the scanty knowledge he had already acquired of the pencil, under masters so unequal, he was compelled to drudge for a poor and precarious subsistence. While he was labouring under these cruel embarrassments, sickness was added to the catalogue of his miseries, and he was compelled to seek his paternal mansion again.

On the re-establishment of his health, he resorted to Paris once more, where he vigorously prosecuted his studies, and supported himself by copying engravings from the works of Raphael and Julio Romano.

Irksome as this drudgery was, it was in the end attended with substantial benefit; it enlarged his views of his art, made him conversant with finer forms and more exquisite models than he had hitherto conceived, and created in his mind an unextinguishable desire to study the originals themselves.

For this purpose he resolved on visiting Rome; but he had proceeded no further than Florence before poverty compelled him to retrace his footsteps: undismayed he still persisted in his resolution, but from the same cause he was a second time obliged to return, and with a despending heart to renounce all hopes of his journey.

Such apparently wayward events are often, however, real blessings in the shape of present evils; they are links of that fine and invisible chain by which we are often led to prosperity and honour in the end.

Poussin was, while at Paris, employed to adorn the church of the Jesuits with six pictures in fresco; a work which, although finished in eight days, attracted the notice of connoisseurs and finally of the chevalier Marino. Perceiving their uncommon merit, and resolving to foster such early genius, he took the young artist under his patronage and accompanied him to Rome. His patron introduced him to the notice and friendship of cardinal Barberini.

A circumstance so peculiarly auspicious brought his talents into active exercise: he remitted nothing of his industry, but studied antique with the most persevering attention, and formed his style on the models which he so much admired. His early studies, his knowledge of classical antiquity, were now rendered subservient to his plan. He had, notwithstanding, to encounter two severe misfortunes in the death of one of his patrons and in the resignation of the other. He was thus reduced by poverty to sell his most admired pieces at very inconsiderable prices and to labour with double industry for subsistence. But he remained serene amidst all his misfortunes; for, looking back on the rapid proficiency of his pencil, he became thoroughly convinced that his genius had now acquired sufficient strength to advance with ardor, and he dwelt with confidence on the anticipation of happier days.

His early habits of self-denial corroborated those impressions, and without brooding over his misfortunes he devoted his time to the pencil. Thus was this humble artist continually employed in the study of antique and in amending his style after such exquisite models. He was advancing towards fame in solitude

and silence, for he would suffer no one to see him paint; and he had the exquisite satisfaction of beholding every successive effort grow more perfect under his hand than the last, until his glory burst from the interposing cloud of poverty, and penetrated even to the metropolis of France which he had left.

He received an invitation from the French minister Denayers to repair to Paris and to decorate the gallery of the Louvre with his pencil. Louis XIII was equally pressing in this request. He was reluctantly prevailed upon to go, for Italy had now become dear to him; it was classic ground, abounding in the finest models and the purest antique, which he regarded with a veneration little short of idolatry. His recluse habits likewise tended powerfully to confirm his reluctance to a change of residence, as he was far more avaricious of fame than of fortune, and was withal every way unqualified to dwell amidst the splendor of a royal court.

From this determination he was with great difficulty prevailed upon to recede, and he accordingly repaired to the metropolis. On his arrival he was received with every mark of attention and respect by Louis, who assigned him a pension suitable to the character of so illustrious an artist. He painted, while here, several pieces, of extraordinary merit, and amongst the rest, a Cœna Domini.

At length he began his labours in the gallery of the Louvre, and changed the whole plans and dispositions of the architect Le Mercier. This artist, stung with severe mortification, confederated with Vouet Fouquiers and a multitude of others, who envied Poussin's celebrity. They raised perpetual cabals against the intruder; slandered, misrepresented, and attempted to undermine a character against whom they did not dare to enter the lists of competition.

Poussin had no weapons of offence, or of defence, in this new mode of hostility. He was as unacquainted with the corruption and polished depravity as he was with the splendor and politeness of the court. This occupation became therefore the more intolerable, and at last inspired him with insurmountable disgust. He therefore abandoned it abruptly, under the pretext of escorting his wife to Rome.

After he had set his foot on Italian ground again, he shut himself up in his study, and had recourse to his pencil with as much philosophy as if he had never been disturbed by any solicitations to relinquish his retirement

To the most earnest royal entreaties and remonstrances to return to Paris, and to the most tempting rewards he turned an ear of impenetrable deafness. The gallery of the Louvre still remained unfinished, and his country had to lament that the intrigues of a mean and insignificant cabal, were capable of despoiling her of such an ornament.

He died in the year 1665, in the seventy-first year of his age.

His character as a man was mild and amiable towards those whom he admitted to his confidence, and those were very few. This did not result from suspicion or jealousy; but from his early habits of reserve and seclusion which his avocation tended to confirm; habits that impressed on transient beholders the conviction that he was cold, inaccessible, and morose. His friends however, testify to the benevolence of his heart; they beheld behind the repulsive exterior, traits that endear and engage.

One master passion reigned with tyrannical ascendancy to which every other was made implicitly to bend; fame and not fortune was the idol he unvariably worshipped. His birth only denoted him a Frenchman; for his manners were tinged with nothing of that levity; that desire of pleasing and courtesy of deportment, so universally allowed to be the character of his nation.

His works are distinguished for a rigid adherence to antique; the countenances, the draperies, the surrounding scenery, and all the accessories are framed on those exquisite models from which he never ventured to depart. He was, in the strictest sense, a classical artist, and gave antiquity more pure and unmingled with modern manners, than any other painter of his time. He had transported himself back into the early ages so completely, that he seemed to live only in the society of the ancients.

Colouring had very little fascinations for him; once, indeed, he copied the works of Titian, and strove to improve his colouring by imitating Dominichino. This he soon abandoned, and

The FINDING of MOSES.

St John baptizing on the borders of the Jordan.

gave himself up with more devotion than ever to the study of the ancients.

His long acquaintance with antique statues and basso relievos, while it enabled him to transfer upon canvass their graces, gave to his pencil a character too cold and monumental. His carnations were consequently too livid. Such devotion to antiquity, which can now only be seen by us in statues, basso relievos, and paintings and such alienation from living nature, produce a style beautifully correct indeed, but destitute of that life which nature can only teach. The works are statues and not men clothed in draperies; a defect that the pencil of Poussin was peculiarly liable to commit. His industry was incessant, and his works have been enumerated at three hundred pieces, an immense number, considering that he never received assistance from any artist.

Among the most considerable of his works may be reckoned the death of Germanicus. The spirit which is discovered in the execution of this piece, the livid and death-like visage in the countenance of the sufferer, was peculiarly suited to the pencil of this artist, whose carnations at all times partook too much of this character. Able connoisseurs have pronounced this work one of the finest of his productions. The seven sacraments of the Romish Church was a work of great labour; several years were employed in its execution; it was touched and retouched, and is now held in very high estimation

With these may be mentioned the taking of Jerusalem; the plague of the Philistines; the woman taken in adultery; the striking of the rock by Moses; the adoration of the golden calf; the vision of St. Paul—and numerous landscapes embellished with historical subjects. His Cœna Domini, painted for the church of St. Germain is executed with very great spirit. Poussin had employed so much time in painting subjects taken from profane history, that when he undertook sacred topics, his pencil was not perfectly free from the reproach of blending the former with the latter. Thus in his beautiful picture denominated the finding of Moses, the god of the river Nile is introduced, which a critic seems disposed to pardon, because it denotes the *identity of the stream.*

The apology was undoubtedly made for the occasion; for there is nothing to distinguish this from any other river god; nor does it answer the purpose so well as the pyramid discernible in perspective. This country must, from this accessory, have been no other than Egypt, and the river could have been no other than the Nile.

In the annexed discovery of Moses in his cradle of bulrushes, this artist has fallen into a similar error. Notwithstanding he has embellished the scenery by the Sphynx, an embellishment that points to the locality of the transaction as plainly as the pencil is capable of doing, he still preserves his river god which has no tendency whatever, to characterize the river.

In this picture, the eldest daughter of Pharaoh is discovered leaning upon the youngest, and gently extending her hand towards the infant, which is presented by a slave. Moses smiles on the woman who is taking him in her arms. Several men are seen passing the river in a boat at some distance. The perspective is adorned with some temples, acqueducts, and a pyramid is placed adjacent to the ancient city of Memphis. This picture was formerly in the possession of the French monarch.

Poussin's neglect of colouring on one occasion gave to his piece a solemnity, grandeur, and pathos which the most vivid tints were incapable of bestowing. His painting entitled the Deluge is of a dark and gloomy gray, where every object is almost colourless, representing a humid atmosphere that seems to betoken the dissolution of the elements.

He was not always felicitous in the disposition of his groups, a defect ascribable to his passionate attachment to antiques. Of this we have a memorable instance in his death of Sapphira, where the apostle John stands like a statue by the side of Peter, unaffected either by consternation or devotion at the sight of so stupendous a miracle. Professor Fuseli irritated at the spectacle of such monumental insensibility, denominates the saint "a novice of an apostle."

The annexed engraving represents St. John baptizing in the river Jordan. There is a gravity and a mute solemnity that seems to accompany the exertions of the precursor of our Saviour; the attitudes are simple and the figures naturally grouped. The

painter was more attentive to the general effect of his personages, than to preserve delicacy of detail. The surrounding scenery is executed in a grand style. The picture is about two feet and eleven inches in height, three feet and eleven inches in width. It was painted by Poussin for the chevalier del Pozzo, who exerted all his influence to promote the interest of the painter during his residence at Rome. He was incessant in his endeavours to bring him into notice, and solicited for him the most lucrative engagements. Poussin, as a testimony of his gratitude for such kind services, presented the chevalier with this picture. At his death it passed into the hands of M. Le Notre. Afterwards it adorned the cabinet of the unfortunate Louis XVI.

NOTES OF A DESULTORY READER.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Ben Jonson thus speaks of the eloquence of lord Bacon: "There happened in my time one noble speaker (lord Verulam) who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language, where he could spare or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more prestly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded where he spoke; and had his judges angry or pleased at his devotion. The fear of every one that heard him was, lest he should make an end."

This is certainly high praise; but there has been no time or place perhaps, in which eloquent men have not appeared, upon whom, some of their cotemporaries might not be disposed to pass an equally lofty panegyric. The parliamentary oratory of lord Bolingbroke has been extolled as unrivalled: so, in later times have been the speeches of lords Chatham and Mansfield by their respective friends; and still more recently, those of Burke, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Erskine and Curran.

It seems to be matter of just regret, that we have no method of perpetuating the merit of those, who have excelled in this

captivating art. The genius of the writer is displayed in his works; that of the painter in his pictures; that of the composer of music, in the note book which records the "concords of sweet sounds" of which he has been the eliciter or combiner. But, if even the words of the orator are preserved, his manner, his voice, his tones, his looks, his gestures, are lost to future ages; and the circumstances which constitute the essence of his art, his *action*, never go down to posterity. Hence it is, that the comparative excellence of Demosthenes and Cicero, and that of the other great names which have been mentioned, cannot be estimated; and for the same reason, no scale can be established, whereby to determine the relative merits of the "well graced actors," of past times with those of the present, or one with the other, of those who have left the scene. Whether, therefore, with due allowance for national manners and tastes, Le Kain and Clairon of the French stage, were superior to Garrick and Siddons of the English; or whether Betterton, the paragon of his day, was superior, or in any degree comparable to Garrick, the paragon of his, must ever remain a mere matter of conjecture, as probably it would be of dispute, were they all alive and marshalled for comparison before the most exquisitely refined audience that ever crowded a theatre.

But it is further to be remarked, that there is a fashion in these things as in all others that are the objects of taste; and that what is called a new school, is nothing more than a new fashion, which puts down an old one. They who will not accede to this, but insist that every innovation is an improvement, are advocates for human perfectibility, or at least for man's continual progression towards perfection—a doctrine, in which, however well disposed to acquiesce in the orthodoxy of new schools, and new modes, and new fashions, I must profess myself a sceptic. Hence, though I might be disposed to believe, that Garrick was a better actor than any of his predecessors, that belief would not be at all founded on the circumstance of his coming after them. This celebrated performer has indeed the credit of correcting some of the acknowledged errors of the English stage, particularly the starch and formal manner of its declamation; and a similar reform, we are told by Marmontel, was, through his suggestion,

effected by Clairon in France. But there may be room for doubting, whether, by Garrick, the innovation was not carried too far, since it has been said, that the poetry of English tragedy, from the adoption of his manner, has been utterly disregarded through an extreme sedulity to copy nature: For without recurring to Voltaire's strong illustration of, *neanmoins Je porte les culottes*, I take it for granted, it will be ceded; that tragedy should be written in verse, and that the heroes of this sort of drama should continue to mouth heroics, the natural propensity of human beings to hold discourse in humble prose notwithstanding.

The pleasure we derive from a fine passage of descriptive poetry, is never so vivid and delightful, as when we can identify it with impressions received in early life, and which have in a great degree, lain dormant, until revived by the poet. It is for the person, therefore, to whom it recalls the circumstances of a water-scene in the serenity of a summer evening, when wafted along by moonlight, he had been lulled by the drowsy sound of distant oars, and that hollow kind of murmur, with which, in the stillness of night, the tide of flood seems to complain of resistance, and to groan under the weight of vessels incumbent on its swelling surface:—it is for such a one alone, duly to appreciate the beauty and just imagery of these lines of Petronius:

> Qualis silenti nocte remorum sonus
> Longè refertur, cum premunt classes mare
> Pulsumque marmor abiete imposita gemit.

It is among the eccentricities of Shakspeare, and his daring deviations from the beaten track of dramatic writers, that his Romeo is at first introduced as enamoured of a lady who does not appear, and contributes not at all to the catastrophe of the piece. Still, as the circumstance is not unnatural, it may probably conduce to the interest of the play, and have entered into the poet's plan faithfully to depict the versatility of youthful passion, passing from object to object, until meeting with a heart of sufficient congeniality to fix it. Thus, from the sighing swain of Rosaline, the love-sick youth of Verona is instantaneously transformed into the idolator of Juliet, causing the old friar to exclaim:

Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

But Shakspeare is seldom wrong in his delineations of human nature; nor has he in the smallest degree done violence to its propensities and conduct in Romeo's sudden transfer of allegiance from a disdainful to a gentle mistress.

—

Though probably nothing more than an accidental coincidence, there is a striking similarity between the passages in this poet and Lucretius, in which, the first cries of infancy are pathetically alluded to, as presages of the miseries to come.

Tum porro puer, &c. &c.——
Vagituque locum lugubri complet, ut æquum est
Cui tantum in vita restet transire malorum.

We came crying hither:
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawle and cry. ——
When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great stage of fools.

—

It has been fashionable of late to decry the poetry of Addison, and perhaps it must be admitted that he was most successful in the department of prose. Nevertheless, his muse is often affecting, always agreeable, and indicative of good taste. Could we, for instance, ask any thing more beautiful and more in the tender spirit of the original, than these lines from his translation of Ovid's fable of Narcissus?

What could, fond youth, this hopeless passion move?
What kindled in thee, this unpitied love?
Thy own warm blush within the water glows,
With thee, the coloured shadow comes and goes:
Its empty being on thyself relies;
Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.

—

The oracle of the law, sir Edward Coke, in treating of burglary, says, it may be committed in a church, because a church

is the mansión house of God. At this quaint attempt to circumscribe the immensity and ubiquity of the Deity, might one not appropriately exclaim with Cato in Lucan?

Est ne dei sedes nisi terra, et pontus, et aer,
Et cœum et virtus? Superos quid quærimus ultra?

—

It is remarkable that the customs of the early ancestors of the English, and in general, the privileges granted and duties imposed by the feudal system, have a striking resemblance to what we call children's play. Thus, it was a rule, we are told by Blackstone, that a whale taken on the coasts should be divided between the king and queen, the head only to belong to the king, and the tail &c. to the queen, in order to supply her majesty's wardrobe with whale bone. (Quere, were stays or hoops then in fashion?) From the same authority, we learn, that every lord spiritual and temporal summoned to parliament, and passing through the king's forests, might, both in going and returning, kill one or two of the king's deer without warrant in view of the forester, if he was present; or on blowing a horn, if he was absent, that he might not seem to take the king's venison by stealth. But the logic of the times, was even more ridiculously puerile than the regulations:—for instance, the mode of proving, that no inconvenience would arise from a man being a judge in his own cause, from the alledged circumstance of a certain pope (of whom history, I presume, is silent,) once trying himself, and adjudging that he should be burnt; and the further allegation, that the sentence was actually put in execution. Judico me cremari, says his holiness.—Et combustus fuit—gravely adds the logician. (*See Blackstone's Commentaries.*)

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The latin word, Episcopus, we are told, is the root from whence the French word Eveque, and the English word Bishop, though so different in sound, are both derived. The first is made out of the two first syllables *Episc*, being originally spelled *evesque*; and the other is compounded of the second and third syllables *piscop*, not very remote from Bishop. But if the rival nations differ in the formation of their words, so do they sometimes in their signification, when they happen to assume the same cha-

racters and sound. Thus, *Egotism* from the pronoun *Ego*, means Vanity with the one, and Selfishness with the other; and hence, the frequent use of the word in France, during the lamentable progress of her short-lived republicanism.

—

HAMMOND.

In a handsomely written preface by lord Chesterfield, prefixed to the poems of Hammond, it is stated by his lordship that Tibullus seems to have been the model judiciously preferred to Ovid by his deceased friend who "sincere in his love as in his friendship, wrote to his mistresses as he spoke to his friends, nothing but the true genuine sentiment of his heart;" and "that he sat down to write what he thought, not to think what he should write."

Now, if the last observation can be true of a translator, the noble earl may be right; but certainly Mr. Hammond was for the most part, if not wholly, a mere translator of Tibullus, and to a translator, less than to any other species of writer, it would appear, that the remark can apply; since, instead of sitting down to write what he thinks, the thought is already before him, and he sits down emphatically to think what he shall write, in regard at least to the choice of words in their adaptation to the sense of the original, and to the measure and rhyme of the translation. The noble patron then, seems scarcely excusable for this misrepresentation, with all the allowance we can make him, on the score of friendly partiality. Nor can he be acquitted on the presumption of ignorance of the fact, as he was a literary man, of whom it cannot be supposed, that like Sir Hargrave Pollexfen in the novel, he devolved upon his chaplain "a very pretty fellow," the exclusive reading of Tibullus.

But it is my business to show, in what degree the Roman poet was a model to the English one.—To begin with the first quatrain of the first elegy of Tibullus, which, by the by, in the elegies of Hammond, is numbered the 13th, an incongruity, which almost always occurs in the beginning, and often in the body of the elegies as relates to the order of the stanzas and appears to be designed, to prevent a too easy comparison of the copy with the original.

Divitias alius fulvo sibi congerat auro,
Et teneat culti jugera multa soli:
Quem labor assiduus vicino terreat hoste,
Martia cui somnos classica pulsa fugent.

Let others boast their heaps of shining gold,
And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd,
Whom neighbouring foes in constant terror hold.
And trumpets break their slumbers never sound.

The translator here proceeds regularly for a while, with close attention to the original; but passing these examples, lest I should swell my note to a volume, I turn to a stanza near the conclusion of the elegy. It is,

Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem,
Et dominam tenero continuisse sinu:
Aut gelidas hibernas aquas quum fuderit Auster,
Securum somnos imbre juvante sequi!

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast!
Or lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy sink at last to rest!

As the first elegy of Tibullus answers to the 13th of Hammond, so does the 1st of the latter, beginning—"Farewell that liberty our fathers gave," to the 4th, in the second book of the former. But as it would be tedious and unnecessary to cite every instance of translation, in a work in which the greater part if not the whole is so, only two or three more will be adduced. Thus the first stanza of Hammond's 5th elegy——

With wine, more wine deceive thy master's care
Till creeping slumber sooth his troubled breast,
Let not a whisper stir the silent air
If hapless love awhile consent to rest,

is taken from the beginning of the 2d elegy of Tibullus:

Adde merum, vinoque novos compesce dolores,
Occupat ut fessi lumina victa sopor.
Neu quisquam multo perfusum tempora Baccho
Excitet, infelix dum requiescit amor.

The 6th elegy of Hammond begins—

Thousands would seek the lasting peace of death,
And in that harbour shun the storm of care,
Officious Hope still holds the fleeting breath,
She tells us still to-morrow will be fair,

and is a translation of these two lines, which begin the 7th elegy of the second book of Tibullus.

Finirent multi letho mala: sed credula vitam
Spes fovet, et melius cras foret semper ait.

The beginning of the 11th elegy of Hammond,

The man who sharpen'd first the warlike steel,
How fell and deadly was his iron heart,
He gave the wound encount'ring nations feel,
And death grew stronger by his fatal art,

answers to the beginning of the 11th elegy of Tibullus.

Quis fuit horrendos primus qui protulit enses?
Quam ferus, et vere ferreus ille fuit!
Tunc cædes hominum generi, tunc prælia nata;
Tunc brevior diræ mortis aperta via est.

The translation in this place goes on pretty regularly; and it was certainly no unlucky circumstance that the noble earl should believe, if indeed he did believe, that the following quatrain flowed in a genuine strain from the breast of the English poet, instead of being but a copy of one of Tibullus, with the substitution of the name of Stanhope for that of Massala as must evidently appear on placing them together.

Stanhope shall come and grace his rural friend,
Delia shall wonder at her noble guest,
With blushing awe the riper fruit commend
And for her husband's patron cull the best.

Hac veniet Messala meus, cui dulcia poma
Delia selectis detrahit arboribus;
Et tantum venerata virum, hanc sedula curet;
Huic paret, atque epulas ipsa ministra gerat.

The preceding seem to be examples sufficient to establish my position, that Hammond went much further, and made much freer with his original, than is understood by the phrase, of making one a model. Perhaps there might be a pious fraud in concealing the fact, that he was a translator, original matter being probably a more marketable commodity than second hand; and such an attempt would be in character for lord Chesterfield, who, counting largely on the cullibility of mankind, deeming, for instance, that no flattery is too gross for a woman, nor hardly any well turned nonsense too palpable for the ears of the mob of the House of Commons, might easily be led to suppose, that the mob of literati were equally liable to be imposed on. But whether or not there was a designed deception in the case, it must be admitted, that Hammond was eminently successful in imbibing the spirit of his original and making it his own. There is unquestionably an high degree of tenderness and elegance in his elegies, not at all perhaps inferior to those of Tibullus; nor can we fully assent to the austere decree of Doctor Johnson, that he did not deserve to gain his mistress, because addressing her in a fictitious character, and under Roman imagery. It is remarkable, by the by, that even the doctor seems wholly ignorant how he came by this imagery, and not in the least to suspect it to be the effect of translating a Roman author. Had he been aware of this, he would, most probably have said so, instead of simply charging him, with deviating from modern life and manners, and producing nothing but frigid pedantry. If, as he says of the prefacer (lord Chesterfield) it may be reasonably suspected that he never read the poems (that is of Hammond) it would be equally reasonable to suspect, that he (doctor Johnson) never read Tibullus; or, if he had read him, that he had wholly forgotten him, since the very passage he quotes from Hammond, as a proof of his want of passion and meaning, is taken from the 2d elegy of the third book of the Roman poet, the whole of which is translated with sufficient closeness.

In fact I begin to suspect in my turn, that even the literary leviathans of England, have little acquaintance with the ancient poets, other than those that are thumbed in schools.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

The recent discovery of several new fables of Phædrus, having divided the opinions of the learned in Europe, the following from a respectable English Journal, will doubtless be acceptable.

THE discovery of thirty-two *new* fables of Phædrus, if they were genuine, would be highly gratifying to the learned world. Phædrus was the slave of Augustus, and obtained his liberty by the merit of his fables. Works so highly rewarded by the emperor, in the most polished period of Rome, would claim no common interest. But the question of their authenticity remains to be decided. Nicolas Perotti, bishop of Siponto, lived in the 15th century. He wrote a folio volume intitled *Cornucopia*, on the first book only of Martial's Epigrams. Had he been equally condescending on the others, what a charming sight in a library had been *fourteen folio volumes* of Commentaries on Martial! In a small manuscript of 170 pages 8vo., containing about one hundred and sixty pieces, were found copied thirty-two unpublished fables of Phædrus; thirty others of the same writer, already known; thirty-six of Avienus, not reported as *new*, and sixty epigrams by Perotti himself. This MS. was known to Burman; but had been missed, and is lately recovered by M. Andres, conservator of the royal library at Naples. M. Cataldo Jannelli, one of the librarians, has printed these fables, with a commentary; has restored the passages damaged by time, by spots of mould, &c. and, in short, has treated this discovery as truly that of a valuable classic. He has added three dissertations; the second is in proof that these fables are really the work of Phædrus. They have been translated into Italian verse, by M. Petroni, and into French prose, by M. Bignoli. The arguments of M. Jannelli are thought by some to be conclusive. Certain it is, that the five books of Phædrus, long used in our schools, were not discovered till 1596; when they were found by P. Pithou, in the library of St. Remi, at Rheims; and that to this day all competent judges are not satisfied, whether they really appertain to the Augustan age.

There are only two passages in ancient writers, in which Phædrus is mentioned. One is a verse of Martial, in which, inquiring the employment of a friend, he asks,

An æmulatur improbi jocos Phædri?

"Is he intent on equalling Phædrus in the jocose, but bitter style?" This character seems hardly applicable to a fabulist, but rather to a writer of epigrams, or satires. The second passage is more express. It is in the preface of Avienus, who lived in the fourth century, to his own fables: he distinctly names Phædrus as the author of five books of fables. Scriverius of Harlem, denied that the fables published by Pithou were written by Phædrus: he thought them not worthy of the age of Augustus; nor of the gift of liberty. He quotes from Perotti, bishop of Siponto, a passage, in which he acknowledges as *his own*, though borrowed in another form from Avienus, a fable beginning

Olim quas vellent esse in tutelà tuâ,

and ending, after eleven verses,

Nisi utile quod facimus, stulta est gloria.

Now, these twelve verses are found word for word in one of those fables of Phædrus, published by Pithou; here, then, is the authority of the *former* fables of Phædrus, impugned on the testimony of Perotti, who is the only evidence in favour of these newly discovered: was he acquainted with *those* fables, and adopted a passage from them, they not being then published? Certain it is, that he did not borrow them in another form, as he pretends, from Avienus, for that writer has no such matter.

This statement, it must be confessed, bears hard on the good faith of Perotti; who, nevertheless, was a man of the greatest learning, as well as a bishop. He was attached to cardinal Bessarion, famous for his erudition: he was his conclavist. He also prevented him from being pope. It is said, that three cardinals applied for admission to cardinal Bassarion one morning, intending to offer him the tiara, in the name of the whole sacred college; but Perotti, knowing that his lordship was retired to his closet for the purpose of study, could not allow him to be *disturbed*, to see cardinals! he therefore sent away the deputies,

and the proposal went off. When Bessarion was informed of the honour intended him, he said to Perotti, *you have lost me the tiara, and lost yourself a cardinal's hat.*

While the learned on the continent are divided in opinion on the authenticity of these fables, their character must remain undecided. Their learned editors are clear in their judgment that they display the very style and manner of the freedman of Augustus: but *the opinion of the very learned Heyne is against them.*

MRS. SIDDONS'S DEPARTURE FROM THE STAGE.

Covent Garden, June 29.—This distinguished actress, who has so long been the ornament of the tragic drama: who has been accustomed so often to subdue the soul by fictitious terror, and elevate the heart by the strongest and noblest representations of distress: who has, in fact, prolonged the illusion of the poet, and contributed to the immortality of his genius by the most powerful external representations of the passions, took her final leave of the stage this evening, in the character of *lady Macbeth.*

It is the misfortune of all great excellence, that it never can be continued long amongst us; and it is yet a greater misfortune, when that excellence is of the peculiar kind and degree which belongs merely to the person, and is essentially inherent in the single object which produces it.

The poet leaves his works behind him, the painter his picture, and the sculptor his statue. They expect, according to the merits of their several productions, to levy contributions of fame in distant ages, and receive the acclamations of future crowds. Indeed, almost every kind of genius has its peculiar instrument and operation, by which it continues its fame to posterity, and flourishes to the improvement and delight of succeeding generations. This, however, is not the lot of the actor; his genius, however eminent, produces no substance or permanent effect; he is, indeed, the creature of momentary joy, the phan-

tom of perishable applause; the recollection of him is daily wearing away, and a few years must inevitably consign him to oblivion, or at least leave nothing behind but the sound of his name.

Garrick himself has admirably touched upon this oblivious quality of his art in the following elegant lines in his Prologue to *The Clandestine Marriage:* he alludes to the death of Quin and Mrs. Cibber:

> " The painter dead, yet still he charms the eye;
> While England lives, his fame can never die.
> But he, who *struts his hour upon the stage*,
> Can scarce extend his fame for half an age.
> Nor pen nor pencil can the actor save,
> The art, and artist, share one common grave.
> O let me drop one tributary tear
> On poor Jack Falstaff's grave, and Juliet's bier!
> You to their worth must testimony give:
> 'Tis in your hearts alone their fame can live,
> Still as the scenes of life will shift away,
> The strong impressions of their art decay.
> Your children cannot feel what you have known;
> They'll boast new QUINS and CIBBERS of their own."

It is not often that a female performer is capable of that wide range of characters, or is possessed of that versatility of talent of which we have had examples in the other sex.—Garrick's comedy was equal to his tragedy; the glowing humour of his *Scrub*, and *Archer* was equal, in point of truth and effect, to the grandeur of his *Macbeth*, and the lofty serenity and philosophic elevation of his *Hamlet*.—Nature seems to have gifted Garrick, as she had already gifted Shakspeare, with endowments as extensive as her own creation, and powers as various as her own productions. To penetrate with an eagle eye through the whole expanse of nature; to be able to conceive and express all the exterior of manners, as modified by innumerable habits and modes, and estranged and distorted from the simplicity of an elemental passion; to be able to paint them with that astonishing effect, that the passion could be brought home to every bosom, is a rare talent, and was never found in any performer, with the exception of Garrick. The female actress is necessarily limited in her art

by her contracted and narrow survey and knowledge of human life. A female painter, of any remarkable eminence, has never hitherto appeared to adorn and extend that pleasing study; and the reason is found in the restricted means of the female sex to acquire the necessary knowledge for general and universal art.

Mrs. Siddons, therefore, is to be considered, and criticised only, as a tragic actress. In the early part of her professional life, she did, indeed, attempt comedy; but tragedy soon claimed exclusively, and has hitherto possessed her wholly.

The three leading passions of tragedy with which the actress is particularly conversant, are terror, pity, and love. The first passion is best exemplified in the lofty and heroic dramas, in which are painted characters such as *lady Macbeth*, *Alicia*, &c. The second passion is shown, either in the circumstances of regal or domestic distress; in characters such as *queen Catherine*, *Constance*, *Isabella*, *Belvidera*, *Jane Shore*, *Euphrasia*, and *lady Randolph*. The third is confined to a *Juliet*, a *Calista*, a *Monimia*, and heroines of the like description.

To obtain excellence in the two former branches of the art is much more difficult, and of infinitely rarer occurrence, than in the latter. Mrs. Siddons has surpassed every female performer of the stage unquestionably, and without competition, in the two first and grandest divisions of the tragic drama.—Her *lady Macbeth*, which was the character chosen for her farewell, is a shining example of this excellence—And she performed it, on this occasion, in her best manner.*

In this character, which has so long been the just pride of the British stage, we behold a picture of firm and determined courage, in which humanity, loyalty, hospitality, and female sensibility, are made to bend to a stern and invincible ambition. But we do not see in the portraiture of Mrs. Siddons the pride and ambition of a vulgar mind. The passion ascends to its object, and measures the altitude of the crime to which it aspires.

* Lady Macbeth was the character in which Mrs. PRITCHARD took leave of the stage at *Drury-lane*, on Monday, April 25, 1768.

"The curtain dropt, my *mimic* life is past:
That scene of *sleep* and *terror* was *my last*.
Could I in such a scene," &c. GARRICK.

It is the ambition of a queen: the bloody and remorseless enterprise of a woman, as much elevated above her sex by the daring character of her crime, as by the object on which her ambition fixes. Who, that has once seen this exhibition, will ever forget Mrs. Siddons in the banqueting-scene? The lofty courtesy with which she receives her guests, and the haughty, hurried, and apprehensive manner in which she dismisses them. When she addresses her husband, and commands him to recollect himself;—bids him summon up the courage of his manhood, and be no longer misled by the visions and coinage of the brain, and the "air-drawn dagger" of his imagination,—she throws into the character such an irony and sarcasm, such a proud and disdainful raillery, that *Macbeth* seems himself even to doubt his senses. In the chamber-scene, in which she walks in her sleep, Mrs. Siddons's conception of the propriety and demeanor of the character of *lady Macbeth* marks the superior and unrivalled qualities of her genius. The body sleeps, but the imagination wakes, and conjures up all those dreadful phantoms which prey upon her disordered frame. This punishment, which conscience, unassisted, is made to inflict upon the murderer, is shown to produce more bodily and mental suffering than the most ingenious torture which refined cruelty ever invented.—Mrs. Siddons's performance of this part becomes, therefore, a fine moral lesson: and the guilty stings of conscience are shown to be severer accusers than human laws, than the iron crown of Luke, and the steel bed of Damiens.

In the last scene of the play in which *lady Macbeth* appeared, that is to say, in the last scene in which she walks in her sleep, the audience became boisterous in their applause: they would hear and see no more—They stopped the progress of the play, thus paying a compliment of the proudest kind to their distinguished favourite.—Shakspeare, at this moment had no charms for a British audience.

The curtain dropped---an attempt was made to solicit the pleasure of the house to permit the play to proceed—but no—and after a long suspension the curtain rose: and Mrs. Siddons, in the dress of the sleep scene, came forward, and delivered

the following Address (written by Horace Twiss, Esq. nephew to Mrs. Siddons) with great feeling and effect:—

Who has not felt, how growing use endears
The fond remembrance of our former years?
Who has not sigh'd, when doom'd to leave at last
The hopes of youth, the habits of the past,
The thousand ties and interests, that impart
A second nature to the human heart,
And, wreathing round it close, like tendrils, climb,
Blooming in age, and sanctified by time?
Yes! at this moment crowd upon my mind
Scenes of bright days forever left behind,
Bewildering visions of enraptur'd youth
When hope and fancy wore the hues of truth,
And long-forgotten years, that almost seem
The faded traces of a morning dream!
Sweet are those mournful thoughts: for they renew
The pleasing sense of all I owe to you,
For each inspiring smile, and soothing tear—
For those full honours of my long career,
That cheer'd my earliest hope, and chas'd my latest fear!
And though for me those tears shall flow no more,
And the warm sunshine of your smile is o'er,—
Though the bright beams are fading fast away,
That shone unclouded through my summer day,—
Yet grateful Memory shall reflect their light,
O'er the dim shadows of the coming night,
And lend to later life a softer tone,
A moonlight tint, a lustre of her own.
Judges and friends! to whom the tragic strain
Of Nature's feeling never spoke in vain,
Perhaps your hearts, when years have glided by,
And past emotions wake a fleeting sigh;
May think on her, whose lips have pour'd so long
The charmed sorrows of your SHAKSPEARE'S song:—
On her, who, parting to return no more,
Is now the mourner she but *seem'd* before,—
Herself subdued, resigns the melting spell,
And breathes, with swelling heart, her long, her last farewell!

She made her reverences with great emotion, and Mr. Kemble stepped on the stage to assist in leading her off. The house took leave of their favourite with reiterated acclamations.

Mr. Kemble then came on, and, in a short address, requested to know the pleasure of the house, whether they would hear the remainder of the play; all the fifth act, except the first scene, remaining unperformed; but the universal cry of the house was, that they *could* hear no more; and with this unexampled compliment to the great tragic actress of the age, the scene closed.—It had an unutterable effect on the feelings of the company, who immediately began to retire.

Mrs. Siddons first appeared in the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, an 1775, under an engagement made with Mr. Siddons, at Cheltenham, that summer, by the Rev. Dr. Bate Dudley, for his friend Mr. Garrick. Her salary was 6*l.* per week, and that of Mr. Siddons 40*s*. Her first appearance was in *Portia*, in the Merchant of Venice, a character not best suited to her powers; and afterwards she made a more unfortunate attempt in comedy, in Mrs. Cowley's *Runaway:* soon after which her admirers had the mortification to see her descend, at the close of the season, to personate the walking Venus in the revived pageant of the *Jubilee*. She returned to the Bath Theatre in 1776; and, as is well known, returned a few years afterwards to re-illumine the London theatre, with a splendor of talents that continued with undiminished lustre to the present year.

NEWHAVEN BLUE-LAWS.

Mr. Oldschool,

I have often heard of the Blue-laws of Newengland, but never had an opportunity of understanding precisely the meaning of the phrase, until the other day, in turning over the pages of Kendal's Travels through America, in 1807 and 1808, I found the following chapter. These strange prohibitions are long since obsolete, I understand, in the northern states, but as curious specimens of our early legislation, they may be acceptable to your readers.

S.

Through the kindness of a gentleman in Newhaven, an opportunity was afforded me of inspecting the manuscript records of the colony, including its ancient laws. My time, however, was

short, and the manuscripts were long; so that I made little use of the advantage, and I am now indebted to a modern historian for the extracts that are subjoined. But this author gives us the sense, and not the words, a mode of transcription very little satisfactory—a mode in the adoption of which a writer should rarely trust himself, and in which he is rarely to be trusted.

As to the substance of the specimen subjoined, a part will discover the little subordination to the mother country, acknowledged from the first, by the *dominion* of Newhaven; a part is distinguished by unnecessary rigour; a part by ignorance and injustice; a part is common to all the codes, ancient and modern, in Newengland; a part is unexceptionable; and only a small remainder is strictly characteristic of the particular persons from whom it came.

"No quaker or dissenter from the established worship of this dominion, shall be allowed to give a vote for the election of magistrates, or any officer.

"No food or lodging shall be afforded to a quaker, adamite, or other heretic.

"If any person turns quaker, he shall be banished, and not suffered to return, but upon pain of death.

"No priest shall abide in the dominion: he shall be banished, and suffer death on his return. Priests may be seized by any one without a warrant.

"No one to cross a river, but with an authorized ferryman.

"No one shall run on the sabbath-day, or walk in his garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

"No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave, on the sabbath-day.

"No woman shall kiss her child on the sabbath or fasting-day.

"The sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday.

"To pick an ear of corn growing in a neighbour's garden, shall be deemed theft.

"A person accused of trespass in the night shall be judged guilty, unless he clear himself by his oath.

"When it appears that an accused has confederates, and he refuses to discover them, he may be racked.

"No one shall buy or sell lands without permission of the selectmen.

"A drunkard shall have a master appointed by the selectmen, who are to debar him from the liberty of buying and selling.

"Whoever publishes a lie to the prejudice of his neighbour, shall sit in the stocks, or be whipped fifteen stripes.

"No minister shall keep a school.

"Every ratable person, who refuses to pay his proportion to the support of the minister of the town or parish, shall be fined by the court £2, and £4 every quarter, until he or she shall pay the rate to the minister.

"Men-stealers shall suffer death.

"Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver, or bone lace, above two shillings by the yard, shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the offender at £300 estate.

"A debtor in prison, swearing he has no estate, shall be let out, and sold, to make satisfaction.

"Whoever sets a fire in the woods, and it burns a house, shall suffer death; and persons suspected of this crime shall be imprisoned, without benefit of bail.

"Whoever brings cards or dice into this dominion shall pay a fine of £5.

"No one shall read common-prayer, keep Christmas, or saint-days, make minced pies, dance, play cards, or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet and jews-harp.

"No gospel minister shall join people in marriage; the magistrates only shall join in marriage, as they may do it with less scandal to Christ's church.

"When parents refuse their children convenient marriages, the magistrate shall determine the point.

"The selectmen, on finding children ignorant, may take them away from their parents, and put them into better hands, at the expense of their parents."

"A man that strikes his wife shall pay a fine of £10; a woman that strikes her husband shall be punished as the court directs.

"A wife shall be deemed good evidence against her husband.

"No man shall court a maid in person, or by letter, without first obtaining consent of her parents; £5 penalty for the first offence; £10 for the second, and, for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the court.

"Married persons must live together, or be imprisoned.

"Every male shall have his hair cut round according to a cap."

"Of such sort were the laws made by the people of Newhaven, previous to their incorporation with Saybrook and Hartford colonies by the charter. They consist of a vast multitude, and were very properly termed *Blue-laws;* i. e. *bloody laws;* for they were all sanctified with excommunication, confiscation, fines, banishment, whippings, cutting off the ears, burning the tongue, and death."

With respect to the epithet *blue*, I believe the writer is mistaken, when he explains it by *bloody;* or, at least, that in whatever sense it was or is applied to the laws of Newhaven, its original import was no more than *presbyterian* or *puritan*. It appears to have been so used in Scotland, where it originated.

SOME PARTICULARS OF VOLTAIRE.

Translated for the Port Folio.

FROM THE LETTERS OF BIŒRNSTAHL, PROFESSOR AT UPSAL.

Geneva, October 10, 1770.

"On the third of this month I went to Ferney and had my name sent in to Voltiare. I was told from him in answer that he was sick, but refreshments were ordered, particularly a certain kind of capillaire very much used here. I replied, that the society of Voltaire would be more agreeable than all the sweet things he could offer me. He took this liberty in good part, and sent his secretary, Mr. Vanniere to keep me company. I gave him my letter of recommendation from D'Alembert, and he caried it to Voltaire, who at length came himself and begged me to excuse him for having made me wait so long, "I had a

fever" said he. In turn, I made my own apologies, and after a great many compliments had passed between us, he asked me if I wished to look at his garden. During the walk the conversation turned on all kinds of subjects; on Charles the 12th—the czar Peter—the Russian war—the queen of Sweden—"She honours me with her protection" said Voltaire, and from this circumstance I hastened to conclude that the inhabitants of Sweden had a sort of right to present themselves at his house, adding that few however had enjoyed that advantage, and that I was very grateful to D'Alembert who had introduced me to so great a man, "Ah!" said he, "It is D'Alembert who is the great man, I am only a shadow." My pupil, baron Rudbeck repeated some lines of the Henriade, which gave great pleasure to the illustrious old man, who said to him, "You will be a resource to your country." I praised the good taste which appeared in the garden and the chateau, and he said "it is my little retreat."

The conversation was long and varied, and so completely had he forgotten his fever that he walked with us from two till three o'clock, when the air became rather keen, and I begged him to think of his health. We then returned to the house and he showed us his chamber, his cabinet and library. This last is composed of six or seven thousand volumes, among which we observed some, particularly on subjects of history and theology, of an almost inconceivable beauty. Mr. Voltaire did me the signal honour of writing his name on my Album, and on the same page with that of D'Alembert.* On taking leave I assured him that I never would forget so delightful a day, and added, "it depends on your bounty whether it shall be the only one. Deign to grant us the favour of making a second visit on our return from Italy" "*Very willingly,*" said he, "*but I will then be no more.*" The castle of Ferney was built in 1759, and with

* A similar fact, or perhaps the same, is mentioned in the Journal of Paris of the 8th of September, 1778. "A learned German proposed to Voltaire to put in his Album, his own name and a device." Voltaire declined for some time, but at last took the Album, and seeing the name of D'Alembert, wrote Voltaire Hic fuit Dalemberti amicus.—He was the friend of D'Alembert.

such despatch that although begun at Easter it was finished.—— As we left it we went to see the houses which Voltaire had built for the malcontents from Geneva. They are fine large houses, and about forty in number. Over one of the doors I read, "Royal manufacture of watches at Ferney," which we were told occupied a hundred workmen. They were also building a very fine house for Mr. Vanniere,—but still Ferney is very far from deserving the name of a city. You will be desirous perhaps, of having a faithful portrait of Voltaire. Every body thinks him ugly. To me he appears sufficiently tall—of very slender make, very thin and very pale. He has a large forehead with a great many large wrinkles, large black eyes, large mouth, large nose, and a large chin. He has a satirical air. When he laughs he contracts his large mouth, and then he has not a bad countenance. In walking he bends a little, but takes large steps. His eyes are good and he never uses glasses, though he is now seventy-seven years old. I was quite astonished to see him write so light and fine a hand without spectacles. He reads and writes the whole day, and sometimes, even the whole night. When he is lying in bed, and any idea occurs to him, he rings for his secretary, who sleeps in the library above his chamber, and who must come down at any hour.

Voltaire is very agreeable, excessively polite, and altogther a courtier; but if any thing comes into his head, he quits his company, goes immediately to his chamber, from which he returns with a very gay countenance. He is not always, however, as I was informed, of so pleasant a disposition.

He often plays at chess, particularly with father Adam, an ex Jesuit whom he has taken to his house, and made superintendant of his domains. One day, Voltaire introduced him to some friends by saying, "This is father Adam, but he is not the first man in the world." Besides Ferney and the parish of the same name, Voltaire possesses near this place, another chateau called Tournay, on which depend some villages in the parishes of Brigney and of Chambaissy. From all these estates he receives about ten thousand livres, which added to the income from his capital, must make his annual revenue about fifty thousand livres. [$10,000.]

Ferney, October 1, 1773.

After passing several days at Geneva, we went to Ferney. Voltaire at first sent word that he was sick, a practice which he had for forty years past. But at last he admitted us. "I remember," said he, "having had the honour of seeing you last year, since then you have been in Italy, you have visited the catacombs, and seen a great many of the dead. You see one now, for I am dying at this moment." As he said this, he struck his forehead. Baron Rudbeck begged him to wait a little, at least till we were gone. I added, that he could not die, that his genius was immortal, that besides it was not last year, but three years ago that we were at Ferney, which proved that time did not pass heavily, with other expressions of the same sort.

He then spoke with a lively pleasure of the important revolution which had taken place in Sweden during our absence; and exclaimed with great emphasis, and in a loud tone, "Gustavus is adored through Europe." He repeated these words several times, and then went on, "when you arrive in Sweden, and see this great king, lay me at the feet of his majesty, and tell him that he is adored in Europe." On this occasion we became acquainted with the family of Voltaire, with Madame Denys a daughter of one of his sisters, and his heiress, with Mr. Durey de Morsan and father Adam.

Madame Denys is a widow without children, and now about sixty years of age, very lively and agreeable, mistress of music, plays well on the piano, and speaks Italian. She made a great many inquiries about what we had seen in Italy; we had as many about her uncle, and she communicated a number of anecdotes of him.

Mr. Durey and the Abbé Adam, keep Voltaire company. They help him in reading large works and make extracts for him, they also translate books from languages less familiar to him. If he were not so well assisted, it would be impossible for him to write so many volumes; besides these he has his secretary Vanniere, a Swiss, who does nothing but make fair copies. Mr. Adam also understands Greek and Latin pretty well. He was a Jesuit at Dijon, and is therefore called father Adam. He came to Voltaire some time before the expulsion of the

Jesuits, and has now lived at Ferney for nearly twelve years. He is a man of much talent and wit.

It is said that Voltaire is not afraid of death, and has already made his will with great courage. On the other hand, some assert that the idea of death alarms him, and that he talks so much of it merely to accustom himself to consider it. We found him very much deranged; his dark lively eyes are very deeply sunk, yet still he has strength enough to write poetry as easily as any one else could write prose. He dictates easily sixty verses without stoping.

He now observes a very strict regimen. He does not eat at noon. Between nine and ten at night he eats a little and slowly. About eleven or twelve he goes to bed, but sleeps scarcely four or five hours, though in general he is in bed sixteen and even eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. During the day he sits in his bed and writes, and the same at night when he cannot sleep, which happens when any idea is fermenting in his head. In this sleepless state he has quite the appearance of a corpse waiting for interment; and has never, indeed, a good look. Sometimes he gets up at six or eight o'clock in the morning.

LITERARY VARIETIES.

The forty-fourth exhibition of the Royal Academy, for the year 1812, contains 940 works of art, in painting, drawing, and sculpture, most of them above mediocrity. The chief historical pieces are by Hilton, Trumbull, West, Craig, Northcote, and Turner. The best portraits are by Owen, Lawrence, Beechey, Phillips, Lonsdale, Shee, and Howard. The principal landscapes by Daniell, Constable, Callcott, and Farington. The vulgar life by Carse, Bird, Frazer, and Wilkie. The chief drawings by Craig, Westall, Buck, Varley, and Wilson. The architecture by Soane, Wyatt, Gandy, Porden, Inwood, and Tapper. And the sculpture by Flaxman, Garrard, Chantrey, Turnerelli, Nollekens, Dawe, and Bacon. The *chef-dœvres* of the exhibition are, Owen's portrait of the Chancellor; Lawrence's Kemble in Cato; Hilton's Christ restoring the Blind:

and CRAIG's Christ feeding the Multitude: it is, however, an invidious task to name particular pieces in a congregation of so much excellence, particularly as many other artists have enthusiastic admirers, and as there is no infallible criterion of absolute beauty in works of art.

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Mr. JACKSON's Grammar of the Æolo-Doric, or modern Greek Tongue, vulgarly called the Romaic, which was announced some time ago as being ready for publication, is now printing with great diligence at Oxford. Under the signature of Φιλομαικος, Mr. J. offered his opinions regarding the modern Greek, as early as June, last year, asserting it to be a compound of the ancient Æolic and Doric dialects; and it is with the concurrence of several learned philologists of modern Greece, that he has announced his grammar under the title of Æolo-Doric, in preference to that of the Romaic language. In the course of the work, the peculiarities of the Æolo-Doric will be distinctly traced to the respective dialects of which the modern Greek is composed; and, besides the usual appendages of a grammar, as familiar dialogues, letters, translations, &c. it will contain specimens of a modern Greek tragedy, with the English version opposite, and a copious vocabulary.

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The number of persons charged with criminal offences, committed in England and Wales for trial, at the assizes and sessions, in 1811; also, the total for seven years, from 1805 to 1811, both inclusive:

		1811.	Total in the seven years.
Committed for Trial—Males		3,859	24,246
	Females	1,478	9,699
	Total	5,337	33,945
Convicted		3,163	20,147
Sentences, viz.—Death		404	2,628
Transportation for	Life	29	51
	14 years	34	258
	7 years	500	3,631

Imprisonment, and severally to be whipped, fined, pilloried, kept to hard labour, &c.	2,049	12,587
Whipping and Fine - - - - -	147	992
Acquitted - - - - - -	1,234	7,930
No bill found; and not prosecuted -	940	5,868
Executed - - - - - - -	39	393

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"Modern literatuue," says a late English publication, "affords no examples of the multiplication of copies equal to those of Moore's Almanac, and Mavor's SpellingBook. Of that famous Almanac, about 420,000 copies are sold annually; and of that generally used Spelling Book, about 120,000 in the same period; yet, as the former consists of only two sheets, and the latter of seven, each consumes 840,000 sheets, or 1680 reams of paper! If, then, one printing press can work three reams per day, Moore's Almanack will employ four presses, or eight men, nearly six months; and Mavor's Spelling Book, two presses, or four men all the year, besides the employment of binders, &c. &c. The press of no country boasts of works of similar circulation."

Another proof demonstrative of the improved state of education in England, may be drawn from the known consumption of elementary books of geography, a science in which, till lately, the mass of the English were proverbially ignorant. There are now sold annually about

12,000 of Goldsmith's Grammar of Geography.
2,000 of Geography for Youth.
2,000 of Geography for Children.
2,000 of Turner's Geography.
2,500 of Goldsmith's popular Geography.
4,000 of ditto's British Geography.
1,500 of Guthrie's Grammar.
4,500 of Walker's, Vyse's, Evans's, &c. &c.
In all 30,000.

By which it would appear, that, in Great Britain, at least 30,000 children are constantly instructed in this science! Twenty-five years ago, the annual sale of all the books of this class, did not exceed 5000.

According to some late experiments on the comparative strength of men and horses, applicable to the movement of machines, it appears, that the effect of a horse is fourteen times greater than that of a man; or, which amounts to the same thing, fourteen men must be used instead of one horse. Hence it appears, that it is much more advantageous to employ horses than men in moving machines, if other reasons did not, in some cases, require us to prefer men,

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From Mr. MONTAGU's researches on the constitution of sponges, it appears that no polypi, or vermes of any kind, are to be discerned in their cells or pores; they are, however, decidedly of an animal nature, and possess vitiality, without perceptible action or motion! Mr. Montagu has divided the genus Spongia, into five families, viz. branched, digitated, tubular, compact, or orbicular. Only fourteen species were previously known, but Mr. Montagu has described no fewer than thirty-nine.

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It appears from the eighth annual Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society that 35,690 Bibles, and 70,733 Testaments, were issued last year, besides the number circulated abroad by the Society's aid—that within that period *seventy* new Auxiliary Societies, including Branch Societies, were produced in Britain alone, and that the neat income of the year was 43,532*l.* 12*s.* 5*d.* and its expenditure, including its engagements, 46,530*l.* 10*s.* 11*d.*

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By the Report of the Committee of Agriculture, it appears, that the total amount of waste lands in the United Kingdom, is as follows:—England above six millions of acres, Wales two, and Scotland about fourteen.

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From the *Gazette de France*, July 14. The mortifying condition of the Theatre François, the first theatre of the capital, cannot be dissembled. Since the departure of some of its prime supports, it is fallen into a state of torpidity, verging on death. It is so far paralyzed that tragedy *it cannot play*. The little reputation of some of its actors, the disgust and weariness of beholding without intermission the same pieces, repulse the pub-

lic. Two representations of *la Gouvernante* attracted nobody: *le Tambour Nocturne* beat to arms in vain: the seats were empty, or presented merely the *triste* spectacle of a few sleepers and snorers, or at best *gapers*, yawning from each other from opposite boxes. The spectacles which please the public are such as manifest industry, alertness, vigour. The opulence of the French actors is, perhaps, one of the greatest obstacles to the improvement of the dramatic art. A player has a country residence, an equipage, servants at command: he enjoys the luxuries of life, he loves to walk about his parks, to lay out his gardens, to give orders to his cook: he must enjoy himself in summer. From time to time he favours the public with a few *appearances*; but these condescensions are distant, and at long intervals.

Is it altogether the fault of the Parisian public, if buffoonery and pantomime meet encouragement?—if the *stage* of Franconi are preferred to the successors of Baron and Preville? Is the *Théâtre Français* deserted when the best actors play in the best pieces of our great masters? Indifference and idleness ruin the greater part of our national establishments; and the minor theatres profit by the mismanagement of their superiors.

AMERICAN GALLANTRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Under this title we have occasionally selected such incidents, in our military annals, as, from their minuteness, had escaped the view of the general historian; but which were calculated to excite the high and honourable feelings of patriotism. The present war has again awakened the energies of the nation; and already produced examples of signal intrepidity among our countrymen. It is, however, on the navy of the United States that our national pride, and our hopes of glory, at this moment repose. We have never been able to look without the highest satisfaction on that fearless profession; the nursery of generous courage, and of high-minded patriotism—to whose followers every form of danger is alike familiar and without terror.

Nor toil, nor hazard, nor distress, appear
To sink the *Seamen* with unmanly fear;
Who from the face of danger strives to turn,
Indignant from the social hour they spurn:
No future ills, unknown, their souls appal,
They know no danger, or they scorn it all.

But we have no language to convey our admiration of the young and gallant spirits, who, in the first essays of their strength, have triumphed over the veteran science, and the disciplined valour, of the habitual conquerors on the ocean. They have retrieved all our disasters—they have shed new lustre on our arms, and sustained even in the midst of mortifying reverses, the loftiest tone of national enthusiasm. Their only anxiety has been to find the enemies of their country; and, wherever they have met them, their valour has rendered victory certain, whilst their skill has made it easy.

Devoted, as is this journal, to all that can add honour or distinction to the national character, it has no fairer pages than those which record instances of bravery like the following, the account of which we have rendered scrupulously minute and authentic.

THE United States' sloop of war the Wasp, commanded by captain Jacob Jones, was cruising in long. 65° W. and lat. 37° N. the track of vessels passing from Bermuda to Halifax, when, on Saturday, the 17th of October, about eleven o'clock, in a clear moonlight evening, she found herself near five strange sail, steering eastward. As some of them seemed to be ships of war, it was thought better to get farther from them. The Wasp, therefore, hauled her wind, and having reached a few miles to windward, so as to escape or fight as the occasion might require, followed the strange sail through the night. At daybreak on Sunday morning, captain Jones found that they were six large merchant ships, under convoy of a sloop of war, which proved to be the Frolic, captain Whinyates, from Honduras to England, with a convoy, strongly armed and manned, having all forty or fifty men, and two of them mounting sixteen guns each. He determined, however, to attack them, and as there was a heavy swell of the sea, and the weather boisterous, got down his topgallant yards, close-reefed the topsails, and prepared for action. About eleven o'clock, the Frolic showed Spanish colours; and the Wasp, immediately, displayed the American ensign and pendant. At thirty-two minutes past eleven, the Wasp came down to windward, on her larboard side, within about sixty yards, and hailed. The enemy hauled down the Spanish colours, hoisted the British ensign, and opened a fire of cannon and musketry. This the Wasp instantly returned; and, coming nearer to the enemy, the action became close, and without intermission. In four or five minutes the maintopmast of the Wasp was shot away, and, falling

down with the maintopsail yard across the larboard fore and fore-topsail braces, rendered her head yards unmanageable during the rest of the action. In two or three minutes more her gaft and mizen-topgallantsail were shot away. Still she continued a close and constant fire. The sea was so rough that the muzzles of the Wasp's guns were frequently in the water. The Americans, therefore, fired as the ship's side was going down, so that their shot went either on the enemy's deck or below it, while the English fired as the vessel rose, and thus her balls chiefly touched the rigging, or were thrown away. The Wasp now shot ahead of the Frolic, raked her, and then resumed her position on her larboard bow. Her fire was now obviously attended with such success, and that of the Frolic so slackened, that captain Jones did not wish to board her, lest the roughness of the sea might endanger both vessels; but, in the course of a few minutes more, every brace of the Wasp was shot away, and her rigging so much torn to pieces, that he was afraid that his masts, being unsupported, would go by the board, and the Frolic be able to escape. He thought, therefore, the best chance of securing her was to board, and decide the contest at once. With this view he wore ship, and, running down upon the enemy, the vessels struck each other, the Wasp's side rubbing along the Frolic's bow, so that her jibboom came in between the main and mizen rigging of the Wasp, directly over the heads of captain Jones and the first lieutenant, Mr. Biddle, who were at that moment standing together near the capstan. The Frolic lay so fair for raking, that they decided not to board until they had given a closing broadside. Whilst they were loading for this, so near were the two vessels, that the rammers of the Wasp were pushed against the Frolic's sides, and two of her guns went through the bow ports of the Frolic, and swept the whole length of her deck. At this moment, Jack Lang,* a seaman of the Wasp, a gallant fellow, who had been once impressed by a British man of war, jumped on a gun with his cutlass, and was springing on board the Frolic: captain Jones, wishing to fire again before

* John Lang is a native of Newbrunswick, in Newjersey. We mention, with great pleasure, the name of this brave American seaman, as a proof, that conspicuous valour is confined to no rank in the naval service.

bounding, called him down; but his impetuosity could not be restrained, and he was already on the bowsprit of the Frolic; when, seeing the ardour and enthusiasm of the Wasp's crew, lieutenant Biddle mounted on the hammock cloth to board. At this signal the crew followed; but lieutenant Biddle's feet got entangled in the rigging of the enemy's bowsprit, and midshipman Baker, in his ardour to get on board, laying hold of his coat, he fell back on the Wasp's deck. He sprang up, and as the next swell of the sea brought the Frolic nearer, he got on her bowsprit, where Lang and another seaman were already. He passed them on the forecastle, and was surprised at seeing not a single man alive on the Frolic's deck, except the seaman at the wheel, and three officers. The deck was slippery with blood, and strewed with the bodies of the dead. As he went forward, the captain of the Frolic, with two other officers, who were standing on the quarter deck, threw down their swords, and made an inclination of their bodies, denoting that they had surrendered. At this moment the colours were still flying, as, probably, none of the seamen of the Frolic would dare to go into the rigging for fear of the musketry of the Wasp. Lieutenant Biddle, therefore, jumped into the rigging himself, and hauled down the British ensign, and possession was taken of the Frolic, in forty-three minutes after the first fire. She was in a shocking condition; the birth-deck, particularly, was crowded with dead, and wounded, and dying; there being but a small proportion of the Frolic's crew who had escaped. Captain Jones instantly sent on board his surgeon's mate, and all the blankets of the Frolic were brought from her slop-room for the comfort of the wounded. To increase this confusion, both the Frolic's masts soon fell, covering the dead and every thing on deck, and she lay a complete wreck.

It now appeared that the Frolic mounted sixteen thirty-two pound carronades, four twelve-pounders on the main-deck, and two twelve pound carronades. She was, therefore, superior to the Wasp, by exactly four twelve-pounders. The number of men on board, as stated by the officers of the Frolic, was one hundred and ten—the number of seamen on board the Wasp, was one hundred and two; but it could not be ascertained,

whether in this one hundred and ten, were included marines and officers; for the Wasp had, besides her one hundred and two men, officers and marines, making the whole crew about one hundred and thirty-five. What is, however, decisive, as to their comparative force is, that the officers of the Frolic acknowledged that they had as many men as they knew what to do with, and, in fact, the Wasp could have spared fifteen men. There was, therefore, on the most favourable view, at least an equality of men, and an inequality of four guns. The disparity of loss was much greater. The exact number of killed and wounded on board the Frolic could not be precisely determined; but from the observations of our officers, and the declarations of those of the Frolic, the number could not be less than about thirty killed, including two officers, and of the wounded between forty and fifty; the captain and second lieutenant being of the number. The Wasp had five men killed and five slightly wounded.

All hands were now employed in clearing the deck, burying the dead, and taking care of the wounded, when captain Jones sent orders to lieutenant Biddle to proceed to Charleston, or any southern port of the United States; and, as there was a suspicious sail to windward, the Wasp would continue her cruise. The ships then parted. The suspicious sail was now coming down very fast. At first it was supposed that she was one of the convoy, who had all fled during the engagement, and who now came for the purpose of attacking the prize. The guns of the Frolic were, therefore, loaded, and the ship cleared for action; but the enemy, as she advanced, proved to be a seventy-four—the Poictiers, captain Beresford. She fired a shot over the Frolic; passed her; overtook the Wasp, the disabled state of whose rigging prevented her from escaping; and then returned to the Frolic, who could, of course, make no resistance. The Wasp and Frolic were carried into Bermuda.

It is not the least praise due to captain Jones, that his account of this gallant action, is perfectly modest and unostentatious. On his own share in the capture, it is unnecessary to add any thing. "The courage and exertions of the officers and crew," he observes, "fully answer my expectations and wishes. Lieutenant Biddle's active conduct contributed much to our success, by the

exact attention paid to every department, during the engagement, and the animating example he afforded the crew by his intrepidity. Lieutenants Rodgers and Booth, and Mr. Rapp, showed by the incessant fire from their divisions, that they were not to be surpassed in resolution or skill. Mr. Knight, and every other officer, acted with a courage and promptitude highly honourable. Lieutenant Claxton, who was confined by sickness, left his bed a little previous to the engagement; and, though too weak to be at his division, remained upon deck, and showed, by his composed manner of noting its incidents, that we had lost, by his illness, the services of a brave officer."

ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

I HOPE, Mr. Oldschool, you will not deem me intrusive, for having offered to your consideration some lines, written on the splendid victory achieved by captain Jones, of the United States' sloop of war Wasp, in an engagement with the British sloop of war Frolic. Probably the records of naval history will not furnish another instance of a victory so decisive, with such inequality of force, achieved in so short a space, with so much damage to the enemy, and with so little comparative loss. If any thing could add to our gratification, it is the peculiar modesty with which captain Jones relates this brilliant affair, in his official account of the transaction.

FRESH blows the gale—o'er Ocean's azure realm,
"In goodly trim, the gallant vessel glides:"
Heroic JONES, presiding, takes the helm,
His country's honour is the star that guides!

A band of heroes all his dangers share!
Who, when their country calls them, to provoke,
The dread, th' unequal contest, nobly dare
The red artillery of the British oak!

At length, impell'd by favouring gales along,
Majestic now she ploughs the briny deeps,

The dread avenger of our country's wrong,
While, undisturb'd, the treasur'd vengeance sleeps.

Dim in th' horizon, Albion's hostile star,
In silent grandeur, rises on the sight:
Terrific omen! honoured wide and far—
The harbinger of death, and pale affright.

Near and more near the bloody contest draws—
Frowning they meet, and awfully serene—
And, ere the strife begins, in solemn pause,
They stand and watch the narrow space between.

It was an hour to none but heroes dear,
When vulgar mortals tremble and despair:
When all the patriot has to hope, or fear,
Seems but suspended by a single hair.

At such an hour, what hostile passions meet!
What wild emotions enter and depart!
What hopes of glory! fears of foul defeat!
All throng, tumultuous, through the stoutest heart!

But mark! around what sudden glooms infest,
As if the clouds that sail'd the realms of air,
At once, had settled on the ocean's breast,
And fix'd the region of contention there.

Unusual darkness on the surface lies,
A night of horror veils the combat o'er,
Disturb'd by victor shouts and dying cries—
By lightning flashes, and the thunder's roar.

Now light returns: but what dismay and rout!
How cold the cheek where hope was so elate!
And the pale lip still quivers with the shout
Of joy and triumph in the hour of fate.

Short was the contest—O! in pity, spare!
Ye sights, unholy! vanish from my ken:
For supplicating Mercy's cries, forbear!
Nor taunt with victory these dying men.

But welcome, heroes! to your native land;
Safe from th' arduous perils of the fight;
And welcome, gallant leader of the band!
Who blushes when he finds his fame so bright.

And welcome BOOTH and RODGERS! welcome KNIGHT!
And RAPP!—such noble souls will ne'er refuse
This poor requital, and with rudeness slight
The humble off'ring of no venal Muse.

Nor CLAXTON† shall thy worth unsung remain,
Thy early day betokens promise fair;
For glory hover'd round the brows of pain,
And mark'd unseen the future hero there.

Nor shall thy merits, BIDDLE, pass untold,
When cover'd with the cannon's flaming breath,
Onward he press'd, unconquerably bold,
He fear'd dishonour, but he spurn'd at death.

He mov'd the foremost of the gallant band,
Undaunted by the roar of hostile arms;
And led reluctant Victory by the hand,
Confus'd and blushing, in her blaze of charms.

Then welcome, heroes! for your glory lives;
Nor shall malignant Envy dare assail:
Receive the laurel which your country gives,
And share her triumphs while she tells the tale.

ODE TO HONOUR—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

HAIL! Spirit of the lion brood!
I hail thee! monarch of my soul;
Who guid'st my veins' mad rolling flood;
Proud chieftain! of supreme control.

Crown'd with lightning, thron'd in storm,
First born in battle's raging force;

Thy mandate bids the phalanx form,
Where even demons take their course.

Thy thirsting, like the Danish shade,
By no libation is appeas'd,
Until the reckoning blood has paid,
And vengeance has thy spirit eased.

Thine are the sybil tomes of fate;
For should one sacred page be lost,
Repentence then is vain and late,
The rest is kept with double cost.

'Tis but to offer at thy shrine
That crowns from danger's front are torn;
And 'tis for thee that we entwine
Those laurels which the sword has shorn.

And that mild dictate comes from thee,
Which teaches Pride to stoop his crest;
Bending, to gentle courtesy,
The fiercer inmates of his breast.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Oldschool,

The following poetry falling accidentally into my hands, my admiration of it induced me to make some inquiry respecting its origin and author.

It was occasioned by the decease of an amiable and lovely young lady, under very affecting and peculiar circumstances. Cherishing for a long time the idea of hymeneal connexion with the object of her earliest choice and most ardent affections, she was attacked, in the bloom of eighteen, with a pulmonary complaint, which finally overthrew all the fond expectations of herself and friends. Led by slow degrees to the precincts of a premature grave, she found herself at length compelled to abandon, for other and sublimer contemplation, what had hitherto been to her a source of purest delight, and exchange her thoughts of earthly happiness for hopes of heavenly participation, through the medium of her God: while the unceasing attentions, and undeviating devotedness of her lover, during the whole period of her fatal illness, pressing on the grateful, and most exquisite sensibilities of her

nature, endeared him to her even in the arms of dissolution. She died the 10th of July, 1812. C.

THE VISION.

Deep in a shade, through banks of flow'rs,
The streamlet wound its way,
And softly sped the noiseless hours
As on the bank I lay.
While thus, in a voluptuous calm,
I watch'd the gliding stream,
My eyes were steep'd in slumber's balm,
My heart in Fancy's dream.

I saw a maiden, wond'rous fair,
Glance through the thicken'd shade,
The ringlets of whose golden hair
With murmuring zephyrs play'd.
From her bright eyes serenely beam'd
The heaven's purest blue,
And on her cheek the rose had seem'd
To shed its softest hue.

Upon her balmy lips there play'd
A smile of gladness meek;
Yet from her eye a tear-drop stray'd
Adown her rosy cheek.
Ah! how my throbbing pulses beat
In such dear dream of bliss!
For ne'er seem'd transport half so sweet
So exquisite as this.

I flew to clasp her to my heart—
Alas! vain fleeting trance!—
A deadly paleness mark'd each part,
And stay'd my rash advance.
Intent on me she fixed her eye,
Then, pointing to above,
The gentle spirit breathed a sigh,
And vanish'd from the grove!

Farewell! farewell! remembered shade!
And, O! sad dream, farewell!
Too surely what that look convey'd
My aching heart can tell,
"To taste unmix'd the joys of love
To mortals ne'er was given;
Then, as its happy home's ABOVE;
Seek not on EARTH for HEAVEN." F.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

IF the following original lines are deemed worthy of a place in The Port Folio, an insertion thereof would oblige, Yours, &c.

*'TWAS in the dead of night! the orb of day
Had fled to distant climes; all nature lay
Enwrapt in shadowy robe; Silence her reign
Had spread wide o'er the interminable plain;
And every creature, fearful of the gloom,
Had found in sleep's embrace a transient tomb—
Save *Eliphaz*. His troubled fancy sought
In vain, midst *Morpheus'* realms, retreat from thought:
All wakeful, as the poet turn'd his eye
Within, some pleasing prospect to descry;
Sublime and heavenly thoughts his soul inspir'd,
And intellectual scenes his fancy fir'd.
When, lo! an awful form near to him drew,
From realms etherial burst upon his view:
A Spirit pass'd before his face!—affright
Unnerv'd his frame—he view'd the chilling sight—
And as he view'd, his shivering bones confess'd
The awful conflict raging in his breast.
With horror stood erect his streaming hair,
And ev'ry sense was palsied with despair.
Though suddenly, to his astonish'd view,
Unlook'd—unwish'd for, the fell phantom drew:

* Vide Job, chap. iv. 13, 19.

Not such its stay: still, stood the hateful shade,
And still the trembling *Eliphaz* survey'd.
A solemn fearful pause the spectre made;
Then came a voice—an awful language came,
That deep vibrated through his quivering frame.
"Shall mortal man, of ashes form'd, and dust,
Presume than the *Most High* to be more just?
Shall the most wise and virtuous mortal dare
Himself with his Creator to compare?
With folly charg'd was e'en th' Angelic race,
Though clothed with power and super-human grace?
If spirits then—inhabitants of light!
Not stand approv'd in their Creator's sight;
How vain the task! presumptuous man! how vain!
For thee to think, perfection's heights to gain!
Ere life began—ere the enkindling flame
From Heaven first lighted and inform'd thy frame;
Thou, intermingling with the dust and clay,
In the low vale, unknown—inglorious lay!
Here thy proud origin. To know, hence learn,
As in the paths of life thy steps sojourn,
Humility: choose *her* thy friend; may she
Thy lov'd companion and instructress be:
So will approving Conscience thee befriend,
Upon thee shall Prosperity attend,
And heavenly prospects cheer thee in the end."

W.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

If Mr. Oldschool will but give the author credit for his *intention*, he is at perfect liberty to call him a wretched metaphysician, a clumsy moralist, and (if it shall seem good to his superior judgment) a bad poet.

FASHION—A POEM.

When Fashion's gaudy glare attracts the eye,
And Folly draws the philanthropic sigh;
When magic charms to fix Devotion's gaze,
And powers to win involuntary praise,

Deep in their sacred shrines neglected rest;
While idle pleasures occupy the breast;
Why should a bard, unknown to Fame, obey
The pious zeal that animates his lay?
The voice of Poetry must plead in vain
When Fashion rules, and millions crowd her train:
Yet, cherish'd Friendship claims the weak essay;
Pleas'd, I assent, and honour'd I obey.

Oh! if the moral Muse could hope to gain
The list'ning ear of Beauty to her strain;
If, from the tow'ring hill where Reason reigns,
Her voice could reach to Pleasure's flow'ry plains,
And wake, with glowing warmth and taste refin'd,
Some noble purpose in a female mind:
Pleased would she strike the spark of holy flame
That lights the crimson blush of virtuous shame:
Delighted view reclaim'd the lovely maid,
And count the labour of her song o'erpaid.

While the gay ball-room shines with garish light,
And Beauty's cheek reflects its rays more bright;
While through the dance the voice of Music floats,
And eager footsteps echo to her notes;
Why does a smile o'er Satire's features play,
And rigid Reason, frowning, turn away?
Ah! that the Muse, who knows the secret well,
Should, sighing, blushing, hesitate to tell!
Why o'er the rose-bud bends the enamour'd swain,
While gaudier tulips spread their charms in vain?
Why does the traveller's raptured gaze prefer
The swelling landscape to the neat parterre?
'Tis Nature's hand that draws the willing eye
From glaring hues to sweet simplicity:
'Tis Nature's touch that bids th' obedient heart
Contemn the cold, insipid, tricks of art;
Teaches the breast with sacred fire to glow,
And wakes the pulse of Joy her vot'ries only know.

Ah, me! how hard the toilsome task, to win
From cherish'd Folly, or from darling Sin;

The stubborn force of Habit to control,
And tear the rooted passion from the soul:
But when the softer foibles open lie,
That tell of Weakness, not Depravity;
Those tender frailties Nature's warmth bestows,
That sometimes hush cold Reason to repose,
And fill the yielding heart, and give the mind
To charms inconstant as the varying wind;
Those giddy joys at which, when Temp'rance dies,
Prudence turns pale, and sadden'd Reason sighs;
Those thrills that never make their vot'ries blest,
But idly flutter in the idle breast;
Those trivial faults that shun the lover's gaze,
Or deck his fair one's charms with brighter blaze.
  Ah, me! how painful 'tis with frigid truth
To chill the glow that paints the cheek of youth!
Ye fair that make the purest joys we know,
Sources of all our bliss, or all our wo,
In whom we boast a rich, exhaustless mine,
Thoughts that exalt, and feelings that refine;
From whom, when cares disturb the manly breast,
Or fond endearments lull those cares to rest,
We catch the kindling glance, the sacred sigh,
The tend'rest, dearest thrills of Sympathy:
Ye gentle fair, whose fond, endearing arts,
Polish our minds and captivate our hearts;
Oh, say! should charms so heav'nly, rich as these,
Such pow'rs to win, such faculties to please,
"Deep in their sacred shrines neglected rest,
While idle pleasures occupy the breast."
  Ye blissful scenes! days of Arcadian joys,
When Nature's sons were true to Nature's voice;
Where, mid a simple, healthful, happy race,
Fashion and Folly never found a place;
Where, while the peasant till'd the fertile soil,
"Content sat basking on the cheek of Toil;"
When virgin Beauty never own'd a care,
That rigid Virtue would have blush'd to share:

Days of delight! when Pleasure, leagued with Death,
Had not yet pour'd his pestilential breath;
Nor yet on ruddy Vigour dared intrude
The sinking form of sickly Lassitude:
Days of delight! when hydra-headed Vice
Lived but in dreams and idle phantasies,
Till angels wept o'er pristine Virtue's urn:
Ye blissful scenes! Arcadian joys! return!
And, oh! ere Time's insidious mildew blights
The mind that dictates, and the hand that writes,
Soon may the happy age again be known
When Truth and Reason shall regain their throne;
When Youth shall own that idle pleasure cloys,
And Beauty dare to seek for nobler joys!

MORTUARY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Angusta (Georgia) September 24th, 1812.

Died, suddenly, on Monday afternoon last, at the Sand Hills, Miss Charlotte A. Herbert, daughter of Isaac Herbert, Esq. of this place, aged twenty years. The numerous friends and acquaintances of this charming and amiable young lady, will feel that regret for her loss, and that sympathy for her afflicted and bereaved connexions, which the unexpected departure of so much worth and virtue is calculated to excite; and, among her friends, some there are who will, no doubt, feel the shock with peculiar sensibility. Kind, affectionate, and friendly, this lovely girl was not only without enemies, but was, we understand, upon the eve of forming one of the most endearing and interesting of all earthly connexions, when, by an inscrutable decree of an All-wise Providence, her bridal robe was converted into a funeral shroud. He who knew her worth, called her to the possession of those joys, for which she had long been preparing. She had early dedicated herself to God, and, therefore, amidst the sorrows of surviving friends, a source of consolation remains, of which they cannot be deprived.

Seated in realms of glory now,
With joy she sings triumphantly,
"O! Death! where is thy sting, and thou,
O! Grave! where is thy victory."

THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious fo change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.
COWPER.

VOL. I. FEBRUARY, 1813. No. 2.

EULOGY ON DR. SHIPPEN.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EXTRACTS FROM A EULOGY ON WILLIAM SHIPPEN, M. D. LATE PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, DELIVERED, BY REQUEST, AS AN INTRODUCTORY LECTURE, TO A MEDICAL CLASS, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1808.

GENTLEMEN,

To commemorate the virtues, to celebrate the achievements, and thus perpetuate the fame of the illustrious dead, has been the business of the poet, the painter, the sculptor, and the orator, in every country and in every age. Neither the rigours of a polar, nor the fervours of a tropical sky; neither the rude insensibility of barbarism, nor the busy dissipation of polished life, can deter the mind from this pious employment. The motives by which mankind are induced to engage in it are confessedly liberal and elevated in their nature—in their result they are eminently pleasing and important. In point of universality and force, they are, perhaps, next to those which lead the mind to the worship of a god. In either case, an intermingled sentiment of gratitude and piety constitutes a leading principle of action—in either case, there is manifested a grateful and praiseworthy recollection of benefits received.

With sentiments and recollections not dissimilar to these, are we now assembled to mingle our sorrows over the ashes of a mortal—with praises such as may become the occasion, and such as truth may not disavow, are we called on to honour the memory of a benefactor.

Previously to my attempting to portray the character, and to unfold to you a view of the labours and achievements of our distinguished countryman, suffer me to premise a single reflection. If many youths have been fired with enthusiasm, and urged to deeds of greatness and glory, by a recital of the lives of the destroyers of nations, how much more does it become you to catch the spark of a generous emulation from the story of him who was one of the benefactors of the human race!

Dr. Shippen was descended, on his mother's side, from a family of wealth and distinction, which had been attached to the person, and had followed the fortunes of the illustrious founder of the state of Pennsylvania. By his father he was connected with those pious and intrepid pilgrims, who, flying from fanaticism and persecution in their native country, had sought an asylum for liberty of conscience and the rights of devotion, in the wilds of Newengland. He was born in October 1733, in the city of Philadelphia, of which, his grandfather, having emigrated from Massachusetts on a special invitation from William Penn, had been the first mayor.

Of the first years of the life of young Shippen, nothing particular is, at present, recollected. Nor is this circumstance to be regarded as a subject of regret. The history of childhood is but rarely instructive. It is seldom that the infant gives any well founded presage of the future character of the individual. As the acorn holds buried in its bosom the embryo-oak, destined to be the future pride of the forest, and a still smaller seed encloses the more gigantic adansonia, so, in the early morning of life, the rudiments of human greatness are generally concealed beneath the sportive habits of the child.

Our first acquaintance with our young philosopher commences at the Westnotingham grammar school, then under the direction of the reverend Dr. Findley. That eminent and pious divine, no less distinguished for his talents and learning, than

for his facility and excellence in the instruction of youth, and in rendering them enamoured of academic studies, was afterwards president of Princeton college. Under a teacher so able and enlightened, genius could neither lie dormant nor pass unnoticed. Accordingly the talents of young Shippen, which, if not of the *first*, were unquestionably of an order bordering on the first, rapidly unfolding themselves under such auspicious circumstances, soon raised their possessor to honourable distinction among the most favoured pupils of the institution. Nor did his conspicuous standing with his preceptor excite the jealousy or deprive him of the affections of his fellow students. So open was his heart, so frank his disposition, so mild his temper, and so fascinating his manners, that, whatever sentiments of emulation he might awaken in the bosoms of his companions, he could never become the object of their envy or dislike.

Having passed, with unusual rapidity and the most flattering marks of applause, through his preparatory studies, our pupil was removed from the Nottingham grammar school to the college of Newjersey, which was, at that time, established in the village of Newark. Here he was again fortunate in being placed under the tuition of a very able and accomplished teacher—an enthusiast in learning, whose example was no less adapted to fire the youthful mind with the love of letters, than his instructions were calculated to enrich it with knowledge. This teacher was the reverend Aaron Burr, father to him of the same name, who has lately made so distinguished a figure in the annals of our country. On the emulous disposition and aspiring genius of young Shippen, opportunities so congenial and excellent, could not fail in producing the most happy and brilliant effects. It was, accordingly, while pursuing his studies in this institution, that the rapid development of his talents, marked with unusual lustre for his years, began to attract the notice of the public, and pointed him out to the discerning eye, as a youth born to no common destinies. Though distinguished in every branch of academical attainment to which he turned his attention, it was not his lot to acquire in each of them the same degree of eminence. His taste, and the native bent of his genius, led him

more particularly to the cultivation of classical learning, polite literature, and the graces of oratory. In these departments, such was, in a short time, his acknowledged preeminence, that, when prizes and honours were proposed as the rewards of excellence in them, he was more than once suffered to bear them off without competition.

The better to impart to you some idea of the character and effect of his juvenile elocution, let me solicit your attention to the following anecdote, the truth of which rests on indubitable testimony.

When about to be admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts in the college of Newjersey, he had conferred on him the honour of preparing and delivering a public oration in the Latin tongue. On the day of commencement, the audience was extensive, respectable, and enlightened. But a small part of them, however, had received the advantages of a liberal education. In this select number was the celebrated Dr. Whitfield, one of the most accomplished orators of modern times. Nor were his taste and judgment inferior to his excellence in practical eloquence.

When young Shippen appeared on the stage, the beauty of his countenance, which has rarely been surpassed, the elegance of his person, and the ease and gracefulness of his whole deportment, attracted the eye of every beholder, and excited a lively interest in his favour. But he had not proceeded many minutes in his address, when his personal accomplishments were lost in the superior charms of his eloquence. While he continued to speak, a power of fascination seemed to issue from his tongue, exerting over the audience an unlimited control. Not an idle whisper escaped from the lips, nor an inattentive glance from the eye of the assembled multitude. Though the language of the speaker was strange and unintelligible to most who heard him, his manner was so perfectly in unison with nature, that it soon found its way to the bosom of every one. Seldom has eloquence made a more impressive display of its power over the softer passions of the mind. Notwithstanding the disadvantage under which the orator laboured, from speaking in an unknown tongue, yet such was the pathos which marked his delivery,

that he retired from the stage, with his audience in tears. Dr. Whitfield, in particular, set no bounds to the terms in which he expressed his admiration and delight. He even declared, in the enthusiasm of the moment, that such a specimen of oratory would not have done dishonour to the Roman rostrum, in the proud days of Hortensius or Cicero. Though an encomium so exalted, is not to be regarded as correct criticism, it could have been extorted only by uncommon excellence. The occasion afforded a very happy presage of the success and celebrity which awaited the orator, in the professorship to which he was afterwards called.

Having finished his academical studies, a profession for life was now to be chosen. Nor did he hesitate or balance in making a choice. His inclination led him, by a strong predilection, to that of medicine; and he accordingly commenced his studies under the direction of his father, who was an eminent practitioner in the city of Philadelphia. Here a new, rich, and delightful field of knowledge was opened to the view of our young philosopher. Having been hitherto conversant chiefly with the productions of men, he was now introduced to an acqaintance with the more august and diversified works of nature. In these he found a never-failing source of pleasure and instruction, for they were in unison with his taste, and peculiarly suited to the texture of his mind.

Having already availed himself of every source of medical information, to which he could have access in his native land, young Shippen embarked for Europe, where opportunities of instruction awaited him, better suited to his genius and ambition. Arrived in a country which had long been considered as the paradise of science, he put himself successively under the direction of some of the most distinguished medical teachers and practitioners of the age. Among these are to be reckoned, in particular, Hunter, Monro, Fothergill, and Boerhaave; characters whose fame will survive, and whose works will be consulted and admired, as long as medicine shall be practised as an art, or cultivated as a science. Nor did these luminaries in science regard their young American as a common pupil. Finding his moral worth as unexceptionable, and his social virtues as engaging,

as his intellect was enlightened, and his manners refined, they soon took him to their bosoms; some of them even with parental tenderness; and opened to him the resources of their private friendship. This was more especially the case with Dr. William Hunter, of London, in whose family he resided for several years, and whose paternal cares and luminous instructions he never ceased to remember with the gratitude of a son, and to dwell on with sensations of peculiar delight.

Although, from the quickness of his perceptions, the liveliness of his imagination, and the whole texture and character of his mind, young Shippen had a peculiar fitness for speculative disquisitions, yet from his early years, he was much more attached to demonstration than to theory. This truth was clearly illustrated throughout the course of his professional studies. Hence, though possessed of an ample stock of knowledge, in every department of medical science, he was more passionately devoted to the demonstrative branches of anatomy and surgery. It was, accordingly, in these branches, that his labours were most indefatigable, and his attainments most conspicuous, during his attendance on the medical schools and hospitals of Europe.

While thus engaged in the pursuit of science abroad, our young philosopher was neither unmindful nor regardless of the prosperity and elevation of his native country. The rising greatness of the (then) colonies of North America, imparted to him a pleasure, and inspired him with a high minded and laudable pride, which none but the philanthropist and patriot can feel. He dwelt with enthusiasm on the time when the land of his nativity should become the favourite seat of those sciences, which had hitherto flourished only in the countries of the old world. Nor did his ardour and enterprise suffer him to remain a mere passive expectant of events, which as yet lay buried in the bosom of futurity. They combined, with a laudable ambition and a sense of duty, in urging him to take an active and distinguished part in calling those important events into existence. He, accordingly, while only a medical student in the *old world*, conceived the design, and, in part, digested and matured the plan, of establishing a school of medicine in the *new*. Nor did this

idea, exalted in itself, and pregnant with such incalculable advantages to his country, lie inoperate in a mind so aspiring and bent on schemes of public utility. Having imparted his views to a young medical friend, who, like himself, had visited London in pursuit of professional knowledge, and procured from that gentleman a promise of cooperation, he continued to labour with increased assiduity, the better to qualify himself for his purposed undertaking. It is thus that with minds rich in expedients and formed for perseverance, the conception of a favourite enterprise ensures, for the most part, the means of its execution.

Having spent several years in the lap of the sciences abroad, and graduated, with great reputation, in the university of Edinburgh, Dr. Shippen returned to America, in the summer of the year 1762. On his arrival in Philadelphia, which was destined to be the theatre of his future eminence, he met with a reception the most grateful and flattering. His eulogy, while abroad, having been frequently pronounced by travellers from Europe, his fellow citizens had been anxious to hail, with a distinguished welcome, the return of one who had done signal honour to his native country.

A reception so strongly marked by affection and respect, was regarded by Dr. Shippen as a pledge of patronage and success in the walks of his profession. Nor did his anticipations exceed what his experience realized. He had been but a short time in business, when he attained a very elevated rank of practical eminence. This was more particularly the case in the practice of surgery, a branch of his profession which he still continued most zealously to cultivate. Hence, in the very morning of his professional career, he had the honour of being consulted, in difficult cases, by the oldest and ablest of his surgical brethren.

But it did not belong to the aspirng mind, nor did it comport with the comprehensive and patriotic views of Shippen to rest satisfied with the *mere practice* of the healing art. His aim was more exalted, and his object more honourable to himself, and more extensively useful to his country. It has been already stated to you, that the establishment of a medical school in Philadelphia, had long been with him a favourite project. He now

felt himself on the eve of attempting its accomplishment, aided by the ripened preparations of several years. Still, however, there were difficulties to be encountered. The enterprise, arduous in itself, was rendered abundantly more so, in consideration of its novelty: for as yet the voice of a public lecturer in medicine had never been heard in the western world. In order, therefore, to test the practibility of the measure, and to pave the way for a more regular and extensive establishment, he determined to embark in the undertaking himself, by delivering, in a private capacity, a course of lectures on anatomy and surgery. This he did in the winter of 1762–3, being the first winter after his return from his studies and travels in Europe.

Experiencing something of the fate of most new adventurers in science, Dr. Shippen lectured, during his first winter, to a very limited class. But during his second, the case was different. The richness and perspicuity of his instructions, the elegance of his delivery, and the consequent increase of his reputation, had drawn together such a number of pupils, that he had some difficulty in procuring an apartment sufficiently large for their accommodation.

An experiment thus made by a solitary individual, proving successful beyond expectation, convinced the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, that the establishing of a school of medicine was a practicable enterprise. Arrangements for this purpose were accordingly made, and on the 17th of September 1765, Dr. Shippen was unanimously elected professor of anatomy and surgery. With what fidelity and effect he devoted himself to the duties of his new appointment, the unexampled growth of the school, and the rapid diffusion of medical knowledge throughout the new world will amply testify.

Having beheld Dr. Shippen, seated in a professor's chair, it will not be uninteresting to you to dwell for a moment on his rich and rare assemblage of qualifications for doing justice to that elevated and important station. Possessed of a lofty stature, and an open, animated, and manly countenance, his personal appearance was dignified and commanding. Nor did this constitute the whole amount of the advantages of his exterior. In addition to an imposing figure, and a graceful deportment, he was deservedly

ranked among the handsomest of men. To a strong, clear, and melodious voice, he added a distinct articulation, and an utterance capable of great modulation. In the qualifications of his mind, nature had been no less bounteous to him than those of his person. His perception was quick, his memory retentive, his understanding vigorous, and his imagination fruitful and inventive. Nor had culture been wanting in the improvement of those powers which nature had bestowed with so liberal a hand.

His powers and accomplishments as a public speaker, were peculiarly eminent. Those, who, from their attendance on the medical schools in Europe, were qualified to decide, pronounced him the most eloquent lecturer of the age. In its style and character his eloquence was original. It did not breathe the fervour of the pulpit, it had not the point and argumentative keenness of the forum, nor did it rise to the commanding declamation, calculated to rouse, yet govern a popular assembly. It might have been emphatically denominated *the eloquence of science.* Its object was the understanding, rather than the passions; its aim demonstration, rather than persuasion. It was calm, dignified, and luminous, flowing with the majesty of a spacious stream, sweeping unbroken through a level country; not hurrying along with the irregular force and wild impetuosity of a mountain torrent. It consisted in a rich and perspicuous arrangement of facts, accompanied by fair and forcible inductions, clothed in choice and appropriate language, and delivered in a manner the most graceful and impressive.

As a public teacher, Dr. Shippen was conscientiously scrupulous with regard to his doctrines. He inculcated nothing which he did not firmly believe; and his belief was generally founded on the basis of facts. Though not hostile to rational theories in medicine, he never indulged himself from his chair, in visionary speculations. Preferring ignorance itself to error, and deeming candour more honourable than a false pretension to knowledge, he withheld his sanction from doubtful opinions, and in no instance attempted to answer or silence the inquiries of others, with what he did not himself completely understand. Hence, his doctrines, though apparently less *ingenious*, and perhaps less amusing to his pupils than they might have been rendered by

the wild vagaries of a sportive imagination, were generally solid, and never dangerously seductive of the minds of youth. They were, for the most part, such as were capable of an immediate application to practice.

So rare an assemblage of talents and acquirements, directed in their application by wisdom and industry, added daily to the reputation, as well of their possessor, as of the school of medicine, in which they were displayed. But while this school was yet in its infancy, an event occurred, of a character so portentous, and an aspect so formidable, as to shake to their centre, and, for a time, even to threaten to annihilate all the establishments of our country, whether civil or literary. This event was the American revolution, which commenced in the year 1774. During a struggle so eventful and glorious, it was not to be expected that the talents of Shippen would remain unemployed. Nor was it long before they were called into action. No sooner had the nation appealed to the sword, and taken the field, in defence of liberty, than great individual sufferings, as well as great losses to the public service, were sustained, from the want of arrangement and economy in the public hospitals. The disorder which prevailed in the management of those institutions, was found to be more destructive than the arms of the enemy. To remedy this great and threatening evil, it became necessary to place these abodes of wretchedness under the superintendance of a medical character competent to the trust—a character, in whose talents, integrity, patriotism and humanity, a confidence unlimited might be safely reposed. Such a character was immediately found in the professor of anatomy and surgery, and Dr. Shippen was accordingly appointed director general of the military hospitals of the United States. This appointment, arduous in itself, even under the most favourable circumstances, was rendered trebly so by the novelty of the establishment, and the alarming want of resources necessarily incidental to an infant country. Unintimidated, however, by the difficulties which presented themselves, the professor entered on the duties of his appointment with a promtitude and zeal corresponding to the exigency of the times and the magnitude of the undertaking. The ability and faithfulness with which he acquitted himself in this distinguish-

ed trust, are best attested by the reformation of abuses, and the amelioration of the general state of the hospitals, which soon succeeded the commencement of his directorship. If some evils still remained in this department—if some inconvenience and distress were still experienced by the sick and wounded, they were attributable to the faults of subordinate officers, and to the insurmountable difficulties of the times, rather than to neglect, or want of abilities in the director general.

It is, indeed, true, that while Dr. Shippen was engaged in the duties of this highly responsible and important office, an attempt was made to fix the stain of reproach on his character. But on an investigation of the several charges alleged against him, before a court of inquiry appointed for the purpose, he received a public and honourable acquittal. Nor did this unlooked for and unmerited attempt to sully the purity of his well earned reputation, diminish his ardour, or weaken his exertions in the cause of freedom. Notwithstanding the embarrassments constantly thrown in his way by some of his mortified opponents, over whom he had triumphed, he continued in office till our struggle for independence had terminated in victory. On the achievement of that glorious event, he surrendered up his commission into the hands, by which it had been conferred, receiving for his services, the thanks of congress, and the approbation of the commander in chief of the American army. As an evidence of the sincerity and continuance of this approbation, it is worthy of remark, that when general Washington afterwards resided in Philadelphia, as president of the United States, Dr. Shippen was employed as physician to his family.

The sanguinary operations of war, having at length given place to the mild and restorative influence of peace, the professor returned with promptitude and joy to his long deserted station in the university of Pennsylvania. We now behold him in the very zenith of his fame. The distinguished reputation which had been recently acquired by the director general of the military hospitals, added now a fresh lustre to the character and labours of the public teacher. Under these circumstances, his lectures could not fail to become more interesting, instructive, and popular. Aided by the talents and zeal of his professional

colleagues, he soon succeeded in rendering the medical school of Pennsylvania, an institution of high and just celebrity. The accomplishment of this event was to him a source of peculiar gratification. From motives of patriotism he rejoiced that his country had become doubly independent—Independent as a political community, and independent as a nursery of medical science. No longer forced, in pursuit of instruction, to brave the dangers of the ocean, and the still greater dangers of European luxury and vice; he now saw the youth of the United States, amply disciplined in the knowledge of the healing art, without a separation from their native soil.

Having traced the professor's footsteps through the sprightly morning and the bright meridian of life, it remains that we accompany him through its sober evening. For we have now arrived at that period, when, by a decree of Nature, the orb of genius begins to descend. Seldom, however, has this orb been shorn, in its descent, of fewer of its beams than it was in the case of the venerable deceased.

When the professor began to feel, with increasing force, the daily encroachments of that inaptitude for action which is the inevitable lot of advanced age, he became anxious that its inconveniences should be exclusively his own. In particular, he determined that these inconveniences should neither mar the fortunes, nor affect the character of the medical school, which had so long been the object of his paternal solicitude. To carry into effect this liberal purpose, he requested of the trustees of the institution, the appointment of an adjunct professor of anatomy and surgery, who might share with him in the labours and honours of the chair. The adoption of this measure afforded a grateful and welcome relief to his declining faculties. Still, however, it did not serve him as a pretext for suddenly abandoning to his colleague the duties of his professorship. For many years he not only sanctioned, by his constant presence, the lectures on anatomy and surgery, but continued to deliver a principal part of them himself. Nor did he ever entirely abandon the theatre of his usefulness and his fame. It was but a few months before his death, that, in the presence of an admiring class, he

made a most impressive display of that evergreen eloquence, which flourished in freshness amid the winter of age.

Several years previously to this period, Dr. Shippen, finding himself in easy and affluent circumstances, had determined to relinquish entirely the practice of a profession, which had now become too laborious for his growing infirmities. He had, accordingly, provided for himself a retreat in the country, where, amid the elegant leisure of the philosopher, he passed his summers in the lap of retirement. Here, abstracted from the noise and bustle of the world, he devoted much of his time to the study of the scriptures. It was while retired within the bosom of this tranquil retreat, and earnestly engaged in this holy employment, that he received the last dread summons from above. To this summons, after having long sustained the ravages of a lingering disease, he yielded, with all the calmness which resignation can bestow, a willing obedience, on the 11th of July, 1808. Thus expired, in his seventy-fifth year, one of the most distinguished medical teachers of the age, and the father of scolastic medicine in the United States.

But if Shippen was distinguished in his professional and public character, he was no less amiable and accomplished in private life. Nor can it be either unpleasing or uninstructive to pause for a moment, and take a last view of him in that less splendid but more endearing relation. To personal honour and unspotted integrity, he added the softer virtues of benevolence and humanity. Possessed of a warm and susceptible heart, connected with sincerity, and stability of character, his attachments were strong, his friendships were durable. As a companion, the warmth of his heart, the frankness of his disposition, the mildness of his temper, and the polished and conciliating style of his manners, secured the affections of all who approached him. Nor is it unworthy of the present occasion to remark, that when seated at the festive board, the sprightliness of his wit, and the graces of his conversation, gave a zest to the enjoyments of the convivial circle.

Such were the talents, and such the acquirements, such the life, and such the death of him, whose character I have endeavoured to commemorate. A character how varied, how rich, and elevated! an attempt to portray it how feeble and ineffectual! Could I have

availed myself of the descriptive eloquence of the deceased—could I have caught but a remnant of his mantle, as he ascended the heavens, then would I have delineated him in the colours of truth; then would I have presented you with a living likeness of my great original.

But however unsuccessful has been the present humble effort, the case is still within the limits of hope. Some future attempt, commenced under happier auspices, and conducted by abilities more competent to the undertaking, will yet do justice to the memory of our medical father.

CRITICISM—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CUM TABULIS ANIMUM CENSORIS SUMET HONESTI.—*Hor.*

Travels in the United States of America, in the years 1806, and 1807, and 1809, 1810, and 1811; including an account of passages betwixt America and Britain, and travels through various parts of Great Britain, Ireland, and Upper Canada. Illustrated by eight maps. By John Melish. In two Volumes, octavo. Philadelphia, 1812.

HERE is a kind of phenomenon. Two whole volumes of travels in America; without any material errors; with no palpable falsehoods; no malignant abuse of individuals; no paltry calumnies on the institutions of the U. S. Mr. Melish has indeed sinned beyond forgiveness against the common law of American travelling. He has had the good sense to visit a large portion of our country, without quarrelling with tavern keepers, or servants, but has taken things as he found them—made proper allowances for the natural inconveniences of a young country—and been treated with civility—because he knew how to behave himself on the road. He has therefore been neither disappointed nor insulted, and his book may be considered so far as it goes as a much fairer representation of the true state of things among us, than can be found in most of the very contemptible productions which have appeared in relation to this country. These qualities which gave Mr. Melish a very decided advantage over the great mass

of his predecessors, may be ascribed perhaps to his own good sense, and in part, to the circumstance of his having visited America without any pretensions either to learning or distinction.

Mr. Melish came to Savannah (as we find from the preface) in the year 1806, and having formed a commercial establishment there, returned in the following year to Great Britain in order to prosecute his business; but the commercial embarrassments between England and America induced him to revisit the United States in 1809, for the purpose of putting an end to an establishment which promised to be so unproductive. After residing in Newyork in 1810 with the vain hope of re-establishing himself in trade, he determined on seeking for other employment, and therefore travelled in 1811 through the western and northern parts of the United States, to seek for good lands and a convenient settlement. The volumes before us are the result of all his inquiries. From this sketch it will be readily anticipated that the author is a plain practical man, whose observations are valuable chiefly on account of the stamp of truth and simplicity which they bear, and who has examined the United States as so many others are interested in regarding it, as a safe asylum for those who are about to form either commercial or agricultural establishments. This consideration, which gives to the work its principal attraction, induces us, in offering our opinion on its merits, to divide it into two parts of very unequal value. The author has endeavoured to make his work not merely an account of his journey, but a complete geography of the United States, which he observes is the first attempt "to incorporate a geographical description of a country in a journal of travels." If the project be entirely new, we confess its novelty is its only recommendation; for it seems to us, to be by no means a natural or desirable association.—A volume of travels is an account of what a traveller has seen and heard, and observed—a volume of geography is a compilation from the labours of all former travellers, naturalists, historians, and men of science: the first has an individual and personal character to which it owes much of its interest; the latter is in its nature more didactic and formal; nor can we well imagine any thing so awkward (besides its swelling unnecessarily the size and expense of his work) than that a tra-

veller should pause on his rout to introduce long descriptions from notorious geographical compilations. The fate of the present writer is decisive, as to the impropriety of this union; for the least interesting parts by far of his volume, those which will be passed over by nine tenths of his readers, are precisely those where he breaks the thread of his narration to introduce long geographical remarks, not only of the countries which he passed through too rapidly to make his own observations, but even of those which he never visited at all.

This mode is adopted with so much freedom, that some parts of the work have too much the appearance of book making, and others dispose us to smile at the awkward manner in which things quite foreign to the author's real purpose are brought in at all hazards to fill his pages. Thus, on his passage to America, he meets a sloop out two days from Bermuda, whereupon, "being near these little islands," says he, "I may step out of my course to describe them, though I did not see them;" and then we have a description of the Bermudas; not very long it is true, but resembling, we think rather too much, the entry in the sailor's log-book: "Passed within five miles of the Peak of Tenneriffe. The inhabitants seem to be very affable." Again, while he is on a journey in Massachusetts, he says, "Being at the extremity of my journey to the north-eastward," he will "take a view of the states of New Hampshire and Vermont." And then follows a geographical account of a country which he never saw. The same thing is repeated with regard to Tennessee; and in short a very large portion, particularly of the first volume, is occupied by subjects which have no immediate conexion with the author's route, or indeed the continent of America at all. After a long preliminary description, Mr. Melish arrives at Savannah. His excursion into the interior of Georgia is fairly within the scope of his work, and is worthy of attention, as is indeed every thing which he describes from personal observation. He embarks, however, for Newyork, which he afterwards leaves to go through Newengland; and this is, of all the volume, by far the least interesting portion. He goes on board a Newyork packet, *breakfasts* at Newport, *sleeps* at Providence, spends not quite *three days*, we believe, at Boston, and then putting himself

into the stage, rides as fast as possible towards the South, without taking time to see any thing, so that nothing can be more meagre than the details which he gives on that country. He passed, *about four o'clock in the morning*, through Cambridge, "which at that early hour," says he "I could not see," but "learned that it contains a university," which is reputed the best in the United States. He *dined* at Newhaven, and "had some little time to see the town," but not to see the college.—Passed through Princetown *at night* and could not distinguish the college, but learned that it was situated on a rising ground.—He spent *three days* in Philadelphia, *one afternoon* in Baltimore, *two* days in Washington.—*Stopped to dinner* at Richmond, and then went on with an equal rapid career towards Savannah. The chief occurrences in the course of the journey consist of the common place incidents of stage travelling, how the company sang songs, how two passengers lost their hats, how the stage broke down, and other memorable and extraordinary adventures of the same sort. He takes advantage, however, of this hasty movement to make every step of his progress the means of introducing an account of all the states through which he passes, so that the reader is forced to pay even for the Richmond dinner, by a long history about Virginia from Mr. Jefferson's notes. This is not all. We are obliged to go home with the author to Scotland, and thence to follow him through England, and even Ireland, which he over-runs with the speed of a true man of business. Thus he gets into the stage at Glasgow, goes to London, *for two days*, during which he of course visits Vauxhall, and then, resuming his seat, rides in the night through Oxford, "where," says he, "is the celebrated university, but I could see nothing of it at the hour we passed." In the same way we are carried off to Ireland, go to Newry, and Ballanahinch, and Donaghadee, and at last, are quietly brought back to Philadelphia, to prepare for the excursion into the western country. As if we had not enough of extraneous matter, the author then introduces, by way of appendix, an Essay by Paine on the yellow fever, Dr. Currie's account of the parish schools in Scotland, and a history of a library company in Glasgow, all which have certainly merit

in themselves, but have only a very distant connexion, indeed, with travels through the United States.

The great fault, therefore, of this volume is, that it contains a great deal from other books, which is either known already, or has nothing to do with this book; and that moreover, the extreme rapidity with which the writer travelled, has not permitted him to acquire very accurate information of the country which he visits. Some of these errors are too striking to be omitted. Thus, in a work printed at Philadelphia, it is not reputable to the author's accuracy to state that in this city "*some of the public buildings* are wholly composed of marble" when there are not more we believe than two of that description—to mistake as he does (vol. 2 p. 36) the Northampton riots in 1798 for the Western insurrection of 1794—or to apprize his readers that the qualification for a voter in Maryland is 50 acres of freehold or £30 property, whereas mere residence without any qualification of property is sufficient.

While we speak thus slightingly, however, of the composition of this volume, we should remark that it is not without its interest or its use. Accustomed as we are to view on a large scale the relations between England and America, it is not a little curious to see the detailed effects of the late policy of the two countries, and to receive the opinions of a plain commercial man on the unfortunate operation of them. Mr. Melish's book is a practical commentary on the politics of England and America, and may be safely recommended to little statesmen on both sides of the Atlantic, as clearly showing by what process two friendly nations may be made to inflict mutual and incurable wounds on each other, how trifling resentments may be inflamed till at last the only two people who have any thing in their institutions worth struggling for, the only two nations who possess a remnant of political freedom are exhausting each others strength and resources instead of husbanding them all for mutual support and safety.

From this part of the work we now turn with pleasure to the second volume, containing the author's travels in the interior of

America, a subject of great interest not only here, but among the inquiring men of Europe who, mortifying as it may be to our Atlantic pride, regard with more earnest curiosity the wilds than the civilisation of the United States. It is impossible, indeed, to look without exultation on the rapid progress of the western country, its improvement, the comfort and happiness which is enjoyed by all classes of the community, and the persevering industry and enterprise by which immense regions of wilderness are constantly reduced to culture and refinement. Of this country Mr. Melish has furnished the latest account, and his volume rises in importance, and is immediately freed from its common defects the moment he begins to relate what he himself saw and heard, which he does with a great deal of candor and simplicity. He is obviously a shrewd and sensible observer, and although he may not be distinguished for extent of research or depth of observation, yet there is a clearness in his perceptions and an accuracy in his details which is very satisfactory. His travels, in fact, begin to be interesting, when he leaves Philadelphia. He first passes through Pennsylvania to Pittsburg, a rich and cultivated country, the present situation of which we cannot avoid contrasting with that in which some of us still remember it. When general Forbes marched to attack Pittsburg, in 1758, he passed, says Smollet, through "a prodigious tract of country very little known, destitute of military roads, incumbered with mountains, morasses and woods that were almost impenetrable. It was not without incredible exertions of industry that he procured provisions and carriages for this expedition, formed new roads, extended scouting parties, and secured camps and surmounted many other difficulties in the course of his tedious march, during which he was also harrassed by small detachments of the enemy's Indians." We are delighted to place by the side of this portrait, the picture which Mr. Melish furnishes in 1811.

The expense of travelling, says he, by the stage, from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, is 20 dollars, and 12 1-2 cents for every pound of luggage beyond 14. The charges by the way are about 7 dollars. The whole distance is 297 miles, and the stage travels it in 6 days. The expense of travelling by a wagon

is 5 dollars per cwt. for both persons and property; and the charges by the way are about 12 dollars. A wagon performs the journey in about 20 days.

Pittsburg itself is now prosperous beyond example, as the following extracts will show:

The value of the situation may be determined by a notice of the progress of the town. In 1800 it contained 2400 inhabitants; in 1807 it contained about 500 houses; and in 1810 it contained 11 stone buildings, 283 of brick, and 473 of frame and log; making in all 767; and the number of inhabitants was 4768. Pittsburg has of course nearly doubled its population in 10 years; and there is every probability that this ratio will continue for a considerable time to come; so that Pittsburg will in all probability become one of the largest towns in America.

The principal public buildings are a court house, jail, market house, bank, academy, and 5 places of public worship. There are also several manufactories which may rank as public buildings. A steam mill, built of hewn stone, which can drive 3 pair of stones, capable of grinding upwards of 500 bushels of grain in 24 hours; 4 glass houses; several air furnaces; several breweries and distilleries; two cotton manufactories, and a number of carding machines; a white lead manufactory; a wire drawing manufactory, wrought by a steam engine; an iron grinding mill; and many others.

The manufacturers in all these branches are prospering, and the most of those employed at them are becoming wealthy. Labour is well paid; a few of the prices may be quoted. Carpenters a dollar per day; cabinet makers are paid by the piece, and they can make above a dollar; smiths and tanners 12 dollars per month, with their board; shoemakers 94 cents for making a pair of shoes, and 2 dollars 50 cents for boots; shipwrights 1 dollar 50 cents per day; other mechanics about 1 dollar; labourers 75 cents.

The various manufactures in Pittsburg exceed a million of dollars annually, and we may calculate its progress in wealth from this data. A million of dollars is above 200 dollars a year to every man, woman, and child in Pittsburg; or, taking them by families of five, it is 1000 dollars to a family; and the expenditure of a family does not, on an average, exceed one third of that sum. This wealth, to be sure, will not be equally diffused: some will get more, some less; but it is an income to the town, and, the out-goings not being above one third, leaves an accumulation of capital of nearly 700,000 dollars annually. With this accumulation of capital and other advantages, and the spirit of enterprise which is exhibited in Pittsburg, I have no hesitation in hazarding an opinion, that it will become one of the greatest manufacturing towns in the world.

Besides the supply of the town and country round with manufactures, Pittsburg has a vast export trade, principally down the Ohio. The following

may be enumerated as the most prominent articles of export: window glass, bottles, flint-glass, decanters, tumblers, &c., beer and porter, saddles and bridles, boots and shoes, tin and copper wares, stills and other apparatus for distilling, weaver's reeds, metal buttons, snuff and cigars, carpenter and cabinet work, &c.

The progress of the manufactures at Pittsburg, is in effect guaranteed by the cheapness of living, as the following rates will show. House rent for a mechanic, is about 50 or 60 dollars per annum; coals from five to six cents per bushel delivered, and 300 bushels will serve for one fire for 12 months, being from 15 to 18 dollars; whiskey 40 cents per gallon; peach brandy 80 cents; maple sugar 10 cents per pound; salt 150 cents per cwt.; seven-hundred country linen from 33 to 40 cents per yard.

From this list of prices, taken in connexion with the value of labour, it will be seen that an ordinary workman can procure for a day's work, 50 pounds of flour, or 20 pounds of beef; or three bushels of potatoes; or 27 pounds of pork; or eight fowls; or four ducks; or two ordinary geese; or one very large turkey.

From Pittsburgh the author made an excursion to the town of Harmony, and the account which he gives of the present state of that establishment is very pleasing. The society now consists of about 800 persons, who possess 9000 acres of land, of which 2500 are in a state of cultivation, and who, besides the town itself have also three farming villages. Every species of manufacture thrives here. They have 1000 merino sheep of different bloods, and intend to increase the number till they possess a stock of 3000. From these they manufacture a cloth which Mr. Melish represents to be "of as good a fabric as any that ever was made in England;" the best broad-cloth being sold at ten dollars per yard. Hops are raised in abundance, and the porter "is of as good a quality," says the author, "as I have ever tasted in London." We regret that our limits oblige us to exclude any further particulars of this worthy society, who are silently, but rapidly improving the adjacent country; and we hasten to follow Mr. Melish, who now embarks in a skiff with a Frenchman and an American, to descend the Ohio. This part of the journey is peculiarly interesting; and with the exception of a few rather superfluous anecdotes of his companion, the Frenchman, is well told. Nothing can be more pleasing than the information it contains as to the wonderful abundance and comfort which every

where reigns in that country. Thus, for instance, he says, that on leaving Steubenville, August 26, 1811,

We stopped at a very handsome plantation, situated on the Ohio side, on an extensive bottom, which raised corn, oats, barley, hemp, wheat and rye, in great abundance; and there was a peach orchard literally *loaded* with fruit. "There was enough and to spare" here, of both *cling-stones* and *free-stones;* and having ate heartily, we took a supply in our boat. On moving off from the bank, an Irishman, of the name of Hanlen, requested we would carry him about two miles, and land him on the other side of the river, which we agreed to, and he gave us a good deal of information regarding that part of the country. He told us that he was a boat builder, and had removed from Philadelphia to this country, where he had resided five years. He liked this country much better than Philadelphia, principally on account of its temperate climate, and the ease with which he could procure a livelihood. The summers here are much cooler, and the winters much warmer, than to the eastward. He could make 1 dollar 50 cents per day, and the expense of boarding was only 1 dollar 50 cents per week;

and at a farm lower down the river,

The proprietor told us he was from Connecticut, that he had been a considerable time settled here, and could maintain his family as well on the labour of one day in the week, as he could in Connecticut in all the six. Those who were industrious, he said, could not fail to lay up a comfortable stock for old age, and for posterity. He informed us, that, for the first few years, the labour was pretty rugged and severe, as they had to cut down the woods, and prepare the lands, during which time they were contented with very indifferent lodgings; but food being very easily procured, they always lived well. He said, when he came here first, the country was literally a wilderness, and we now saw the progress it had made in 10 years. The first settlers were selling their improvements, and moving off; while men of capital were coming in, and making elegant improvements, and, in 10 years more, the banks of the river here would be beautiful. The Ohio side, he said, was thriving remarkably; the Virginia side not near so well; and he assigned the operation of slavery as the principal reason, which I believe to be correct. He mentioned that the crop of peaches never failed on the Ohio, and the trees came to maturity in 3 years. Fifteen bushels make 6 gallons of brandy, and they sell it at from 37 1-2 to 50 cents per gallon. When they keep it till old, they get a little more. The country is all healthy here, and this man's family looked fully as *rosy* as the young folks in Connecticut, and much more *plump!*

Steubenville is represented as thriving—Wheeling is sickly, and like other towns on the Virginia side, not so prosperous as those opposite to them. Marietta, however, seems destined to be a place of considerable importance. It was laid out, says Mr. Melish,

By the Ohio company, about 21 years ago, and was intended as the metropolis of the Newengland western settlements. For a number of years it flourished in a very eminent degree, increasing in commerce, wealth and splendour, and, though nearly 2000 miles from the ocean, ship yards were erected, and ship building carried on with spirit. But, of late, its commerce and ship building has ceased, and it is now a dull place, though inhabited by a gay, lively people, mostly natives of Massachusetts. Its population is 1463.

Marietta contains a number of handsome buildings on the Massachusetts plan, which is elegant, light, and comfortable. The principal public building is a very handsome church. A bank was established in 1807, and a steam mill was building when I was there, which may be the foundation for a new system of policy, to be afterwards noticed, that may be highly advantageous to the town. There are several taverns and stores.

From the circumstance of the town being settled by people from the *commercial* state of Massachusetts, the spirit of *foreign commerce* seems to have long prevailed among them. They were successful in it for some time, and, notwithstanding the total change of circumstances, they yet view it with a fond partiality, and have not thoroughly seen that a change of circumstances has called for a change of policy, of which no people can better avail themselves than those of Marietta. They are sober, industrious, intelligent, and discreet; and their country abounds with materials for *manufacturing*. Sheep thrive amazingly well; cotton they can procure from Tennessee, for 14 or 15 cents per pound. Coal, iron, and limestone, they can have in any quantity, and every other material may be had on as good terms as at Pittsburg; while, from the great quantities of fine land on the Muskingum, and the rapid settlements on that river, I think provisions must continue to be even lower than at Pittsburg. Should the people of Marietta, therefore, commence the manufacturing system, I think it probable, that it will become a flourishing place, as it certainly is a very beautiful, and a very pleasant one; but so long as they allow ideas of a *foreign commerce*, WHICH IS GONE, to fetter their minds, it will hang like a millstone round their necks, and prevent all improvements. Indeed I think the new system is begun. I noticed the steam mill; the original design of it was to prepare flour and Indian meal, but the proprietors propose also to introduce cotton and wool carding and spinning.

Flour was four dollars per barrel; beef four cents per pound; and other provisions were, upon an average, about 10 per cent. cheaper than at Pittsburg.

Mr. Melish next visited the mounds, about which so much has been written, but he was disappointed in their appearance, and seems to think them remarkable neither for ingenuity nor antiquity. The following passage is interesting:

About 9 o'clock we reached Blannerhasset's Island, 18 miles below Marietta, where I went on shore to view the premises. The soil was fertile, and it had been a beautiful place, but its appearance now was that of the "deserted village." I saw the *remains* of walks, and arbours, and hedge-rows, and shrubberies; but the house was razed to the foundations. It had been accidentally burned down, the preceding month of March. The principal crop on the island was hemp, and in the course of my walk I discovered an old Irishman spinning ropeyarn.

In this neighbourhood, as along the whole route, the bad effects of black population are visible:

We had found by this time, that the settlers *on the Ohio side* were, by far, in the most comfortable circumstances; and we never failed in an application for lodging or victuals on that side. On the Virginia side, we had of late made frequent attempts, but were always unsuccessful. On stopping there, we generally found a negro, who could give us no answer, or a poor looking object in the shape of a woman, who, "moping and melancholy," would say, "we have no way." I never saw the bad effects of slavery more visible than in this contrast. On the Virginia side, they seemed generally to trust to the exertions of the negroes, and we found them, as might be expected, "miserable, and wretched, and poor, and almost naked."—On the Ohio side, they trusted to the blessing of God, and to their own exertions; and "God helps them that helps themselves," as poor Richard says, in his almanac. We found them increasing in wealth, population, and domestic comfort; and we resolved hereafter to apply on the right bank only for accommodation, where the reader will henceforth find us, unless it is otherwise expressed.

The author speaks in high terms of the progress of Cincinnati:

Cincinnati was laid out about 21 years ago, since which it has made rapid progress, and now contains about 400 houses, and 2283 inhabitants. The public buildings are, a courthouse, jail, bank, three market houses, and some places for public worship, two cotton factories, and some considerable breweries and distilleries. The taverns are not numerous, but there are upwards of 30 drygood stores, in which from 200,000 to 250,000 dollars worth of imported goods are disposed of annually.

This is, next to Pittsburg, the greatest place for manufactures and mechanical operations on the river, and the professions exercised are nearly as numerous as at Pittsburg.

These branches are mostly all increasing, and afford good wages to the journeyman. Carpenters and cabinet makers have one dollar per day and their board; masons have two dollars per 1000 for laying bricks and their board; when they board themselves, they have about four dollors per 1000. Other classes have from one to one dollar twenty-five cents per day, according to the nature of the work.

Wool and cotton carding and spinning can be increased to a great extent; and a well organized manufactory of glass bottles would succeed. Porter brewing could be augmented, but it would first be necessary to have bottles, as the people here prefer malt liquor in the bottled state. A manufactory of wool hats would probably succeed, and that of stockings would do remarkably well, provided frame smith-work were established along with it—not else. As the people are becoming wealthy, and polished in their manners, probably a manufactory of piano-fortes would do, upon a small scale.

There are ample materials for manufactures. Cotton is brought from Cumberland river, for from two to three cents. Wool is becoming plenty in the country, and now sells at 50 cents per pound; all the materials for glass-making are abundant; coal has not been found in the immediate neighbourhood, but can be laid down here at a pretty reasonable rate; and it is probable the enterprising citizens will soon introduce the steam engine in manufactures. Wood is brought to the town at a very low rate. There is a very considerable trade between Neworleans and this place, and several barges were in the river when we visited it. One had recently sailed upwards over the falls.

The expense of living is lower than at Pittsburg. House-rent for a mechanic is about 60 dollars, but the most of them soon get houses of their own. Wood is 1 dollar per cord; coal 8 to 12 cents per bushel; flour 2 dollars per cwt.; corn-meal 33 cents per bushel; potatoes 25.

Indeed the Cincinnati district and Symmes's purchase, forming together what is called the Miami country, seem to be preferred to all others which the author visited. The following account of the Swiss settlement near Port William is also curious:

We were now in sight of a Swiss settlement on the other side of the river, to which, on account of the head wind, we moved with difficulty; but on our arrival we were very much gratified by the appearance of this thriving colony. We were told that they emigrated to America about 10 years ago, and first attempted the business of vine-dressing on the Kentucky river, but, not succeeding to their wish, they moved to this place, which they found to answer

very well. We found the vineyards in very good order, and the grapes, which were at full maturity, hung in most luxuriant clusters. They were of two kinds, *claret* and *Madeira*, both reputed to be of the best quality, and the sample which we tasted had an excellent flavour. The wine consisted of two kinds of course, *claret* and *Madeira*. The claret was rich in quality, but too acid. It was, however, a very palatable and pleasant beverage when diluted with water. The Madeira wine we found very unpalatable, but we were informed that it wanted age. The person who gave us our information said the colony consisted of about 56 persons, who were all vine-dressers, but they had no connexion together in business. Each family was independent within itself. They have farms besides the vineyards, and they make all their clothing, so that the produce of the wine is so much added to their stock. Last year they sold 2400 gallons at one dollar and a half per gallon; this year they will sell 3000; and they are very sanguine that they will be able to bring the business to full maturity. Their markets are, Cincinnati, Frankfort, Lexington, and St. Louis. They represent the climate as healthy; but the weather is changeable, and the heat in summer is very great, being from 24 to 26° of Reaumur*. This summer it was at one time as high as 31 1-2†; but this was the warmest summer they ever experienced. The north-west winds are cold; south, south-east, and south-west winds are warm in summer, and mild in winter; and they are the most prevalent.

He descended the Ohio as far as Louisville, and then proceeded through Kentucky, by the rout of Frankfort, Lexington, and Limestone into Ohio, and by the way of Manchester, Chilicothe, Zanesville, and Canton to Cleveland on Lake Erie. The state of Kentucky is so well known that it will be useless to say more of Mr. Melish's description, than that he describes every thing as advancing with great rapidity, not merely as respects agriculture and manufactures, but even in the refinements and luxuries of life, as we may learn from the circumstance of there being a company of players who perform at Lexington, Frankfort and Louisville; at the first of which places there is a theatre, and at the second, one building at present. The state of Ohio seems to be advancing with equal, if not greater, rapidity. The following extract will show the progress of one of the towns:

The improvements in Zanesville commenced in the year 1804. Five years afterwards it contained 92 houses, and 600 inhabitants; it now contains about 250 houses and upwards of 1200 inhabitants. The whole township contains

* Fahrenheit 86° to 90 1-2°. † Fahr. 108°

2154. Many of the houses are built of brick, and a few of stone. The public buildings are, a court-house, occupied also as a state-house, a jail, and a land-office.

Zanesville is a place of considerable trade; it has 11 taverns and 11 stores. The price of labour is nearly the same all over the western country: a common labourer has 75 cents per day, brick-makers have 5 dollars per 1000 for bricks, and 2 dollars 50 cents for laying. Stone-cutters and carpenters' work at the Philadelphia prices. Other trades have about one dollar per day.

The markets are favourable to tradesmen and labourers. House-rent may be quoted at 36 to 50 dollars per annum; coal 5 1-2 cents per bushel, delivered; wood one dollar per cord, delivered; flour 4 dollars per barrel. Boarding from 1 dollar 75 cents to 2 dollars 50 cents per week.

Various branches of manufactures might be established here to great advantage, of which may be enumerated, cotton-spinning and weaving, wool-spinning and weaving, ropes, spun-yarn, and cotton bagging; frame smith-work and hosiery; glass and glass-bottles, beer and porter. The materials for all these are abundant, or can be easily procured. Cotton is brought from Tennessee at from four to five cents per lb. Sheep, both of the common and Merino breed, thrive remarkably well, and are getting very plenty. Hemp grows luxuriantly on the river bottoms; iron is plenty every where through the country; every material for making glass is on the spot. Grain is very cheap; and hops grow spontaneously.

Before quitting the state of Ohio, we cannot refrain from quoting the following highly interesting passage:

In support of education, there is a more ample fund provided than in any other country in the world; consisting of no less than *one-thirty-sixth part* of the whole lands in the state. These school-lands are differently situated in different districts. In the United States army-lands and Connecticut reserve, the school-lands are interspersed throughout the districts in tracts of from 4000 to 16,000 acres, so as to form one-thirty-sixth of the whole. In the Virginia military lands one-thirty-sixth part of the district is to be selected by the legislature of the state, after the Virginia land-warrants are satisfied. In all the other districts one-thirty-sixth part *of each township* is appropriated, being uniformly the sixteenth section, which lies near the centre. Of all the arrangements, I consider this the best, because it places the public property of the township under the immediate direction and management of those interested in it; so that more benefit will doubtless result from it, than any of the others. In process of time, the effect of these appropriations will be salutary beyond what we can at present, perhaps, form an idea of.

He finds Cleveland unhealthy, and though called a city, containing only a few houses. From this place he proceeds along

the shore of Lake Erie to Buffalo. The immediate neighbourhood has lately been so prominently before the public, that we shall extract Mr. Melish's account of it:

Buffalo is handsomely situated at the east end of lake Erie, where it commands a beautiful view of the lake, of Upper Canada, and Fort Erie, and a great distance to the southward, which is terminated by an elevated lofty country. The site of the town extends quite to the lake shore, but it is principally built on an eminence of about 30 feet, at a little distance; and to the south along the creek are handsome rich bottom lots, which are at present a little marshy, but will, when drained, be most valuable appendages to this very beautiful place.

Buffaloe was laid out for a town about five years ago, and is regularly disposed in streets and lots. The lots are from 60 to 100 feet deep, and sell from 25 to 50 dollars; and there are out-lots of 5 and 10 acres, worth at present from 10 to 25 dollars per acre. The population was by last census 365, it is now computed at 500, and is rapidly increasing.

The buildings are mostly of wood, painted white, but there is a number of good brick houses, and some few of stone. There are four taverns, eight stores, two schools; and a weekly newspaper has been recently established. The town is as yet too new for the introduction of any manufactures, except those of a domestic kind. The greater part of the people are farmers and mechanics.

The situation is quite healthy, and the seasons are much more mild and open than might be expected in that northern latitude; the effects of the southerly winds already noticed are very apparent here.

And also,

Lewistown is laid out on a handsome plan, occupying a mile square, and a considerable piece of ground is appropriated to public purposes. It is subdivided into blocks of three chains, each containing three lots, and they sell at present for from 100 to 300 dollars. It is gradually building up with brick, frame, and stone houses; and is well supplied with fine water, which renders it very comfortable. Being at the bottom of the portage on the American side, it is the seat of considerable trade, which is likely to increase. Twenty vessels belonging to the lake navigation here, and 2300 bushels of salt were landed at Lewistown last season. The quantity of flour, grain, provisions, and peltry that are shipped is considerable; and for every article of produce there is a brisk demand, and a good price. Wheat sells for 1 dollar per bushel, flour 7 dollars per barrel, pork 6 dollars per barrel. The country is improving in the neighbourhood, and land is worth from 7 to 9 dollars per acre. Merino sheep have been introduced, and are doing well; and there are considerable domestic manufactures, though none on a large scale.

Sackett's harbour is described, though not from personal observation:

The village is situated at the east end of Lake Ontario, about sixteen miles from the river St. Lawrence, and consists of a number of large and elegant modern-built houses and out-houses, generally superior to what they are in the old villages. The village was originally laid out in half acre lots, but many of them are subdivided; and such has been the rapidity of the settlement, that these lots are now selling for from 250 to 1200 dollars; and one of them, which was given in a present to one of the first settlers, to induce him to go into the wilderness, was lately sold at 1450 dollars. Mr. Sacket has realized from it, in all, about 25,000 dollars, and has considerable property yet remaining unsold.

The harbour is formed by a peninsula of limestone rock, in many places not more than one rod wide, which perfectly shelters a sheet of water containing about 10 acres. The land fronting the harbour is elevated about 30 feet, and on each side of the harbour the banks are of limestone, about 20 or 30 feet perpendicular, which, from the water, resembles the walls of an ancient fortification. From the village there is one of the most variegated, extensive, and beautiful prospects any where to be seen: the lake, distant islands, main land, and outlets of rivers, are all beautiful, and the scene is continually enlivened with vessels and boats; while the wharves, warehouses, and stores, exhibit an appearance very much resembling a sea-port on the Atlantic.

This has for several years been established a port of entry, and it is in contemplation to establish a navy-yard, arsenal, and fortification for protecting the trade on the lake. There is a ferry between it and Kingstown, in Canada, distant 36 miles, with which place there is a great intercourse; and as soon as packet-boats are established on the lake, this will be the best place from whence to embark to visit the falls of Niagara, distant about 200 miles.

Mr. Melish on leaving Lake Erie, travelled through the western part of the state of New York to Albany, and thence to the city of New York, where his volume ends. We can only recommend to our readers an attentive perusal of this part of the work, as showing a very recent and interesting picture of that state. We have not even room to discuss the opinions of the author on the changes in our future system, which will probably result from the quarrels between England and America. He believes, in general terms, that the foreign trade of the United States will never recover from the shock which it has received, that the capital of the country will be hereafter directed towards manufactures, and that an extensive system of internal commerce will take the place of the extended traffic with foreigners which has hitherto been pursued by Americans.

The foreign trade, says he, is gone, never to be recalled to its former state. A new era has commenced in the United States. Britain is destined to be no longer the manufacturer for America; the seeds of manufactures are sown throughout the country, never to be rooted out; and, so far from the *interior* being dependent upon the *cities* as heretofore, the cities will, in all probability, become dependent upon it. A friend of mine, lately, in adverting to this subject, well expressed it: "*The cities have had their day, and now for the country.*" I am of the same opinion; and though I am well aware that it is by no means gratifying to many who live in the cities, yet I consider it a solemn duty to state it. Those who avail themselves of the advantages to be derived from the *new order* of things, will in my opinion do well; while those who continue to hang by a precarious foreign trade, or depend on its reanimation, will, I fear, find themselves disappointed.

We have already said that the author is inclined to speak more favourably of our country than his predecessors have done. A passage like the following, so different from the style of ordinary travellers, will illustrate this remark:

It was gratifying to reflect that I had travelled in the United States upwards of 7000 miles, almost a stranger in the country, without any other passport than decent respect to the inhabitants, which I uniformly met with in return. And here I cannot but express my surprise at the invective and ill-natured remarks that I have seen in the writings of some travellers through this country. As to their general sweeping conclusions, we may pass them over as the mere effusions of ignorant spleen; but the particular instances of rudeness and ungracious reception they have met with merit more attention: the records are so many stigmas upon their own conduct. Strangers may meet with instances of rudeness and rough treatment in America—plenty of them; the American people will not tamely submit to an insult, neither collectively nor individually; and a traveller will not find it to his comfort to proceed by *cursing the waiter* for doing this, and *damning the hostler* for not doing that, and threatening *to send boots to hell*, if his leathern conveniences are not so clear as he can see his shadow in them.

and there is so much truth in the comparison between the European and the American farmer, that we cannot forbear transcribing it. After some general remarks on the prosperity of that class of persons in America, he says—

What would the farmers, and mechanics, and manufacturers in Britain give to be in the same situation? There (I speak particularly of Scotland) there a farmer pays from 7 to 28 dollars per acre, yearly, for the *use* of his farm, besides the taxes and public burdens. He gets, in many instances, a lease of 19 years, and is bound to cultivate the ground in a certain way, prescribed

by the tenure of his lease. If he improve the farm, the improvements are for another, not for him; and, at the end of the lease, if another is willing to give one shilling more than him, or if the proprietor has a favourite, or wishes to turn two or more farms into one, or has taken umbrage at his politics, or his religion, or any thing else regarding him or his family, he will not get a renewal of the lease. Many a family have I known, who have been ruined in this way. Being turned out of the farm, they retire to a town or city, where their substance is soon spent, and they pine away in poverty, and at last find a happy relief in the cold grave. Nor is there any remedy; the lands are nearly all *entailed* on the great families, and the lords of the soil are the lords of the laws; they can bind the poor farmer *in all cases whatsoever*.

Compare this with the situation of the American farmer. He cultivates his own soil, or, if he has none, he can procure it in sufficient quantity for 200 or 300 dollars. If he has no money, he can get credit, and all that is necessary to redeem his credit, is to put forth his hand and be industrious. He can stand erect on the middle of his farm, and say, "This ground is mine: from the highest canopy of heaven, down to the lowest depths, I can claim all that I can get possession of within these bounds; fowls of the air, fish of the sea, and all that pass through the same." And having a full share of consequence in the political scale, his equal rights are guaranteed to him. None dare encroach upon him; he can sit under his own vine, and under his own fig-tree, and none to make him afraid.

Look at the mechanic and manufacturer: in America they can earn from 6 to 9 dollars per week, and have provisions so reasonable, that they can have their wheat bread and roast beef, or roast pork, or fowl every day, and accumulate property for old age and their offspring. In Britain they can earn from a dollar and a half to three dollars per week, and pay at the rate of 14 or 15 dollars for a barrel of flour, and from 16 to 22 cents per lb. for beef. But, why do I talk of flour and beef? small, indeed, is the portion of these that fall to their lot. No; they are doomed to drag out a miserable existence on potatoes and oat-meal, with this farther curse entailed upon them, that, by the mandate of the powers that be, they are bound to the soil; they *cannot*, they DARE NOT leave their country, except by stealth!

The second volume contains a number of highly interesting and curious statistical papers, which add much to its value; and through both volumes are interspersed a number of very well executed maps.

We now close our extracts from Mr. Melish's travels, which in the whole, we have read with satisfaction. The style is, we think, rather too familiar, and many of the incidents and anecdotes much too trivial. His book is moreover burdened by fo-

reign matter, and by descriptions of what he did not see. Our principal objections, however, are, it will be perceived, not to what he describes, but to what he borrows. And had he written more, we would most probably have been spared the trouble of commenting on the work as we have done. But were the faults of Mr. Melish's book far more numerous than they are, they possess a redeeming virtue in the eyes of Americans, from being a singular example of the good temper, the sound sense, and the candid feelings which a sensible foreigner has brought to the examination of our country.

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CAMPAIGN AGAINST QUEBEC.

An accurate and interesting Account of the Hardships and Sufferings of that Band of Heroes, who traversed the Wilderness in the Campaign against Quebec, in 1775. By John Joseph Henry, Esq. late President of of the second judicial District of Pennsylvania.

This interesting little volume embraces a period of our revolutionary history which has been hitherto but little known, although the most interesting of any. The name of Montgomery is familiar to every ear, while the fate of his brave comrades in adversity has been passed over with unmerited neglect. The present author does not aspire to classical elegance. He writes like a man whose mind is intent upon his subject, and who is not particularly nice in the selection of his words. Having participated in the hardships and perils of that campaign, his descriptions of the sufferings of his countrymen possess a vigour and freshness seldom found in the pages of those who have not been actors in the scenes which they delineate.

The author and his little party ascended the river of Kennebeck, in a long and fatiguing march through a cold and inhospitable country, and after enduring and surmounting every danger and hardship, the terrified Canadians beheld them emerging from the wilderness. That victory which they fondly anticipated as the reward of all their labours, fled from their standard; chains and captivity awaited them. From the grates of their dungeon they beheld their beloved commander, Montgomery, borne to the grave, and the dead and frozen bodies of

their comrades who perished with him, piled one upon another, transported to the place of interment.

One remark involuntarily obtrudes itself. Had this spirit of patriotism and of daring adventure been taken at its height, and disciplined for service during the war, the contest would, in all human probability, have been short, decisive, and glorious, to the arms of America.

The extremity of the sufferings of the author and his comrades for want of provision when sent to explore the course of the river Chaudiere, we will give in his own simple and affecting language.

October 9th.—We arose before day. The canoes were urged suddenly into the water. It still rained hard, and at daylight we thought of breakfasting. Gracious God! what was our fare? What could we produce for such a feast? Rummaging my breeches pockets, I found a solitary biscuit and an inch of pork. Half of the biscuit was devoted to the breakfast, and so also by each person, and that was consumed in the canoes as we paddled over the lake. The rain had raised the lake, and, consequently, the outlets, about four feet. We slided glibly along, over passages where a few days previously, we had toated our canoes. At the outlet of the fourth lake, counting as we came up, a small duck appeared within shooting distance. It was a *diver*, well known in our country—a thing which we *here* contemn. Knowing the value of animal food in our predicament, several of us fired at the *diver*: Jesse Wheeler, however, (who all acknowledged as an excellent shot) struck it with his ball. A shout of joy arose; the little diver was safely deposited in our canoe. We went on quickly, without accident, till the evening; probably traversing a space of more than forty miles. At night-fall we halted, weary and without tasting food since morning. Boyd and Cunningham, who were right-hand men on most occasions, soon kindled a fire against a fallen tree. An occurrence this evening took place, which, my dear chidren, you will hardly credit, but which (permit me to assure you) is sacredly true. The company sat themselves gloomily around this fire. The cooks, according to routine, (whether our chief or others) picked the duck, and when picked and gutted, it was brought to the fireside. Here it became a question, how to make the most of our stock of provisions. Finally it was concluded to boil the duck in our camp-kettle, together with each man's bit of pork, distinctively marked by running a small skewer of wood through it, with his particular and private designation. That the broth thus formed, should be the supper, and the duck on the ensuing morning, should be the breakfast, and which should be distributed by "whose shall be this." Strange as this tale may appear to you, in these times, the agreement was religiously performed. Be-

ing young, my appetite was ravenous, as that of a wolf, but honour bound the stomach tightly.

On returning to their friends, the following providential escape is mentioned:

Oct. 23d.—When morning came, the river presented a most frightful aspect: it had risen at least eight feet, and flowed with terrifying rapidity. None but the most strong and active boatmen entered the boats. The army marched on the south side of the river, making large circuits to avoid the overflowings of the intervale or bottom lands. This was one of the most fatiguing marches we had as yet performed, though the distance was not great in a direct line. But having no path and being necessitated to climb the steepest hills, and that without food, for we took none with us, thinking the boats would be near us all day. In the evening we arrived at the Fall-of-four-feet, which was mentioned when ascending the river. Alas! all the boats of the army were on the opposite side of the river. The pitch of the fall made a dreadful noise, and the current ran with immense velocity. We sat down on the bank sorely pinched by hunger, looking wistfully towards our friends beyond the torrent, who were in possession of all the provisions, tents, and camp equipage. Convinced however, that the most adventurous boatman would not dare the passage, for the sake of accommodating any of us. We were mistaken. There were two men, and only two who had skill and courage to dare it. Need lieutenant Simpson, on an occasion like this, be named; he, accompanied by John Tidd, entered his empty boat. What skill in boatmanship! what aptitude with the paddle was here exhibited! The principal body of the water run over the middle of the fall, and created a foaming and impetuous torrent, in some measure resembling, at this particular time, of a very high freshet, that of the Oswego-falls, which had been known to me ere this. The river was about 150, or 200 yards in breadth, counting on the increase of the water by the rains. The force of the central current, naturally formed considerable eddies at each side of the river, close under the pitch. Simpson now disclosed his amazing skill. Though there was an eddy, even that was frightful, he came by its mean nearly under the pitch, and trying to obtain an exact start, failed. The stream forced his boat down the river, but he recovered and brought it up. Now we, who were trembling for the fate of our friend, and anxious for our own accommodation, began to fear he might be drawn under the pitch. Quick, almost in a moment, Simpson was with us. He called in his loud voice to Robert Dixon, James Old (a messmate) and myself to enter the boat —We entered immediately. He pushed off; attempting the start by favour of the hither eddy, which was the main thing—we failed. Returning to the shore, we were assailed by a numerous band of soldiers, hungry, and anxious to be

with their companions. Simpson told them he could not carry more with safety, and would return for them. Henry M'Annaly, a tall Irishman, who could not from experience, comprehend the danger, jumped into the boat; he was followed by three or four other inconsiderate men. The countenance of Simpson changed; his soul and mine were intimate: "O God," said he, "men we shall all die." They would not recede. Again we approached the pitch; it was horrible. The batteaux swam deep, almost ungovernable by the paddle. Attempting again to essay the departure—we failed. The third trial was made: it succeeded. As lightning we darted athwart the river. Simpson with his paddle, governed the stern. The worthy Tidd in the bow. Dixon and myself, our guns stuck in the railing of the batteaux, but without paddles, sat in the stern next to Simpson. Mr. Old was in the bow near Tidd. Henry M'Annaly was adjoining Mr. Old. The other men sat between the stern and bow. Simpson called to the men in the bow, to lay hold of the birch bushes—the boat struck the shore forcibly: they caught hold, M'Annaly in particular, (this was in the tail of the eddy,) but like children, their holds slipped, at the only spot where we could have been saved; for the boat had been judiciously and safely brought up. Letting go their holds the bow came round to the stream, and the stern struck the shore. Simpson, Dixon, and myself, now caught the bushes, but being by this time thrown into the current, the strength of the water made the withes, as so many straws in our hands. The stern again swung round: the bow came again ashore. Mr. Old, Tidd, and M'Annaly, and the rest, sprung to the land to save their lives. Doing this, at our cost, their heels forced the boat across the current. Though we attempted to steady it, the boat swagged. In a moment after, at thirty feet off shore, it being broad side to the current, turned; borne under, in spite of all our force, by the fury of the stream. The boat upsetting, an expression, as going into the water, fell from me, "Simpson, we are going to heaven." My fall was head-foremost. Simpson came after me—his heels, at the depth of 15 feet or more, were upon my head and neck; and those grinding on the gravel. We rose nearly together, your father first—my friend followed. The art of swimming, in which, I thought myself an adept, was tried, but it was a topsy-turvy business. The force of the water threw me often heels-over-head.

In the course of this voyage, after a few hundred yards, Simpson was at my side, but the force of the stream, prevented the exertion of swimming; yet the impetuosity of the current, kept us up. It drove us toward the other side of the river, against a long ridge of perpendicular rocks of great extent: Luckily in the course of some hundred yards, the current changed, and brought us per force to the north side of the river. Floating along with my head just above water—prayers in sincere penitence having been uttered, a boat's crew of the eastern men, handed me a pole. It was griped as by the hand of death —but griped the pole remained to me. The strength of water was such, that the boat would inevitably have upset, if the boatman had kept his hold. A

glance of the eye informed me, that my companion in misfortune, had shared the same fate. Resigned into the bosom of my Saviour, my eyes became closed; the death appeared to me, a hard one; sensibility in a great degree forsook me. Driving with the current some hundred of yards more, the most palpable feeling recollected, was the striking of my breast against a root or hard substance. My head came above water. Breathing ensued; at the same moment Simpson raised his head out of the water, his gold laced hat on it, crying "Oh!" neither of us could have crept out: we should have there died; but for the assistance of Edward Cavanaugh, an Irishman, an excellent soldier, who was designated in the company by the appellation of "Honest Ned." Passing from the lower part of the river, he happened to come to the eddy, at the instant of time my breast struck. He cried out "Lord Johnny! is this you?" and instantly dragged me out of the water. Simpson immediately appearing, he did him the same good office. Lying on the earth perhaps twenty minutes, the water pouring from me, a messenger from the camp came to rouse us. Roused, we went to it. But all eyes looked out for Dixon, all hearts were wailing for his loss. It was known he could not swim, but none of us could recollect whether he had dropped into the water or had adhered to the boat. In some time we had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing Dixon in our company. He had stuck to the side of the boat, which lodged on a vast pile of drift wood some miles below, and in this way he was saved.

After the defeat of our little army and the captivity of the author and his comrades, a plot was laid to escape from their imprisonment in which the acquisition of powder was an indispensable preliminary. The question was how this should be obtained without exciting the suspicion of the guard. It was procured by the following ingenious device:

Our next solicitude was the acquisition of powder. This article could be obtained but by sheer address and shrewd management. But we had to do with men who were not of the military cast. We began first to enter into familiarity with the sentries, joking with them and pretending to learn French from them. The guard usually of Canadians, consisted of many old men, and young boys, who were very "*coming*." A few small gun-carriages were constructed, not more than six inches in length, and mounted with cannon, or howitzers, which were made of many folds of paper, and were bound tightly around with thread. These were shown to the sentries from time to time, and a little powder was requested, with which to charge them. Our births formed an angle of the room. The upper births, as well as the lower, had a ledge of several inches in height, in which embrasures were formed with the knife. Two parties were raised in opposition to each other, each of which took possession of one side of the angle. The blaze and re-

port, which was nearly as great and as loud as that of small pistols, created much laughter and merriment. This sport, the child of seeming folly, served us as a pretence and justification for soliciting powder. The apparent joy prevailing among us, pleased the Canadians both old and young, and did not alarm the government. We obtained many cartridges in the course of a few weeks, two-thirds of which came to the hands of Aston and his corps, for the purpose of manufacturing matches, &c. &c. Fire arms of any kind, could not, by any finesse, be procured. The commerce of cartridges, accompanied by a suavity and deference of manners, towards our young friends, procured us many quarters of pounds of powder, which they bought secretly out of funds, some of which were procured in a ludicrous way. We had many sick in the hospital, for when any one appeared to be disordered in the least degree, he was hurried to the infirmary, when cured, he was returned to us. Some of the men, went so far as to feign sickness, to get to that place, where they lived in a more sumptuous style than that of the jail. The frequent removals caused the propagation of a report that the prison was unhealthy. Many pious matrons, came to see us, and never empty handed. Some elderly nuns, of respectable families, were of the number, and generally brought money, truly not great in quantity, but not the less acceptable to the sick and convalescent, as these alms procured them some slight comforts, such as tea, &c. These were the religious and humane collections of the sisterhood, and mostly consisted of the smallest change. There was a beautiful countenanced youth, Thomas Gibson, first sergeant of Hendricks, who had studied physic at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, allied to me by affinity, who had, probably from a knowledge he had of his profession, sustained his health hitherto; his cheeks were blooming as roses. He was one of the council. As young men, we cared little about the means, so that we obtained the end, which was powder. We lived above stairs, and never shared in the gratuities of the ladies, which were rapaciously awaited at the entrance of the prison. Gibson and myself, were standing at a window near the great door, and opposite to M'Coy's room, a neat little box, which had been knocked up for his purposes. Looking into the street, a lady with a thick veil, was observed to take the path through the snow to our habitation. "Zounds Gibson, there's a nun," was scarcely expressed, before he was hurried into M'Coy's apartment and put to bed, though dressed. Severals of us waited respectfully at the door, till the officer of the guard unlocked it. The nun entered—she seemed, from her manners, to be genteel and respectable. We were most sedulous in our attentions to the lady, and so prevailed, as to induce her to come into M'Coy's room, Here lay Gibson, covered to the chin with the bed-clothes, nothing exposed but his beautiful hair and red cheeks, the latter indicating a high fever. It was well the lady was no physician. The nun crossing herself, and whispering a pater-noster, poured the contents of her little purse into the hand of the patient, which he held gently, without

the blanketing, and left us. What should the donation be, but twenty-four coppers, equal at that time to two shillings of our money. The latter circumstance added much to the humour, and extreme merriment of the transaction. This money was solely appropriated for powder.

The following particulars with regard to the death of Montgomery, will be found interesting:

General Montgomery had marched at the precise time stipulated, and had arrived at his destined place of attack, nearly about the time we attacked the first barrier. He was not one that would loiter. Colonel Campbell,* of the Newyork troops, a large, good-looking man, who was second in command of that party, and was deemed a veteran, accompanied the army to the assault, his station was rearward; general Montgomery, with his aids, were at the point of the column.

It is impossible to give you a fair and complete idea, of the nature and situation, of the place solely with the pen—the pencil is required. As by the special permission of government, obtained by the good offices of captain Prentis, in the summer following, Boyd, a few others, and myself, reviewed the causes of our disaster; it is therefore in my power, so far as my abilities will permit, to give you a tolerable notion of the spot. Cape Diamond nearly resembles the great jutting rock, which is in the narrows of Hunter's falls, on the Susquehanna. The rock, at the latter place, shoots out as steeply as that at Quebec, but by no means forms so great an angle, on the margin of the river; but is more craggy. There is a stronger and more obvious difference in the comparison. When you surmount the hill at St. Charles, or the St. Lawrence side, which, to the eye are equally high and steep, you find yourself on Abraham's Plains, and upon an extensive champaign country. The birds-eye view round Quebec, bears a striking conformity to the sites of Northumberland and Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania; but the former is on a more gigantic scale, and each of the latter wants the steepness and cragginess of the back ground, and a depth of rivers. This detail, is to instruct you in the geographical situation of Quebec, and for the sole purpose of explaining the manner of general Montgomery's death, and the reasons of our failure. From Wolf's cove, there is a good beach, down to, and around "Cape Diamond." The bulwarks of the city, came to the edge of the hill, above that place. Thence down the side of the precipice, slantingly to the brink of the river, there was a stockade of strong posts, fifteeen or twenty feet high, knit together by a stout railing, at bottom and top with pins. This was no mean defence, and was at the distance of one hundred yards, from the point of the

* This was not my friend Col. Thomas Campbell of York, (Penn.) He was fighting the battles of our country at Boston.

rock. Within this palisade, and at a few yards from the very point itself, there was a like palisade, though it did not run so high up the hill. Again, within Cape Diamond, and probably at a distance of fifty yards, there stood a block-house, which seemed to take up the space, between the foot of the hill, and the precipitous bank of the river, leaving a cart way, or passage on each side of it. When heights and distances are spoken of, you must recollect, that the description of Cape Diamond and its vicinity, is merely that of the eye, made as it were running, under the inspection of an officer. The review of the ground, our army had acted upon, was accorded us, as a particular favour. Even to have stepped the spaces in a formal manner, would have been dishonourable, if not a species of treason. A block-house, if well constructed, is an admirable method of defence, which in the process of the war, to our cost, was fully experienced. In the instance now before us (though the house was not built upon the most approved principles) yet it was a formidable object. It was a square of perhaps forty or fifty feet. The large logs neatly squared, were tightly bound together, by dove-tail work. If I am not much mistaken, the lower story contained loop-holes for musketry, so narrow, that those within, could not be harmed from without. The upper story had four or more port holes, for cannon of a large callibre. These guns were charged with grape or cannister shot, and were pointed with exactness towards the avenue, at Cape Diamond. The hero Montgomery came. The drowsy or drunken guard, did not hear the sawing of the posts of the first palisade. Here, if not very erroneous, four posts were sawed and thrown aside, so as to admit four men abreast. The column entered with a manly fortitude. Montgomery, accompanied by his aids, M'Pherson and Cheeseman, advanced in front. Arriving at the second palisade, the general, with *his own hands*, sawed down two of the pickets, in such a manner, as to admit two men abreast. These sawed pickets, were close under the hill, and but a few yards from the very point of the rock, out of the view and fire of the enemy, from the block-house. Until our troops advanced to the point, no harm could ensue, but by stones thrown from above Even now, there had been but an imperfect discovery of the advancing of an enemy, and that only by the intoxicated guard. The guard fled, the general advanced a few paces. A drunken sailor returned to his gun, swearing he would not forsake it while undischarged. This fact is related from the testimony of the guard on the morning of our capture, some of those sailors being our guard. Applying the match, this single discharge, deprived us of our excellent commander.

Examining the spot, the officer who escorted us, professing to be one of those, who first came to the place, after the death of the general, showed the position in which the general's body was found. It lay two paces from the brink of the river, on the back, the arms extended--Cheeseman lay on the left, and M'Pherson on the right, in a triangular position. Two other brave men lay near them. The ground above described, was visited by an inquisi-

tive eye, so that you may rely with some implicitness, on the truth of the picture. As all danger from without had vanished, the government had not only permitted the mutilated palisades to remain, without renewing the enclosure, but the very sticks, sawed by the hand of our commander, still lay strewed about the spot.

Colonel Campbell, appalled by the death of the general, retreated a little way from Cape Diamond, out of the reach of the cannon of the block-house, and pretendedly called a council of officers, who, it was said, justified his receding from the attack. If rushing on, as military duty required, and a brave man would have done, the block-house might have been occupied by a small number, and was unassailable from without, but by cannon. From the block-house, to the centre of the lower town, where we were, there was no obstacle to impede a force so powerful, as that under colonel Campbell.

Cowardice, or a want of good will towards our cause, left us to our miserable fate. A junction, though we might not conquer the fortress, would enable us to make an honourable retreat, though with the loss of many valuable lives. Campbell, who was ever after considered as a poltroon in grain, retreated, leaving the bodies of the general, M'Pherson and Cheeseman, to be devoured by the dogs. The disgust caused among us, as to Campbell, was so great as to create the unchristian wish, that he might be hanged. In that desultory period, though he was tried, he was acquitted; that was also the case of colonel Enos, who deserted us on the Kennebec. There never were two men more worthy of punishment of the most exemplary kind.

It was on this day, that my heart was ready to burst with grief, at viewing the funeral of our beloved general. Carleton had, in our former wars with the French, been the friend and fellow-soldier of Montgomery. Though political opinion, perhaps ambition or interest, had thrown these worthies, on different sides of the great question, yet the former could not but honour the remains of his quondam friend. About noon, the procession passed our quarters. It was most solemn. The coffin covered with a pall, surmounted by transverse swords—was borne by men. The regular troops, particularly that fine body of men, the seventh regiment, with reversed arms, and scarfs on the left elbow, accompanied the corpse to the grave. The funerals of the other officers, both friends and enemies, were performed this day. From many of us, it drew tears of affection for the defunct, and speaking for myself, tears of greeting and thankfulness, towards general Carleton. The soldiery and inhabitants, appeared affected by the loss of this invaluable man, though he was their enemy. If such men as Washington, Carleton, and Montgomery, had had the entire direction of the adverse war, the contention, in the event, might have happily terminated to the advantage of both sections of the nation. M'Pherson, Cheeseman, Hendricks, Humphreys, were all dignified by the manner of the burial.

On the same, or the following day, we were compelled (if we would look) to a more disgusting and torturing sight. Many carioles, repeatedly one after the other, passed our dwelling loaded with the dead, whether of the assailants or of the garrison, to a place emphatically called the "dead-house." Here the bodies were heaped in monstrous piles. The horror of the sight, to us southern men, principally consisted in seeing our companions borne to interment uncoffined, and in the very clothes they had worn in battle; their limbs distorted in various directions, such as would ensue in the moment of death. Many of our friends and acquaintances were apparent. Poor Nelson lay on the top of half a dozen other bodies—his arms extended beyond his head, as if in the act of prayer, and one knee crooked and raised, seemingly, when he last gasped in the agonies of death. Curse on these civil wars which extinguish the sociabilities of mankind, and annihilate the strength of nations. A flood of tears was consequent. Though Montgomery was beloved, because, of his manliness of soul, heroic bravery, and suavity of manners; Hendricks and Humphreys, for the same admirable qualities, and especially for the endurances we underwent in conjunction, which enforced many a tear: still my unhappy and lost brethren, though in humble station, with whom that dreadful wild was penetrated, and from whom came many attentions towards me, forced melancholy sensations. From what is said relative to the "dead-house," you might conclude that general Carleton was inhumane or heard-hearted. No such thing. In this northern latitude, at this season of the year, according to my feelings (we had no thermometer) the weather was so cold, as usually to be many degrees below 0. A wound, if mortal, or even otherwise, casts the party wounded into the snow; if death should follow, it throws the sufferer into various attitudes, which are assumed in the extreme pain accompanying death. The moment death takes place, the frost fixes the limbs in whatever situation they may then happen to be, and which cannot be reduced to decent order, until they are thawed. In this state the bodies of the slain are deposited in the "dead-house," hard as ice. At this season of the year, the earth is frozen from two to five feet deep, impenetrable to the best pick-axe, in the hands of the stoutest man. Hence you may perceive a justification of the "dead-house." It is no new observation, that "climates form the manners and habitudes of the people."

We shall close by inserting the following extracts:

Of the treatment of Ethan Allen, at the time spoken of, we knew nothing but from report, which we then thought well grounded, and the truth of which, at this day, there is no reason to doubt. He was a man of much peculiarity of character. Large, powerful of body, a most ferocious temper, fearing neither God nor man, of a most daring courage, and a pertinacity of disposition, which was unconquerable, and very astonishing in all his under-

takings: withal he had the art of making himself beloved and revered by all his followers. When he was taken in the isle of Montreal, in 1775, the government found it necessary to confine him in a cage, as one would a wild beast, and thus aboard ship he was transported to Quebec. What his treatment was during his voyage to England is unknown to me.

This, however, is known, that for many years, he was a prisoner in England. Returning from his captivity to America, he brought with him a manuscript, which he afterwards entitled "The Oracle of Reason." My beloved children, it is the furthest from my thought to confine your knowledge to narrow bounds; when you dip into scriptural history, dip deep; do not skim the surface of the subject, as many fools have done of late days. Upon a thorough inquiry your hearts will be animated by a conviction that there came a Saviour to redeem you from eternal perdition, and to provide for you an eternal salvation and state of happiness.

That book was most certainly the composition of Ethan Allen. He was very illiterate; he did not know the orthography of our language. The extent of his learning probably bounded by some historic chronicles, and a few other books of little account, did not go beyond the scriptures. The gentleman who gave me the above information was an elegant scholar bred at Harvard college. Going to Newyork in the summer of 1786, a friend, from mere curiosity, requested me to purchase the book for him. Being detained at Newyork six weeks by business, I frequently looked into the detestable volume. The argument, if so diabolic a work can be said to contain argument, was in general arranged and conducted in the same manner as the "Age of Reason;" but in a coarser, and yet a more energetic language than that of the latter work. On my return to Philadelphia, in a conversation with the Vermontese gentleman, who was still there, "Ethan Allen's bible" became a topic of discourse. He gave me this curious anecdote, which he averred upon his honour to be true. A young gentleman, either a scholar of Harvard or Yale college, had come into Vermont, and there taught a school. Allen laboured under the want of an amanuensis and transcriber, of knowledge and learning. The scholar, to increase his emoluments, became such. Allen attended him daily, standing, staff in hand, at the back of the young man's chair. "Sir," he would say to Allen, "this word is misspelled." "Amend it." Again "this word is misplaced; the sense is incorrect," &c. Allen, who was most profane, would swear, sometimes raising his staff, "By G* * sir, you shall insert it; you shall not alter it." Thus the "Oracle of Reason" came into the world, which of all books is the most bluntly vicious, as regards the well being of society, the salvation of souls, and the happiness of those who have faith in the redemption by the blood of our Saviour. But that which is very remarkable is, that long after the publication of Allen's book, which had fallen into oblivion; even with its readers, that vile reprobate, Thomas Paine, loaded with every crime which stains and dishonors the

Christian and the gentleman, in addition to his shameful practices in life, Paine, as an author, superadded plagiarism; filched from Ethen Allen the great body of his deistical and atheistical opinions, which from the time of Celsus down to the age of Chubb, Tindall, and others, have been so often refuted by men of the utmost respectability of character and fame.

Of the peculiar habits of Paine we have the following notice:

Paine was the most indolent of men; if he was inspired by a muse, the goddess most certainly made him but few visits. The office of "secretary of foreign affairs" was conferred upon him because of the merit of his "Common Sense," or what are called the "Crisis," under the signature of "Common Sense." It was to him personally a sinecure. He never went to York (Penn.) where congress then sat, but occasionally, and staid but a day or two. His true employment was that of a political writer. In the summer and winter of 1777 and 1778 he was an inmate of my father's house, as were the late David Rittenhouse, the state treasurer, and John Hart, a member of the then executive council.

Paine would walk of a morning untill twelve o'clock; come in and take an inordinate dinner. The rising from table was between two and three o'clock. He would then retire to his bed-chamber, wrap a blanket round him, and, in a large arm chair, take a nap of two or three hours—rise and walk. These walks and his indolence, surprised my parents; they knew him as the author of "Common Sense," who had written patriotically, and in those writings, promulgated some moral and religious ideas, which induced them to believe he was an orthodox Christian. Indeed Paine, during the revolution, was careful to emit no irreligious dogmas, or any of his late diabolic ideas; if he had, the good sense of the American people, their virtue, and unfeigned worship of the Deity, would have in those days banished him from their country. Your grandfather's feelings, a few months before his death, which occurred on the 15th of December, 1786, when speaking of the unbeliever, Paine, were truly poignant; for now the wretch's true character began to open on the world. He lamented with tears, that he had ever admitted him into his house, or had a personal acquaintance and intercourse with him. He was, from conviction, a sincere Christian, converted by the scriptures; of a strong mind, and of a most tender conscience.

Do not permit any thing now said to induce you to undervalue the sagacity of my father, for he was wise: but of so benevolent a mind, that, in the common affairs of life, he held a principle of morality as true which is by no mean generally received; to wit, "That we should consider every one as possessing probity until we discover him to be otherwise." Other gentlemen think differently. However, it may well be maintained that the side my

father took on this topic, which I have often heard argued, accords with the true spirit of the gospel; the other side is stoicism. From these last observations you will readily perceive how easy it was to impose on my father. This is the reason for his entertaining Paine. I have said that Paine was indolent. Take this as an instance: the Crisis, No. V, is but a short political essay, to be sure of great skill in the composition, of much eloquent invective, strong reasoning, some historic anecdote, and a fund of ridicule which fitted the passions of the times. But recollect that this piece, to Paine, was a labour of three months in the enditing. It was written in my father's house. Mr. D. Rittenhouse inhabited the front room, in the upper story, where was the library. There he kept the office of the treasury of Pennsylvania. The room of Mr. Hart and Paine was to the left hand as you come to the stair-head entering the library.

When my wound, in 1778, was so far mended that, hobbling on crutches, or by creeping up stairs, as you may have seen me of late years do, my greatest recreation, in my distressed state of mind, was to get into the chamber of Mr. Rittenhouse, where the books were. There his conversation (for he was most affable) enlivened my mind, and the books would so amuse it, that it became calm; and some desperate resolutions were dissolved. While that excellent man was employing his hours in the duties of his office, for the benefit of the people, Paine would be snoring away his precious time in his easy chair, regardless of those injunctions imposed upon him by congress, in relation to his political compositions. His remissness, indolence, or vacuity of thought caused great heart-burning among many primary characters in those days. I have heard the late George Bryan, Esq. then vice president of the council, speak of his gross neglects with remarkable harshness. I would sometimes go into Paine's room, and sit with him. His Crisis, No. V. lay on his table, dusted: to-day three or four lines would be added; in the course of a week a dozen more, and so on. No. V. is dated 21st March, 1778, but it was not published until some months after that date, and it was generally thought by good whigs, that it had been too long delayed. For my own part I was so passionately engaged at heart in the principles of our cause, that Paine's manner of living and acting gave me a high disgust towards him. No idea could enter my mind, that any one, in that noble struggle, could be idle or disengaged. As to myself, my sensations were such that the example of a Decius might have been renewed.

We are happy to discover in the literary productions of our countrymen a recurrence to that sobriety of phraseology that distinguished so eminently the proudest days of English letters. Having been cloyed and saturated with wordy impotence and

metaphorical bombast, we gladly sit down to more temperate diet, and although to plainer, by far more invigorating fare. The present volume, with all its provincialisms, is written with spirit and patriotic energy. We see a noble character in plain and unostentatious apparel, who improves on acquaintance, and commands our respect in proportion as he becomes more familiar; a respect which the evident disparity between his language and his sentiments tends to confirm.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—PERPETUAL MOTION.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THERE is no one who has not heard of Mr. Readhefer's perpetual motion, and there are few who have not endeavoured to discover its causes, or to point out the insufficiency of the causes that have been assigned for it. In the discussions that have taken place on the subject, it has been the aim to disprove the possibility of a perpetuity of motion, abstractedly from any contrivance for the purpose, rather than to show that it cannot be produced by the arrangement of Mr. Readhefer's machine. There has yet appeared before the public no consideration of the power of the parts of this machine, either by its advocates or opponents. I am one of those who do not believe that this mechanism will effect a perpetual motion; and my reasons do not arise from the objections that may be made to the impossibility of such a motion, but from an investigation of the mechanical properties of those parts which Mr. Readhefer has combined. I drew up the following essay for my own conviction, and though the number of the advocates for the motion has very much diminished, I submit it to the perusal of the few lingerers in belief.

RITTENHOUSE.

By *perpetual movement*, in a technical sense, I mean a motion that arises from the materials that compose a machine, being arranged in such a manner, that one part of that machine may

act upon another part, to begin and continue a motion, that will never cease whilst the materials last.

There is a mechanical contrivance exhibited at present to the public, which is said to possess this property of creating and continuing its motion, by its construction alone; and consequently, if that construction remain unaltered, the motion must be eternal.

I propose to consider the structure of this machine, and the causes of motion which are said to arise from it, and which, it is asserted by the inventor, are capable of continuing that motion forever. I will endeavour to point out all the modes in which the visible parts of this machine can act upon each other, to produce a motion, and I will demonstrate from the certain principles of mechanics, that none of the modes in which one part of the machine is attached to another, and none of the causes that have been assigned for its motion, are sufficient to give rise to a single revolution.

I do not determine whether perpetual motion, according to the definition, be practicable by human art, or whether it be the cause of many of the actions that are constantly occurring throughout nature. The nearest approach we can make to truth on this subject, is, to adopt the belief of those who have understood the powers and qualities of the laws of motion, in their most varied operations and relations, or who have experimentally put them to their greatest trials. But such testimony is not sufficient to decide upon the truth or falsehood of a perpetual movement, and perhaps that is the best belief, which will continue to admit that it is possible, in the nature of things, till the Creator shall reveal that it is not so.

But the unfolding the mystery of the possibility of perpetual motion, is a subject in which I am not concerned at present.—A machine is presented to us, which is said, by its inventor, to be an illustration of the principles on which a perpetual movement may be effected, and the causes of that movement in the machine are pointed out by him, in the figure and connexions of the parts which compose it. For my disbelief in the agency of this machine, I am required to prove that no motion can result

from that figure or connexion of parts, or that the causes assigned, are not adequate to the effects produced.

But though it be granted I may disprove the agency of the alledged causes; it may be answered, that the inventor himself has mistaken the principle, and is unacquainted with the true cause. It will be shown presently, that a belief in the agency of these assigned causes, betrays an utter ignorance of the established laws of motion: and if I would seek a man, who, from the practical application of these laws, should be thoroughly acquainted with them, it would be one, who, during *eleven years*, had made them the subject of every variety of experiment. If the inventor be ignorant of the cause, then the invention is a mere accident. But I am told, that the machine has undergone many alterations, and that it is still to be improved by the ingenuity of the artist. Now, throwing out of the question the useless power of ingenuity, in a work that is said to be the offspring of chance; we will suppose the machine to have appeared in the progress of its construction, in twelve different forms; an allowance small enough, when he says he is constantly adding or altering something. But after so many ingenious endeavours, by so many indefatigable mechanics, who have, for so many ages, laboured in vain to form one machine to give a perpetual movement; that this movement should result from the *accidental* combination of materials, by one man, for twelve successive instances, in the short space of six months, is a wonder that has no parallel in the greatest miracle in the occurrence of chances.

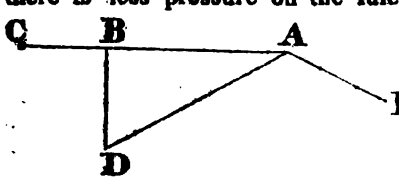
It is also urged by the believers in the efficiency of this machine, that we are often obliged to acknowledge the effect, though the principles that produce it is unknown. This is true, and the very instrument before us is a proof of the assertion, for we see the wheels move, but cannot tell why they move. Upon consideration, however, this will be found true, only of those effects, whose causes are removed beyond the scrutiny of our senses. Thus, it is true of most of the operations of nature, and of those tricks of legerdemain, where concealment, or velocity, or intricacy of motion bids defiance to investigation. Most of the agencies of nature that take place in the world, are the consequences of the action of matter that is too minute for the

cognizance of our senses, of consequence, the principle, or in other words, the mode of acting of this matter which produces the effect, cannot be known. The case is different with the works of art; what one man can handle, to make, another man may see, and where the matter is seen, the principle by which it operates, or in other words, the mode in which one part acts on another, to produce an effect, may be known. In any complicated system of machinery, the laws resulting from the application of power, and from the communication of motion, are ascertained, because the parts operating are so palpable as to admit of their being made the subject of measurement and calculation. This is so much the case, that machinery is always planned before it is constructed.

To apply these remarks to the movement in question. There is no sensible or acting quality in the parts of this machine that is not known. The principles on which the *chain*, the *weights*, the *inclined planes*, the *levers* of different lengths, the *wheels* of different diameters and positions, can act, are known, and may be made as much the subject of visible demonstration, as the estimate of weight by a steelyard, or the measure of a surface by a rule. I am told there is no secret part operating in this machine; the motion is said to be produced by the visible parts alone. It is with them I am engaged, and I will endeavour to prove that no visible part has any agency in the effect, except in communicating a motion that is derived from some other source.

I address myself to those who have seen the machine, and who are acquainted with some of the elements of mathematics and mechanics. I propose to consider the various parts of the machine, and all the causes of its motion, that can be plausibly imagined; but I will previously lay down two propositions, to which reference will be made in the subsequent pages.

Proposition First.—In any leaver, the greatest force is exerted at a right angle to the arm of that lever, for in this case there is less pressure on the fulcrum. Let C A be a lever,



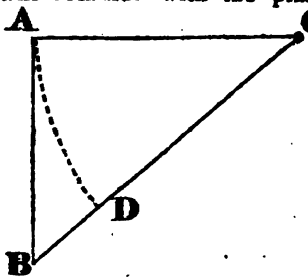
and let a force applied at A, act in the direction A D. The force A D being resolved into A B and B D, A B will represent the force

applied at A, act in the direction A D. The force A D being resolved into A B and B D, A B will represent the force acting in the line of the lever C A, and bearing on the fulcrum C: and B D will represent the force that causes the point A to revolve on the fulcrum C, and which consequently does not bear on the fulcrum. Now in the triangle D B A, the line B A is inversely as the angle B A D, that is, the greater the angle the less the line, and the line B D is directly as the angle B A D; that is, the greater the angle the greater the line: whence it follows, that as the angle at which the force is exerted increases, the pressure on the fulcrum diminishes, and the power of moving the lever increases till the angle B A D becomes a right angle when the sine B D, or power moving the lever, having arrived at its greatest extent, or being equal to radius, the co-sine B D, or power of pressure on the fulcrum has become nothing.

Corollary first.—The same is true if the line of direction be beyond the arm of the lever, as at A E, only in this case the resistance is borne by the opposite point of the fulcrum.

Corollary second.—As the force is greatest at the right angle, so it is least when in a right line with the lever; for in this case, the sine B D, or line representing the moving force, is nothing.

Proposition second.—The application of a force to the extremity of any lever, causes the point from which that force is made, the extremity of that lever and the fulcrum to form themselves into a right line, or what is the same, the line of direction will coincide with the plane of the lever. Let A C, be the lever, and let a force at B draw in the direction A B. Then since C is the centre of motion, the point A, in approaching the point B must move in the curve A D, but when the lever has arrived at C D, the force exerted from the point B is in a right line with the lever, and its power of moving the lever, by the last corollary is nothing, therefore the lever must remain in the position C D, that is, in a right line with the point B.



Let us now consider the parts of this machine, to determine, if from their construction there can result a motion that will be perpetual.

First, There is a *frame* which contains the machine. If we suppose the motion to originate in it, it must be by its gravity, or by the elasticity of its parts, brought into action by its construction. But the machine is connected with the frame only by gudgeons, and in no case can the pressure on an axle, cause that axle to revolve; we know too that the action of a spring, and in deed of any force implies its motion, but in this frame we see no motion; or if it be though a space undistinguishable by the eye, we know that there is no connexion of wheels for increasing the velocity to the degree that takes place in the large horizontal wheel.

Secondly.—There are two vertical and two horizontal *wheels*, that play into each other. Now, a wheel has in itself no source of motion, since its centre of motion is also its centre of gravity. If the centre of motion be not the centre of gravity, then indeed it may move from a given position, but it will only be till that centre of gravity has made its nearest approach to the earth. But there is no wheel of this character in the machine. Now, what is true of one wheel, is true of any number of wheels, an infinity of them could not alter the qualities of each.

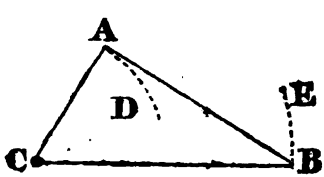
Thirdly.—There are *shafts* serving as axles to the wheels, and there are *gudgeons* to these shafts. But shafts are only smaller wheels, and have their properties; and gudgeons are only a still greater diminution; now the properties of wheels are not altered by their diameters.

Fourthly.—There are four *chains* that connect the large horizontal wheel to the small horizontal wheel, at the summit of the upright shaft. These chains are drawn somewhat out of the perpendicular line between the two wheels. Now it is to this part of the structure, that the inventor of the machine attributes a portion of its motion; and the motion is said to be generated and continued in this manner. Each of the chains represents the rod of a pendulum, and the wheel is the weight at the end of that rod. We know that every pendulum, left to itself, will come to the perpendicular: these chains, then, being out of the perpendicular, if not obstructed, would fall into it; but they

cannot fall to the perpendicular without causing the wheel to revolve on its centre of motion, and this wheel cannot move without, at the same time, causing a system of wheels to revolve with which it is connected, but the last of this system of wheels moves the upright shaft, and consequently, the small horizontal wheel, to which the upper end of the chains is attached, therefore, this upper end is always kept at the same distance before the lower end; now it has been said before, that when the upper end is before the lower end, or in other words, when the chains are not perpendicular, the lower end must move on to that perpendicular, that is, the lower wheel must revolve. But the upper end, by the construction, is always before the lower end; therefore, the wheel must always move.

The falacy of this reasoning lies in this, that the upper horizontal wheel cannot move, and, consequently, the system of wheels behind this must remain at rest. The upper wheel cannot move for this reason: the chain and lower wheel being a pendulum, its gravitating to the perpendicular, and of consequence its motion is effected by the force of its *weight* only, and the resistance the upper small horizontal wheel has to overcome, in order to move on, is to draw after it this lower wheel or weight: since these two wheels are by the tense chain, drawn with equal force in opposite directions. But by the construction of this machine, it is the gravitation of this lower wheel that propels the upper; if, therefore, the upper wheel move, it must be from one force overcoming a force equal to itself; or, as there is in this case, the resistance of medium, and the waste of friction, a less force must overcome a greater, which is absurd. It may be said in objection to this, that a less force may overcome a greater, by the lesser force acting on a longer lever, and this principal is said,

Fifthly, by the believers in the machine, to be the cause of its motion. Let C B and C A be a long and shorter lever, representing the large and small wheel, and moving on the same centre C, and let A B be a force as a tense chain, drawing these points with a power of ten pounds: now, if the force at

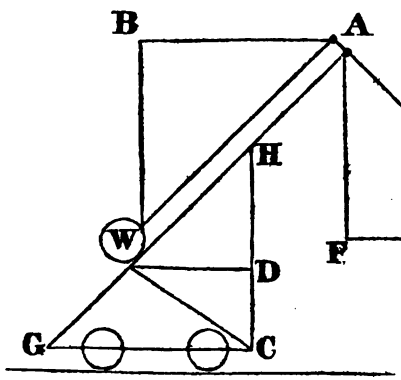


the point B, causing that point to describe the arc B E be greater than the force at A, causing the point A to describe the arc A D, then would the point B move on in the arc D E: but there is a force of ten pounds at each of those two points, and as the lever C B is twice the length of C A, ten pounds at A may be counterbalanced by five pounds at B, now there is ten pounds at B, therefore, the force with which B moves in the arc B E, is five pounds above that which draws the point A in the arc A D, that is the point B must go on, and the two levers must revolve on the centre C. Now the falsehood of this is demonstrable. It has been proved in prop. 1, that the greatest force is exerted at right angles to a lever, and we know that in any triangle, as C A B (*fig.* 3.) the greatest angle is opposite the greatest side, and by proportionals, the line C B is to C A as the angle C A B is to the angle C B A, that is as much as the line or lever C B exceeds the line or lever C A, so much does the angle at A, or the force applied at that point, exceed the angle at B, or the force exerted at that point; but the line C B is double the line C A, therefore, the angle A, is double the angle B; hence, whatever advantage B gains by the length of the lever, A gains by the direction of the force.

Sixthly.—The inclined planes on the horizontal wheel, are said by the inventor, and the advocates of the machine, to be the cause of the movement. It is effected they say thus: these planes being at an angle of forty-five degrees, the whole weight is divided between the pressure on the plane, and the motion down it. If the whole weight be ten pounds, then five presses on the plane, and five runs down. Now the five on the plane pushes on that plane, and the lever attached to it, in one direction, and the five that runs down the plane is upheld by an opposite lever, that is thereby drawn in a contrary direction. But these two forces of five are exerted on different levers; therefore, the longest will move forward. Now the fallacy of this may be seen by referring to the last head; for it was there shown that the advantage of the length of a lever was counterbalanced by the direction of the force, being nearer to a right angle on the end of the smaller lever. Therefore, in this case the powers of action and re-action are equal, and the planes cannot move.

Seventhly.—The weight on the inclined planes is supposed to act also by the *mode in which it is connected* to the opposite

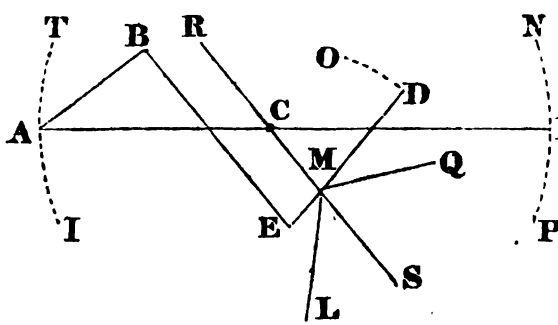
lever by the crooked iron. Under the last head, we have seen that the action in one direction is opposed by the reaction in an opposite direction. In objecting to the agency of the weight on the planes, much has been said about the impossibility of the weight operating without descending or moving; and the impossibility of gravity moving any body but in a perpendicular to the earth. Now, it seems to me, that this alone is no objection to the construction of a perpetual movement, since I can state a case in which, though these difficulties should exist, yet a motion would result. Let G C H be a plane inclined at an angle of 45 degrees, and moving on wheels; let W be a weight of 40 pounds, suspended on that plane from the point A, of a rod H A,



which is attached to the plane. Now, of the forty pounds, twenty will be held by the point A, and twenty will press on the plane; the pressure on the plane being in the direction W C, W C may be resolved into W D and D C, each of which will be ten pounds, that is, ten pounds will press the plane perpendicularly in the direction D C, and ten pounds will drive the plane horizontally in the direction W D. In the same way, the force of the descent W A, being resolved into A B and B W, each of these will be ten pounds; one pulling back the plane in the direction A B, and the other pressing the plane perpendicularly in the direction B W. The whole amount of force on the plane then, will stand thus: twenty pounds perpendicular pressure by the lines D C and B W, and ten pounds pressing onward in the direction W D, and ten pounds drawing backward in the direction A B, but these two powers being op-

posite, destroy each other; therefore, there remains only twenty pounds perpendicular pressure, which cannot move the plane. Now, let us suppose the weight to remain in the same state of rest, but instead of the weight of suspension, acting in the direction A W, let it be in the line A E, parallel, or in the same direction with W C, then A E being resolved into A F and F E, will give ten pounds for perpendicular, and ten for onward pressure in the same direction with W D; the whole amount of force on the plane will stand thus: twenty for perpendicular pressure in the lines A F and D C, and twenty for onward pressure in the lines W D and F E, but where the friction is diminished, as in this case, by wheels, twenty pounds lateral pressure will overcome twenty pounds perpendicular pressure; therefore, the plane will move. Hence it appears, that though a weight remain at rest on an inclined plane, yet it may propel that plane in a horizontal direction by its gravity, if the mechanism can be so contrived as to alter the direction of the force, by which the weight endeavours to descend. In the creation of a perpetual motion by an inclined plane, the problem will be to form a machine that will destroy this reaction, or change it so that it may act in conjunction with the action.

Now, the advocates of Mr. Readhefer's machine, say, that by these crooked irons the reaction is not only destroyed, but is made to act in the same direction with the force given by the inclined plane to the lever to which it is attached; they point it out in this way; let A C be the upper lever, to which is fixed



the crooked iron A B E D, let C K be the lower lever, to which the inclined plane is attached, having the same centre of motion with C A; now, the weight on the inclined plane, pressing

on the lever C K, propels it in the arc K N, and the weight of the descent of the body on the plane, being upheld by a point on the arm E D of the crooked iron, causes the lever A C to move in the arc A I, that is, in the same direction with K N. How the advocates contrive to get this motion by the construction, I cannot tell. The whole operation of the crooked irons is this: if a force be applied at Q, to act on the point M, in the direction M Q, 'tis certain that the point A will move in the arc A I, since C, M, and Q, must form into a right line by proposition second, and this cannot take place except the point D move in the arc D O, but the point D and A have the same centre of motion C; hence, if D form the arc D O, A, at the same time, must form the arc A I; and the same is true of a force taken at any point on the same side with Q, of a line R S passing through the point of suspension M, and the centre of motion C. In like manner, it may be proved, that if any point L be taken on the opposite side to Q of the line R S, a force from this point L, on the point M, must cause the point A, of the lever A C, to move in the arc A T. If, then, the force be on the Q side of R S, A must move through A I, if on the L side, A must move through A T. Now, in order that any body may be supported on an inclined plane, it is necessary that the point of suspension be before that body, or higher up that plane, and conversely, the body must be behind the point of suspension. If, then, M be taken as the point of suspension of a body on an inclined plane, whose perpendicular elevation is applied to the lever C K, it is evident that the body must be behind that point, or on the L side of R S, but it has been shown, that a force on the L side of R S causes A to move in the arc A T. Therefore, the effect of the pressure on the plane, causing the lever C K, to form the arc K N, is opposed by the force of the descent of that body, acting from the L side of R S, and causing the point A to form the arc A T; therefore, the crooked iron A B E D, has no effect to destroy or alter the reaction on the extremity of the lever A C.

I have thus endeavoured to point out all the visible parts of this machine, that can possibly be efficient in the production of a perpetual motion; and I have shown that none of those parts, or

their connexions, can produce the least effect. It has not been my object to show that perpetual motion is an impossible action, even through *human invention*, as no objection stronger than analogical argument, can be urged against it.

AMERICAN GALLANTRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE annexed engraving represents the action between the United States sloop of war Wasp, captain Jones, of 18 guns, and the British sloop of war Frolic, captain Whinyates, of 24 guns; in which the latter surrendered after 43 minutes close engagement. The time chosen by the artist is the moment at which the Wasp ran down across the bow of the Frolic, whose bowsprit entered between the main and mizen rigging of the Wasp when she was boarded by lieutenant Biddle and carried.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.

OF THE GREEK COMEDY.

(*Continued from p. 376, vol.* viii.)

The subject of the *Festival of Ceres* is a conspiracy of women who are assembled at this solemnity, to be revenged upon Euripides for all the sarcasms which he had uttered against the sex, in his writings. All the forms of a deliberative assembly are observed. Timoclea is the President, Sysilla acts as Secretary, and Sostrata performs the part of orator: it is, in fact, a burlesque of the Areopagus. It is asked if any one wishes to speak. An orator rises and repeats all the insults which the poet has lavished on the sex. Another female takes the floor; she

says that she sells crowns for the gods, and that Euripides, by his impieties, had injured her trade, by persuading men that there were no gods. If it be recollected that Eschylus was on the point of suffering a capital condemnation on an accusation of impiety, that Anaxagoras was in the same danger, and that Socrates fell a victim to such a charge, we may believe that this was an attrocious calumny and admit that Aristophanes exercised a vile trade.

Another instance of impudence consists in the introduction of a man in female attire, who undertakes the defence of Euripides, and asserts that he has not said a hundredth part of what might be said, and that women should congratulate themselves that every thing had not been revealed. "We are alone: no one hears us. Why shall we make such an uproar about a few strokes which he has aimed at us, while he is silent as to the innumerable foibles of which we are guilty?" Here follows a frightful portrait which it is impossible to copy. "He is reproached," says the orator, "with having depicted many Phædras and only one Penelope. It is because we can boast but one Penelope, and we are all Phædras.

Can any one imagine that such language could be heard on an Athenian stage? But we must at least do them the credit of believing that it was not approved, for this piece had no success. From these specimens and a multitude of others, particularly the frequent obscenities which occur, we may conclude that the stage kept full pace with the corruption of manners.

If the reader is curious about the *denoument* of this farce, he may be informed that the man in disguise being detected, is about to be taken before a magistrate; but Euripides, who is his friend, interferes and threatens to reveal all their secrets to their husbands, if they detain him prisoner. On the contrary if they release him, he promised to say nothing ill of them in future. Their agreement terminates the piece.

The Frogs is not less aimed at Eschylus than at Euripides. The one was recently dead; the other was about to quit the world. We may feel astonished that the Athenians would tolerate such a satire against two illustrious writers, whom they admired, and

whose loss they were deploring; but this people had no more delicacy than Aristophanes. Bacchus goes down to the infernal regions to seek for a good tragic poet, because he is not satisfied with those who contend for the prize at his festivals. He passes the Styx, and Charon amuses him with a chorus of *Frogs* —a droll notion, worthy of this author, which gives the name to his piece. The subject is a dispute between Eschylus and Euripides for the pre-eminence, which is claimed by each, in consequence of a law, providing that he who excels in poetry should have a seat near to Pluto, and be supported in the Prytanea of hell, as those men were at Athens, who had rendered any signal service to the republic. The servant of Pluto informs the servant of Bacchus, that Eschylus had long occupied the first rank, but that Euripides, since his arrival, had given lessons to the cut-purses, the robbers, and the murderers of which the number is infinite: that, by this means, he had formed a large party and would soon supplant Eschylus. Such are the jokes of Aristophanes; from which we may learn that the Athenians, at the same time that they revered the memory of Eschylus, gave the preference, with justice to Euripides. In the following manner, has the satirist, in more than one instance, inadvertently rendered due homage to the claims of merit. "But," cries the servant of Bacchus, "will they not stone the usurper?" The other answers, "No—the quarrel should be decided by the plurality of suffrages.—Euripides is very cunning—but what then—has not Eschylus likewise his party? No—for there are scarcely more honest men in these regions, than there are at Athens.

It is very evident that the dispute between the two poets, which continues during two acts, and is carried on by means of criticisms on each other's writings, contains a great deal of falsehood and more of ridicule than just remark. Euripides reproaches Eschylus with his bombast, his extravagant fictions, his unnatural portraits, and his outrageous expressions—and, in return, he is ridiculed for the feebleness of his style and the subtlety of his arguments. But Euripides is so unfortunate in his censures, that he not only condemns where there is no fault, but even where there is real merit—such as the circumstance of his depicting monarchs and heroes in misfortune and indigence

and representing the weakness of humanity on the stage. This is sufficient to show that Aristophanes is a bad judge. The discussion concludes with a burlesque: it is proposed to weigh the verses in a balance. Eschylus defies Euripides to put in the scale not only all his writings, but himself, his wife, his children, and his great actor, Clitophron: [the same, probably, that Aristophanes gives him as a valet]—and he asks but two of his great words to balance the whole. Pluto refers the decision to Bacchus, who declares in favour of Eschylus, observing, however, that his rival is not destitute of merit. It is probable that Aristophanes would not have entertained this opinion of the living Euripides.

It is impossible to convey any idea of the *Birds*, an allegory which is entirely political. It arises from a dispute between Athens and Lacedæmon about a city. This object of contention is represented by a city which is beaten about in the air by birds. Hence the title of the piece.

Lysistrata is of the same kind. Its object is to persuade the Athenians to terminate the tedious Peloponnesian war, which exhausted both parties. Lysistrata, the wife of one of the principal magistrates of Athens, devises a means of compelling the contending parties to make peace. Her project is that all the married women shall separate from their husbands until peace is concluded. She seizes upon the citadel, in concert with the Athenian ladies; and being thus *mistress* of the public treasury, they resolve that nothing shall be drawn for the expenses of the war. They stand a regular siege. Ambassadors are sent, and Lysistrata makes a treaty.

A conspiracy of women is likewise the ground work of the *Female Orators*. These are women of Athens who have taken it into their heads to expel the men from the government of Athens and take the reins into their own hands. This piece contains the most spirit and affords the best specimen of satire. It is filled with piquant sarcasms levelled against the government of Athens. It is here also that the author has been most severe against the sex. Euripides has nothing to compare with it.

Plutus is a cold allegory, from which, however, some hints have been borrowed for the Italian stage.

In the piece entitled *Peace*, the author reverts to his favourite system; and the more so as Cleon is dead. It also is allegorical. War and peace are personified in it. A vintner called Trygens, appears mounted on a beetle, proclaiming that he is going to intreat Jupiter to be more favourable to the Greeks. We may imagine what the rest of the piece is, after such an introduction. On one occasion Peace asks what has become of Sophocles, since he quitted Attica. She is answered "he has become as greedy and avaricious as Simonides." This is quite in the way of Aristophanes, but not of wit. Sophocles was then very old, and the poet had praised him in other pieces; but it was not right that he should except him from all the great men whom he had abused.

There remain two pieces upon which we must make a short pause, because the one has been imitated by Racine and the other hastened the death of Socrates. *The Wasps* gave the author of Britannicus the first idea of his *Plaideurs*. Philocleon imagines himself to be a Judge: and his son, in order to flatter his malady, proposes that he shall exercise the functions of his office in his own house. A process is immediately instituted against a dog that had stolen a cheese. The cause is managed with all the proper forms. There is a dog prosecutor against the dog accused, and each growls in his turn. Such is the humour of Aristophanes. They bring the puppies of the latter in order to mollify the heart of the judge, who makes a mistake in the choice of his beans, by which means an acquittal takes place instead of a condemnation.* This is what Racine has imitated: to which he has added some inferior details and stage tricks. The *Plaideurs* is a comedy of the second order, which descends to farce in the scene of the two puppies: its principal merit consist in the style, which is embellished with melodious verses and expressions which have become proverbial. It is however but just to say that notwithstanding the great distance between this piece and that which suggested it, there is in each an excellent vein of ridicule against the vices and follies of the

*This, Osrick would pronounce "a hit—a very palpable hit." Swift, somewhere, has an arch sneer at the profession, when he describes a fortune-teller, who, for a compensation, will foretell the event of a lawsuit.

bar. But the Athenian judges transformed into wasps, with the mantles and staves, pursuing Bdelycleon (son of Philocleon) across the stage at the prick of a needle—the frogs forming a choir—the beetle flying and a hundred other things are extravagant absurdities which would not be tolerated in our day. The Greek poet, moreover, in the two last acts entirely abandons his subject. Philocleon is persuaded by his son, that the life of a judge is but a miserable occupation: and, in order to quit it, he gets drunk, and the fifth act is made up of all the ridiculous excesses of an intoxicated old man. Still, I repeat, a comic vein pervades this piece, which shows that the author could have accomplished better things, if he had been born in other times and with a different character; for the disposition has a great influence upon the genius of a man, and we are taught to write comedies by malice, hatred, and jealousy.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FINE ARTS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Their various uses meaner toils commend,
And Commerce finds in every want a friend;
Like plants of bold and vigorous growth, they bear
Spontaneous fruit, and ask but room and air;
But ARTS, a tribe of sensitives, demand
A hot-house culture and a kinder hand;
A TASTE to cherish every opening charm,
A shade to shelter, and a sun to warm.

LIFE OF LESUEUR.

Eustachius Lesueur was born in Paris in the year 1617. His father was a sculptor and placed him at a very early age under the care of a celebrated French painter by the name of Simon Vouet. This artist was eminent for fine forms and graceful turns of the body, but was culpably deficient in colouring. Fascinated with antique, he held all other properties of the pencil in light esteem—his carnations were cold and livid and he imparted a death like character to all his forms by adopting statuary

for a model. Under such tuition it may easily be conjectured that those opinions which Lesueur had imbibed from contemplating the specimens of his father's skill, would be fostered and invigorated. The amiable and flexile character of Lesueur tended still more to the confirmation of these early impressions.

Unfortunately this excellent youth never knew his own strength; and paradoxical as it may seem, less modesty and docility would have corrected all the errors of his pencil. Traces of Vouet were visible in all his subsequent works. The limbs of his figures were modelled with the most exquisite elegance; symmetry and beauty were visible in all his forms; the foldings of his draperies were light and graceful; yet the statue was still stamped upon the canvass and a character of coldness pervaded all his works.

His taste was peculiarly delicate and his fancy though bold was still chastened and correct when he had once overcome his native modesty so far as to allow it indulgence. This is beautifully illustrated in his piece intitled the presentation of Cupid to Jupiter. Venus appears in all her charms and graces, and presents her beautiful infant to the synod of the gods. The boy clings to his mother alarmed by the dignity and commanding character of the illustrious personage to whom he is presented. Diana contemplates the child with a melancholy countenance foreseeing what ravages he was destined to make in her empire.

In his martyrdom of St. Stephen he may be said to have the honour of breaking a lance with Titian, and as this will furnish in some measure an evidence of the strength of the respective artists, we will endeavour to explain the character of their works. No comparison can be made in point of colouring, for there Titian was pre-eminent; Lesueur censurably defective. The design is therefore the only point in which we can form a proper estimate of their powers. The story is this, that St. Laurence, archdeacon of Rome, employed the revenues of the church in relieving the necessities of the poor, and when ordered by the emperor to remit the money to Rome, presented the indigent people to whom he had been so bountiful, and said, in the persons of these poor men behold the treasures you require. The

emperor irritated by these words condemned St. Laurence to die upon a gridiron under a slow consuming fire. Titian represents the saint upon the instrument of torture. One of the attendants is employed in bringing faggots, another in stirring the coals, and a third by the act of plunging a fork into the body augments the sufferings of the victim. What is peculiarly admirable is, that the piece is darkened by the smoke of the torments. A light faintly breaks from the flames which brings to view the mild, patient, and resigned countenance of the expiring saint strongly contrasted with the distorted and ferocious features of his savage executioners enjoying the torments. Lesueur presents the scene in the following manner: Two executioners are employed in extending the saint upon the instrument of torture and a third in stripping him of his raiment. The spectators are in various degrees touched with compassion in which all the executioners appear to join but one, who grasps the saint by the hair and manifests a ferocious promptitude in complying with his command, and preparing the limbs of the sufferer for the tortures. The features of St. Laurence are mild and forgiving and appear to increase the resentment of the sanguinary tyrant, who, surrounded by his lictors and seated in his chair of state, frowns upon us in the back ground, and directs the awful ceremony. Titian contented himself by raising one powerful emotion of horror for the fate of his victim! the milder genius of Lesueur interests all our sympathies.

But the most celebrated paintings of this admirable artist are comprehended in a series entitled the life of St. Bruno, intended for the decoration of the cloister of Chartreux. These are founded on the following fact. A monk by the name of Raymond, pretending to the gift of prophecy veiled his hypocrisy under the garb of the most sanctimonious austerity. After his death he was consigned to the sepulchre with all the solemn rituals of the Romish church, when the body arising from the coffin pronounced these awful words, *Justo Dei judicio appellatus sum, Justo Dei judicio judicatus sum, justo Dei judicio condemnatus sum.* St. Bruno who was a spectator of this miracle formed the immediate determination of dedicating the remainder of his existence to the most austere and secluded piety. He immediate-

retired to his dwelling, distributed all his wealth amongst the poor, conformed to the most rigid discipline of monastic life and founded the order of the Chartreux. The series opens with the piece representing the conversion of St. Bruno. The saint alarmed by the horrid spectacle he had lately witnessed, throws himself on his knees before the crucifix, in the act of making the vow. At a distance the dead body of Raymond is discovered, flung carelessly into the earth, without the common decencies of sepulture. The extreme simplicity of the design constitutes its principal merit.

The painter did not neglect the favourable opportunity afforded by the miracle abovementioned to give a strong character to his works. The body of Raymond appears rising from the coffin and with a face of inexpressible horror announcing his condemnation. From the nature of the subject as words are incapable of visible representation, the story remains incomplete, and Lesueur was reduced to the awkward expedient of inscribing them upon the pall. The priest and spectators are variously and in different degrees affected by the miracle.

The defect abovementioned is still more glaring in another picture of this series entitled the confirmation of the order of the Chartreux by pope Victor the 3d. We see the pontiff surrounded by his cardinals and his secretary in the act of reading the decree; but there is nothing, there can be nothing, to distinguish this on canvass from other pontifical decretals. It is a piece of quiet history, that when attempted to be delineated must be destitute of identity.

The artist was far more fortunate in another painting of this series in which he attempted to delineate the following fact. Roger, count of Sicily, while hunting, was accidentally separated from his companions and wandered near the cell of the saint, when engaged in his devotions. He was so struck with the piety of the monk and of his companions, that he presented them with two churches and appropriated the revenue to their subsistence. The saint appears on his knees before the crucifix. The count who has just dismounted kneels respectfully at a humble distance with his arms extended towards heaven in the attitude of supplication. His dogs breathless and fatigued inform us

that he has just arrived from the chase. In perspective the rest of the train appear in full pursuit. Now these facts speak a visible language. Notwithstanding, we may not know that the monk is St. Bruno, or the stranger Count Roger; yet we know that the latter has been separated from his companions in the chace, that he has intruded on the quietude of monastic devotion, and that he is struck with reverence and admiration at this spectacle of piety.

Nor was the artist less fortunate in another picture of the same series, representing St. Bruno refusing a mitre. The pontiff, surrounded by his cardinals, points to the emblem of archiepiscopal dignity lying upon a table and entreats his acceptance. The saint reverently kneels and with a countenance of the profoundest humility turns his head aside; with one hand upon his breast and with the other extended in the attitude of rejection. This series of paintings amounted to twenty-two, a work which cost the artist three whole years to accomplish. All these were originally done in fresco, and as the traces of Lesueur have been much impaired by time the Parisian artists undertook their restoration. By their frequent touchings and retouchings they have essentially impaired the original character of the paintings, and Fuseli remarks with his accustomed naivete that they have suffered martyrdom more than once.

We are sorry to say that this amiable and excellent artist impaired his constitution by his professional assiduity, and in the full flower of his fame, and after having acquired the character of the French Raphael, died in 1675 in the 38th year of his age.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1812.

A public exhibition of works of art, may be considered as presenting an object to the reflection of the philosopher, and to the judgment of the connoisseur. Under the first of these descriptions, is inquired what is the predominant turn of thought

among artists, and the public their patrons? Under the second description, the critic investigates the general merit of the *spectacle*, and taxes his memory to determine whether the present be superior or inferior to former exhibitions.

At the time of the revival of art, patrons commissioned from the artists representations of their favourite saints; and jumbled together, by main force, the most heterogeneous compositions. Personages who lived in distant climes and distant ages, were, by the powers of the pencil, indulged with most felicitous familiarity, and participated in the same action, in spite of geography and chronology. That species of devotion no longer controls practitioners. But Fashion, a deity no less arbitrary than such devotion, and equally absurd, enforces compliances at which good taste, if not common sense, revolts. But what would be the consequence of disobedience to her mandates? Let this question be answered by the history of those artists who have hazarded the experiment.

Among all the productions of art, portraits are undoubtedly the most absolute enactions of a patron's orders. He who pleases to live must, on such occasions, especially, as Dr. Johnson phrased the sentiment, live to please. The chief subject of his picture is given, and for the most part, the accompaniments are fixed; yet there is a turn of attitude, or action, a management of light and shade, a plan of treatment to which the artist may lay claim, and in which he may display his skill, his intelligence, and his judgment.

We remember when one side of the exhibition room had *fourteen* portraits of dogs, in attendance on their ladies;—when not quite half the portraits of gentlemen had spectacles on their noses, reading glasses, never to be used, hung adown their bosoms, or other insignia of weak sight, transmitted by the recording pencil, for the information of posterity. That fashion is passed; and instead of it, the costume of the day among gentlemen, touches closely on what, a few years ago would have been marked as rude, barbarous and rustic; and among the ladies, on what taste would have thought too meagre, and charity too negligent.

Recollection deceives us, if the proportion of portraits in this exhibition be not greater than usual: and though there may

be much honour and some improvement, if Richardson is to be credited, in keeping such good company, yet we fear not sufficient to compensate for so great a defect, as want of variety.—Subjects requiring deep study, and calling forth the energies, and latent powers of the art, are wanting; and predilection itself is closely pressed, to admit as history pieces, some, to which under better circumstances, that distinction would be refused.—Others, we say it with regret, offend too grossly against both art and nature, to be admitted to a higher rank than that of daubs by students of two years' standing.

The first place among those to be ranked as history pieces, must be given to Mr. West's "Saul before Samuel and the Prophets; an historical landscape." Whether this history could possibly have passed in a landscape, should have engaged the painter's mature consideration before he composed this work. We apprehend it could not. A building of some kind (probably partly collegiate, if not a mansion) the dwelling of Samuel, seems to be necessary. Mr. West's landscape, however, is much the best part of his picture: it is harmonious, yet grand, and not common. The composition of the figures, too, is good: and the general effect, would be interesting, could we overlook the misconception of the story. The critic who should descend to minutiæ would object against the introduction of the king's horse, that Solomon, long after Saul, was the first king of Israel who used a horse, that animal being forbid to the sovereign of the tribes: that Saul was not literally *naked*, as the painter has represented him; the import of the original only implying privation of his upper vestment, or of armour: that not a single musical instrument is employed by the prophets introduced, although a principal part of their *prophecying* was *psalmody*, i. e. playing on stringed instruments; and musical devotion was in all probability, the species of prophesying in which Saul, and his servants sent before him, accompanied the prophets: that Samuel was a magistrate, as well as prophet, and wore the proper dress of office: for so the witch of Endor describes him; "I saw a sovereign judge ascend, clothed with a *mantle*"—or ample ornamental dress, [brocaded?] as king's daughters were af-

terwards accustomed to wear. These defects, in our judgment, vitiate the other excellencies of this picture.

Mr. West, in his "Portrait of I. E. Wilmot, Esq. one of the commissioners who adjusted the claims of the American loyalists," has encountered the difficulty of introducing a historical, or rather allegorical picture into the composition. It certainly illustrates the subject; but it hazards the fault of drawing off the eye from the principal personage. To be intelligible, it must contain the necessary details; and the necessary details attract the attention of the inquisitive spectator.

A few subjects drawn from classic history in this exhibition, owe their distinction to the paucity of competitors. There are several pictures on two, or more stories; and though they be interesting anecdotes of men long departed, yet the repetition does no great honour to the extent of the artists' researches, or general reading.

We have on former occasions commended the pencil of Hilton: his picture of "Christ restoring sight to the blind," justifies our commendation; in parts, at least; but we suspect that Mr. H. has not premises sufficiently spacious in which to contemplate his larger works: were this picture placed in a hall, or church, he himself would detect ambiguities of expression and appearances, altogether repugnant to his wishes.

The PORTRAITS, as we have already hinted, form the mass of this display. Many of them are equal to any that we have ever seen. The merit, however, lies in few hands. Messrs. Beachy, Lawrence, Owen, and a few others; Thompson's "Infant Jupiter," has excellent parts. His Lavinia hardly expresses with sufficient distinctness, the true gentlewoman.

The LANDSCAPES with their accompaniments diversify the exhibition to great advantage. Among them we distinguish Mr. Daniel's, "Scene near Nijibabad, in Rohilcund, the Sewalic, snowy mountains, appearing in the distance; an Indian on an elephant is endeavouring to cross a small bridge, which the elephant refuses until he has examined its strength with his trunk: East Indies." The sagacity of the animal is well expressed; and gives a strong interest to the piece. This elephant is remarkably *flesh coloured.*

Turner's "Snow Storm: Hannibal and his army crossing the Alps," is *not* a snow storm; that meteor while falling suffers no such distant view of objects as Mr. T. has introduced; and after it has fallen, the whole ground is covered with it, to an effect not marked by the painter: he has been more intent on his management of light, and his sun "shorn of his beams," than on scrupulous accuracy in representing a snow storm.

"View of the appearance of the French fleet about noon, on the 12th of April, 1809: the Imperieuse, Capt. Lord Cochran, engaging the Aquilon, Varsovie, and Calcutta, which were captured and burnt; the Ocean, &c. making sail for the river Charante.

"View of the situation of the French fleet, as they appeared the 12th April, 1809; the Ocean, a three-decked ship, with six other of the line, aground upon the shoals, two still continuing at anchor, near the isle d'Aix: the remainder got into the river Charante, and part aground."

These, with others of a like nature, as Capt. Brenton's affair off Naples, &c. are proper subjects of commemoration by means of the arts. The present war has afforded subjects enough for a gallery; why should not a gallery of them be formed?

To praise Mr. Bone's ENAMELS, is doing no more than all the world does: the subject usually called "Titian's Mistress," but by Mr. B. "Lady and Page," is one of the most perfect specimens that has proceeded from the hands of this artist.

The same remark on the prevalence of portraits as is applicable to the pictures, applies also to the SCULPTURES. There are a few monumental figures;—figures so often repeated that to vary the sentiment they express is now scarcely possible. Flaxman's monument to the memory of marquis Cornwallis, for the prince of Wales's Island, is one of his best. In Manning's "model for the monument in honour of Capt. Hardinge," we discover, as we hope, an earnest of superior merit. Theed's "Thetis" is commendable; but the goddess couches in a manner of somewhat doubtful propriety. The busts contain many of great merit; and the architectural drawings, being removed to another room, they are seen to more than usual advantage. Mr. Nollekens and Mr. Chantrey have been distinguished by us

on this inspection. The bust of Mr. West, by the former, and that of Mr. Stothard, by the latter, are striking likenesses and well executed. We may be allowed also to commend them in another point of view; they mark the intercourse and mutual regard of artists and were there no other merits, beside those of likeness and friendship in these, as also in sir W. Beechey's "portrait of Mr. Nollekens, the sculptor," we should not hesitate to praise them.

This exhibition is marked by tokens of a military era; it begins with "the chief of the Macdonells" in a Highland military dress; and it ends with the redoubted hero "Mr. Cribb, the British champion." Even the ladies are military also, and some of them high in field rank: "Portrait of *Mrs. Colonel* Kerrison"—"Portrait of *Mrs. General* Mac Intyre." Formerly the character of these ladies would have been expressed by a round about periphrasis; but who shall limit the improvements of the present generation!

May success attend the ingenious and the deserving; may the arts flourish as the elegancies of the nation; and may greater diversity hereafter prove the interest taken by the public in their prosperity and permanency.

Report says that upwards of *five hundred* articles sent were rejected: the *number* of practitioners is increasing: that of distinguished genius must ever be small. *Literary Panorama.*

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE ADVERSARIA; OR, EVENING RECREATIONS.—NO. V.

Thus in delight my winter evenings roll.—POPE.

In the days of Socrates, married women, in Greece, were confined to be household drudges merely. Xenophon, in his *Memorabilia Socratis*, introduces Ischomachus, an Athenian, of great riches and reputation, discoursing with Socrates, about his family affairs. "He told his wife, that his main object in marrying her was to have a person in whose discretion he could confide,

who would take proper care of his servants, and expend his money with economy." The distressed husband proceeds to complain; that he one day observed her face painted, and that she wore high-heeled shoes; that he chid her severely for such follies, and asked whether she could imagine to pass such silly tricks upon a husband? If she wanted to have a better complexion, why not weave at her loom standing upright; why not employ herself in baking and other family exercises, which would give her such a bloom as no paint could imitate? But when the Athenian manners came to be more polished, greater indulgence was given to the ladies in dress and ornament. They consumed the whole morning at the toilette, employing paint, and every drug for cleaning and whitening the skin: they laid red upon their lips, and took great care of their teeth: their hair, made up in buckles with a hot iron, was perfumed and spread upon their shoulders: their dress was elegant, and artfully contrived to set off a fine shape. Such is the influence of appetite for dress: vanity could not be the *sole* motive, as married ladies were never seen in public.

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PIETY communicates a divine lustre to the female mind: wit and beauty, like the flowers of the field, may flourish and charm for a season; but let it be remembered, that, like the fragrant blossoms that bloom in the air, these gifts are frail and fading: age will nip the bloom of beauty; sickness and sorrow will stop the current of wit and humour; but, in that gloomy time which is appointed for all, piety will support the drooping soul, like a refreshing dew upon the parched earth.

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CONGREVE is the author of a part of No. 42, in the Tatler, in which he has depicted the character of Elizabeth Hastings, daughter of the earl of Huntingdon, one of the most accomplished ladies of her time. Scarce has any age, says an annotator on the paper, since the commencement of the Christian era, produced a lady of such high birth and superior accomplishments, who was a greater blessing to many, or a brighter pattern to all. By all accounts she must have been little less than the angels.

But Steele seems to have exerted all his powers, where, in No. 49, he speaks of the same lady, and presents to us a portrait with which no one can refrain from being enamoured.

Aspasia must be allowed to be of the first order of love, whose unaffected freedom and conscious innocence give her the attendance of the graces in all her actions. That awful distance which we bear toward her in all our thoughts about her, and that cheerful familiarity with which we approach her, are certain instances of her being the truest object of love of any of her sex. In this accomplished lady, love is the constant effect, because it is never the design. Yet though her mien carries more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behaviour; and *to love her is a liberal education;* for, it being the nature of all love to create an imitation of the beloved person in the lover, a regard for Aspasia naturally produces decency of manners, and good conduct of life in her admirers.

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No person can be perfectly agreeable without a portion of wit and vivacity; but that perspicacity which is employed in discovering and exposing the foibles of others, particularly of those with whom we live in habits of intimacy, is but another name for treachery and ill nature; and vivacity, unaccompanied by tenderness and delicacy, is, like the picture of a gaudy landscape, eminent only for its brilliant colouring. We turn away from it in disgust, when our eyes are attracted by the labours of another artist, whose tints, if less vivid, are more delicate, though he has employed his skill only in portraying Poverty at the door of Contentment, or Innocence reposing on a bank of flowers.

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The following epitaph upon the celebrated mathematician, M'Laurin, to whom the method of fluxions owes its security from all future metaphysical assailants, is attributed to Dr. Johnson, and is certainly worthy of his taste in Latin composition:

H. L. P. E.

Non ut nomine paterno consulat;
Nam tali auxilio nil eget;
Sed ut in hoc infelici campo,
Ubi Luctus regnant et Pavor,
Mortalibus prorsus non absit solatium:

Hujus enim scripta evolve
Mentemque tantarum rerum capacem
Corpori caduco superstitem crede.

It would not be easy to do justice to this elegant and nervous sentence in English; but the following may serve to convey some notion of it.

"His son erected this monument, not to perpetuate his father's name, for it needs no such aid; but that in this valley of tears, where Fear and Sorrow hold their reign, mortals might derive some consolation: for, let them study his works, and be inspired with the belief, that the capacious mind, which grasped such sublime systems, survived the perishing body."

SPECIMEN OF ANCIENT BRITISH TRIADS.

THREE things will not be had without every one its companion: day without night, idleness without hunger, and wisdom without respect.

Three things which are not easily counted: the particles of light, the words of a talkative woman, and the devices of a miser.

The three charities to the age that follows: planting of trees, improvement of science, and the education of children in virtue.

Three persons who ought to have pity shown them: the stranger, the widow, and the orphan.

Three things, however bad they may be, which are better to be possessed of than to be without them: a priest, a king, and a wife.

The three ornaments of a country: a barn, the shop of an artist, and a school.

THOSE moralists please me best who take it for granted, that a benevolent God must delight in the felicity of his creatures; who teach man to be happy in this world, in order to fit him for the next; and who maintain, with the poet, that to enjoy is to obey. Gratifications which interfere with the welfare of others, are, no doubt, to be forborne; but, benevolence and prudence permitting, it is surely as much a sin to lose an opportunity of doing oneself a pleasure, or to seize an opportunity of doing oneself a pain, as if any other sensitive being were concerned.

This was not the system of bishop Jeremy Taylor, who expresses his sentiments in the following beautiful period:

"He that takes off the yoke of obedience, and unties the bands of discipline, and preaches a cheap religion, and presents heaven in the midst of flowers, and strews carpets softer than the Asian luxury in the way, and sets the songs of Zion to the tunes of Persian and lighter airs, and offers great liberty in bondage under afflictions and sins, and *reconciles eternity with present enjoyment*, he shall have his school filled with disciples; but he that preaches the cross, and the severities of Christianity, and the strictnesses of holy life, he shall have the lot of his blessed Lord, he shall be thought ill of, and deserted."

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Comus, to borrow the language of a sister art, possesses an Ionic simplicity, and a Doric sweetness, that is truly enchanting. The celebrated Horace Walpole observes well, that Milton's tenderness always imprints ideas as graceful as Guido's Madonnas, and the three pieces, L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, and Comus, may be personified by the three Graces. As a drama it is, however, certainly defective: the dialogue is too much extended, and excites too little interest; and, to be known to advantage, it must be read rather than exhibited. If the Paradise Lost resemble the ocean infuriate by a storm, and the Paradise Regained, a smooth and gentle river that brings both health and happiness, Comus is like a rill, that sometimes bubbles over pebbles, and sometimes creeping under the mossy rock, sooths every listener to repose with its pleasing murmurs. The first partakes of the wild sublimity of Angelo, the next of the mild and tender Raphael, while Comus blends the romantic scenery of a Claude with the exquisite polish and splendor of a Titian.

The outline of this poem was taken from "*The Old Wives' Tale*," a pleasant conceited comedy, written by George Peel, in 1595. It seems as if Milton designed it as a vehicle, by which he could inculcate the most exquisite morality, and the most enchanting, though visionary sentiments. He may be styled, with Virgil, the *Plato poetarum*,* and he seems willing to exclaim with Cicero: "Errare mehercule malo cum Platone, quam cum istis vera sentire.

* Ælius Lampridius, Alex. Severus, p. 349.

An ardent love of traditionary fables and legendary lore, had filled his mind with all the enthusiasm that marked the pensive genius of Tasso and Collins, Ariosto and Spencer. His Sabrina is a lady, who, tradition informs us, was the daughter of Locrine, the son of Brutus, who, flying from the rage of her stepmother, Guendolen, consigned herself to the flood; the water-nymphs, in pity of her misfortunes, bore her to the hall of Nereus, who, in each sense, dropping in ambrosial oils, made her the goddess of the Severn. In this fable we find the invention of Ovid mixed with the more chaste and elegant diction of Horace: the song of the spirit is most beautiful, and such an assemblage of enchanting images, as we find in the sister's song to the echo, perhaps, cannot be found in so small a compass, in the whole range of English poetry. The moral inculcated in this piece is CHASTITY. Milton was himself a man of the nicest delicacy, and he seemed to think chastity and modesty the two most alluring qualifications of the sex. What an exquisite passage is that upon this subject, beginning l. 425. He seemed to consider that modesty excelled as much as the Ionic surpasses all the other orders of architecture, in neatness, simplicity, and elegance.

His imagination in this piece evidently was on the wing: the most sportive genius, the same varied and beautiful excursions of fancy that decorates his L'Allegro, sport in his Comus; he peoples the colours of the rainbow (l. 300) as he does afterwards the ideal waste and gloomy kingdoms of Chaos.

His general descriptions are extremely wild and beautiful. I quote the following, to explain, in the words of Dr. Warton, a singular, concise, and enchanting expression:

> I know each lane, and every alley, green,
> Dingle, or bushy dell, in this wild wood,
> And every *bosky bourn*,* from side to side.

Milton's mind was fraught with every finer feeling, which led him to indulge in the various and delightful paths of music, poetry, and philosophy: in these he particularly excelled, and he delighted in celebrating their influence over the mind and the

* A bourn is a deep, winding, and narrow valley, with a rivulet in the midst.

heart. The effects of music are such, as to take the prisoned soul, and lap it in Elysium; philosophy is

> Musical as is Apollo's lute,
> And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
> Where no crude surfeit reigns.

He makes his poem subservient to the claims of friendship; his Thyrsis,

> Who, with his soft pipe and *smooth-dittied* song,
> Knows how to still the wild winds when they roar,

is his musical and excellent friend, Henry Lawes, to whom he addressed an elegant sonnet.

It is impossible to read Comus, without partaking, in some measure, of the *vaticinatio furentis animi* of the poet: he astonishes, delights, and enchants us: there is such an elegance of expression; such compression of sentiment; his colouring is so vivid, and his scenery is so picturesque, that we are transported: his individual beauties are diamonds among pearls, and to search for them is to dig for gold in the mines of Peru.

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Joshua Sylvester, the translator of Du Bartas, is the author of the following sonnet, which has all the quaintness, but more of the melody of the age in which he flourished. He died in 1618.

> They say that shadows of deceased ghosts
> Will haunt the houses and the graves about
> Of such whose life's lamp went untimely out,
> Delighting still in their forsaken hosts.
> So in the place where cruel love doth shoot
> The fatal shaft that slew my heart's delight,
> I stalk, and walk, and wander, day and night,
> Like a pale ghost, with unperceived foot.
> But those light ghosts are happier far than I,
> For, at their pleasure, they can come and go
> Unto the place that hides their treasure so,
> And see the same with their fantastic eye.
> *While I, alas! may not approach the cruel*
> *Proud monument that doth enclose my jewel!*

J. E. H.

Baltimore.

ON THE FORCING-HOUSES OF THE ROMANS, WITH A LIST OF FRUITS CULTIVATED BY THEM, NOW IN OUR GARDENS. BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOSEPH BANKS, BART. K. B. P. R. S. &c.*

Mr. A. Knight was the first person among us members of the Horticultural Society, who observed in reading Martial, strong traces of the Romans having enjoyed the luxury of forcing-houses. I shall cite the principal passages upon which he has founded this observation, the truth of which is not likely to be controverted, and add such remarks as present themselves upon the Roman hot-houses, with a few words on the subject of our own.

The first epigram is as follows:

Pallida ne Cilicum timeant pomaria brumam,
Mordeat et tenerum fortior aura nemus,
Hibernis objecta notis specularia puros
Admittunt soles, et sine fœce diem, &c.
Martial, lib. viii. 14.

Qui Coreyræi vidit pomaria regis,
Rus, Entelle, tuæ præferat ille domus.
Invida purpureos urat ne bruma racemos,
Et gelidum Bacchi munera frigus edat;
Condita perspicua vivit vindemia gemma,
Et tegitur felix, nec tamen uva latet.
Fœmineum lucet sic per bombycina corpus:
Calculus in nitida sic numeratur aqua.
Quid non ingenio voluit natura licere?
Autumnum sterilis ferre jubetur hiems.
Martial, lib. viii. 68.

The four last lines of the first epigram are omitted, as having no reference whatever to the subject.

From these passages, and from that of Pliny, in which he tells us that Tiberius, who was fond of cucumbers, had them in his garden throughout the year by means of *(specularia)* stoves, where they were grown in boxes, wheeled out in fine weather, and replaced in the nights or in cold weather, (Pliny, book xix,

* Trans. of the Hort. Soc. vol. I, p. 147.

sect. 23, we may safely infer, that forcing-houses were not unknown to the Romans, though they do not appear to have been carried into general use.

Flues the Romans were well acquainted with; they did not use open fires in their apartments as we do, but, in the colder countries at least, they always had flues under the floors of their apartments. Mr. Lysons found the flues, and the fire-place whence they received heat, in the Roman villa he has described in Gloucestershire; in the baths also, which no good house could be without, flues were used to communicate a large proportion of heat for their sudatories, or sweating apartments.

The article with which their windows were glazed, if the term may be used, was *talc*, or what we call Muscovy glass, (*lapis specularis.**) At Rome, the apartments of the bettermost classes were furnished with curtains (*vela*†) to keep away the sun; and windows (*specularia*) to resist cold; so common was the use of this material for windows, that the glazier, or person who fitted the panes, had a name, and was called *specularius*.

On the epigrams the following remarks present themselves. The first in all probability described a peach-house, the word *pale*, which is meant as a ridicule upon the practice, gives reason for this supposition; we all know that peaches grown under glass cannot be endowed either with colour or with flavour, unless they are exposed by the removal of the lights, from the time of their taking their second swell, after stoning, to the direct rays of the sun: if this is not done, the best sorts are pale green when ripe, and not better than turnips in point of flavour; but it is not likely, that a Roman hot-house should, in the infancy of the invention, be furnished with moveable lights, as ours are. The Romans had peaches in plenty both hard and melting. The flesh of the hard peaches adhered to the stones as ours do,‡ and were preferred in point of flavour to the soft ones.§

The second epigram refers most plainly to a grape-house, but it does not seem to have been calculated to force the crop at an earlier period than the natural one: it is more likely to have

* Ulpian 1. Quæsitum 12. The Romans also made transparent beehives of the same material. Pliny, lib. xxi, sect. 47.

† Quamvis cœnationem velis et speculamibus muniant.—Seneca.

‡ Pliny, lib. xv, sect. 34. § Pliny lib. xv, sect. 11.

been contrived for the purpose of securing a late crop, which may have been managed by destroying the first set of bloom, and encouraging the vines to produce a second. The last line of the epigram, which states the office of the house to be that of compelling the winter to produce autumnal fruits, leads much to this opinion.

Hot-houses seem to have been little used in England, if at all, in the beginning of the last century. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, on her journey to Constantinople, in the year 1716, remarks the circumstance of pine-apples being served up in the desert, at the Electoral table at Hanover, as a thing she had never before seen or heard of; (see her Letters.) Had pines been then grown in England, her ladyship, who moved in the highest circles, could not have been ignorant of the fact. The public have still much to learn on the subject of hot houses, of course the Horticultural Society have much to teach.

They have hitherto been too frequently misapplied under the name of forcing-houses, to the vain and ostentatious purpose of hurrying fruits to maturity, at a season of the year, when the sun has not the power of endowing them with their natural flavour; we have begun however to apply them to their proper use, we have peach-houses built for the purpose of presenting that excellent fruit to the sun, when his genial influence is the most active. We have others for the purpose of ripening grapes, in which they are secured from the chilling effects of our uncertain autumns, and we have brought them to as high a degree of perfection here, as either Spain, France, or Italy can boast of. We have pine-houses also, in which that delicate fruit is raised in a better style than is generally practised in its native intertropical countries; except, perhaps, in the well managed gardens of rich individuals, who may, if due care and attention is used by their gardeners, have pines as good, but cannot have them better, than those we know how to grow in England.

The next generation will no doubt erect hot-houses of much larger dimensions than those, to which we have hitherto confined ourselves, such as are capable of raising trees of considerable size; they will also, instead of heating them with flues, such as we use, and which waste in the walls that conceal them

more than half of the warmth they receive from the fires that heat them, use naked tubes of metal filled with steam* instead of smoke. Gardeners will then be enabled to admit a proper proportion of air to the trees in the season of flowering, and as we already are aware of the use of bees in our cherry-houses to distribute the pollen, where wind cannot be admitted to disperse it, and of shaking the trees when in full bloom, to put the pollen in motion, they will find no difficulty in setting the shyest kinds of fruits.

It does not require the gift of prophecy to foretell, that ere long the aki and the avocado pear of the West Indies, the flat peach, the mandarine orange, and the litchi of China, the mango,† the mangostan, and the durion of the East Indies, and possibly other valuable fruits, will be frequent at the tables of opulent persons; and some of them, perhaps in less than half a century, be offered for sale on every market day at Covent Garden.

Subjoined is a list of those fruits cultivated at Rome, in the time of Pliny, that are now grown in our English gardens.

Almonds.—Both sweet and bitter were abundant.

Apples.—22 sorts at least: sweet apples (*melimala*) for eating, and others for cookery. They had one sort without kernels.

Apricots.—Pliny says of the apricot (*armeniaca*) *quæ sola et odore commendantur*, (lib. xv, sect. 11.) He arranges them among his plums. Martial valued them little, as appears by his epigram, xiii, 46.

Cherries were introduced into Rome in the year of the city 680, A. C. 73, and were carried thence to Britain 120 years after, A. D. 48. The Romans had eight kinds, a red one, a black one, a kind so tender as scarce to bear any carriage, a hard fleshed one (*duracina*) like our bigarreau, a small one with a bitterish flavour (*laurea*) like our little wild black, also a dwarf one, not exceeding three feet high.

* A neat and ingenious fancy for heating melon frames by steam, appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine for January, 1755.

† The mango was ripened by Mr. Aiton, his Majesty's gardener, in the Royal Gardens at Kew, in the autumn of 1808, who has frequently ripened fruits of the *mespilus japonica*, which is a good but not a superior fruit.

Chesnuts.—They had six sorts, some more easily separated from the skin than others, and one with a red skin; they roasted them as we do.

Figs.—They had many sorts, black and white, large and small, one as large as a pear, another no larger than an olive.

Medlars.—They had two kinds, the one larger, and the other smaller.

Mulberries.—They had two kinds of the black sort, a larger and a smaller. Pliny speaks also of a mulberry growing on a brier: *Nascuntur et in rubis*, (l. xv, sect. 27,) but whether this means the raspberry, or the common blackberry does not appear.

Nuts.—They had hazle-nuts and filberds; *has quoque mollis protegit barba* (l. 15, sect. 24:) they roasted these nuts.

Pears.—Of these they had many sorts, both summer and winter fruit, melting and hard; they had more than thirty-six kinds, some were called *libralia:* we have our pound pear.

Plums.—They had a multiplicity of sorts (*ingens turba prunorum*) black, white, and variegated, one sort was called *asinina*, from its cheapness, another *damascena*, this had much stone and little flesh: from Martial's Epigram, xiii, 29, we may conclude, that it was what we now call prunes.

Quinces.—They had three sorts, one was called *chrysomela* from its yellow flesh; they boiled them with honey, as we make marmalade. See Martial, xiii, 24.

Services.—They had the apple-shaped, the pear-shaped, and a small kind, probably the same as we gather wild, possibly the azarole.

Strawberries—they had, but do not appear to have prized; the climate is too warm to produce this fruit in perfection unless in the hills.

Vines.—They had a multiplicity of these, both thick skinned (*duracina*) and thin skinned: one vine growing at Rome produced 12 amphoræ of juice, 84 gallons. They had round berried, and long berried sorts, one so long, that it was called *dactylides*, the grapes being like the fingers on the hand. Martial speaks favourably of the hard skinned grape for eating, xiii, 23.

Walnuts.—They had soft shelled, and hard shelled, as we have: in the golden age, when men lived upon acorns, the gods lived upon walnuts, hence the name *juglans, Jovis glans.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

As it is not, I believe, generally known that a colony of Greeks are settled in North America, I transcribe for your use, the following extract from Stoddard's Sketches of Louisiana, and hope that it may induce some of your correspondents in that quarter, to give an account of the present situation of those unfortunate people.

S.

As the Floridas have often changed masters, some variety in the population may be expected. The Spaniards were the first to make permanent settlements in them. The peace of 1763, put them in possession of Great Britain, when a number of English, Scotch, and Irish, were incorporated with the ancient inhabitants. They also received an accessation during the American revolution, when many of those disaffected to our cause obtained refuge in the Floridas; and the proximity of our settlements has prompted many of our citizens since that period to become Spanish subjects.

One remarkable fact relative to the population of the Floridas must not escape notice. While these were in possession of the English, a plan was concerted to entice a colony of Greeks into the country. Sir William Duncan and doctor Turnbull were at the bottom of this transaction. The country was represented to the Greeks in the most favourable light; they were promised fertile fields and lands in abundance, and also transportation and subsistence. Hence fifteen hundred souls were deluded from the islands in Greece and Italy, and landed in East Florida. They were planted at a place called New Symrna, situated about seventy miles to the southward of St. Augustine. But what was their surprise when, instead of cultivated fields, they were ushered into a desolate wilderness, without the means of support! What mortified them still more was, that some of them were tantalized with the use of rented lands for ten years, at the expiration of which they reverted again to their original proprietors, when the poor settlers were once more reduced to poverty and misery. Some of them indeed could not obtain land on any terms. Hence they were obliged to labour for the planters in the character of slaves, and to experience hunger and nakedness. Overseers were placed over them, and whenever the usual task was not completed, they were goaded with the lash. Families were not allowed to live separate from each other; but a number of them were crowded together in one mess, and condemned to promiscuous repose. The poor wretches were not even allowed to procure fish for themselves, although the sea at their feet was full of them. People were forbidden to furnish them with victuals; severe punishments were decreed against those who gave, and those who received the charitable boon. Under this treatment many of them died, especially the old people. At length in 1769, seized with despair and sensible of no other al-

ternative than escape or death, they rose on their cruel tyrants, and made themselves masters of some small vessels. But their designs were frustrated by the prompt exertions of the military; and this revolt closed with the deaths of five of the unhappy ringleaders.

This transaction is so contrary to the reputed humanity of the English nation that it requires some credulity to believe the solemn report of a British officer who was an eye witness to what we have related.

THEATRICAL.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Oldschool,

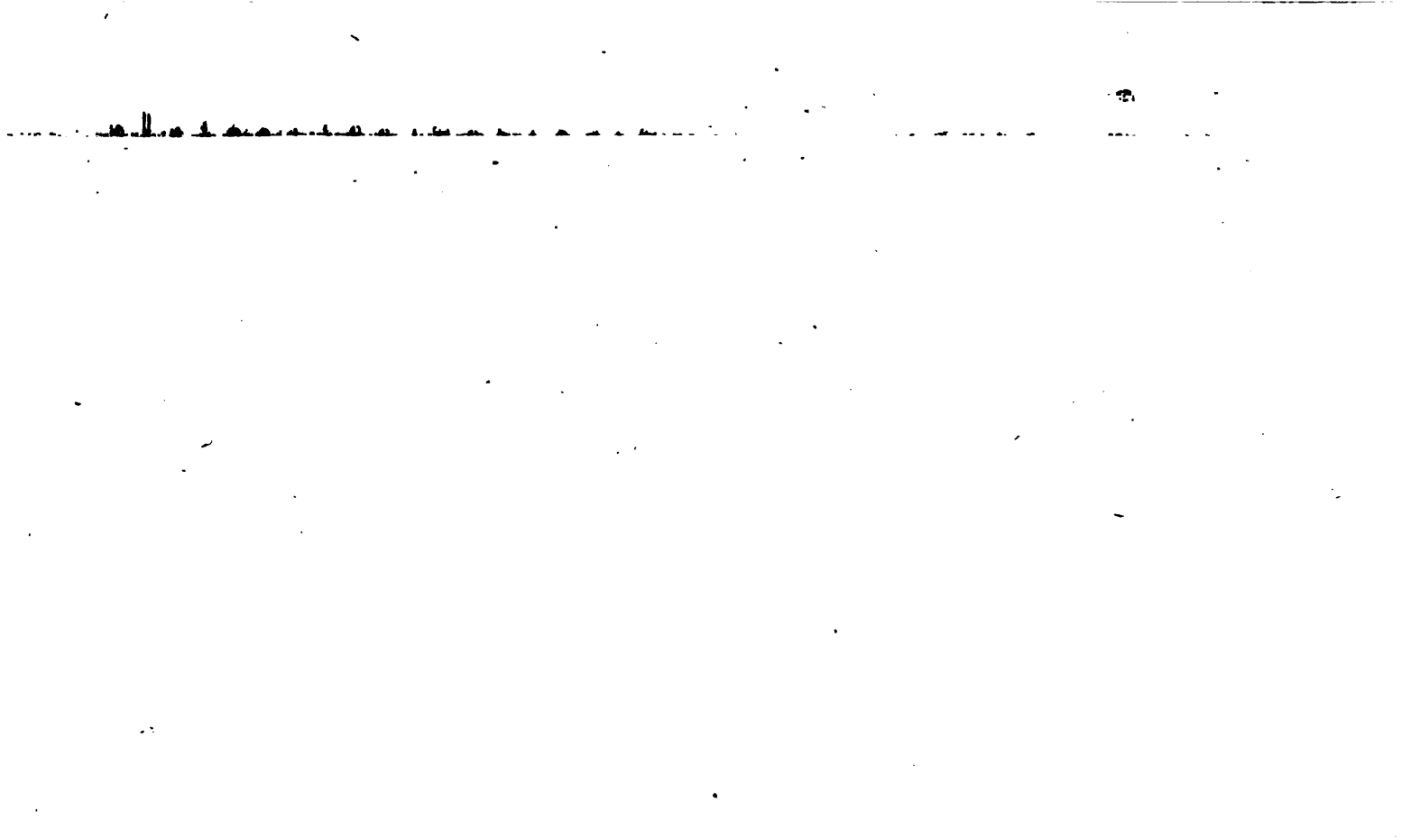
Believing that you are disposed to do justice to rising merit in any walk of life, I take the liberty of expressing the pleasure I enjoyed some evenings since, on witnessing the performance of a young actor whom I have never yet seen noticed in print. I allude to Mr. Harris of the new theatre. I happened to be present at the representation of Mrs. Inchbald's comedy of "Such things are," the scene of which is in India; where a benevolent Englishman (Mr. Howard) is introduced as visiting the prisons, in hopes of relieving the distresses of those who are confined. As the keeper is conducting him through a dark passage among different dungeons, one of the prisoners steals his pocket book containing a large sum, which he finds is sufficent to ransom him and restore him to his family. When Howard returns from his round he meets this man, interrogates him on his situation, and, being touched by his distress, offers him money and promises to intercede for his release. He is then retiring, when the prisoner, struck with the generosity of the stranger, and unable to contain his feelings, restores him his pocket book, and confesses his theft. All this occupies but a very little time and the prisoner is quite a subordinate personage. But Mr. Harris seized so true a conception of the character, and performed it with so perfect and touching a simplicity, that I confess, without disparaging the rest of the company, who really all performed well, the prisoner was to me the most interesting character in the play. I mention this circumstance, not merely as a matter

f justice to a meritorious young man, but because it may be ndered serviceable to his future improvement. Mr. Harris as yet very much to learn. He has adopted an awkward wing in his walk which might be corrected, and he should en- leavour to acquire more dignity and grace in his manner. These re things which will not cost him much labour, and they will mply repay it; for it will depend altogether on Mr. Harris's own xertions whether he will hereafter be a performer of much distinction. Let him persevere in his diligence and his studies, without striving to urge himself forward into a premature and transient celebrity. Let him remember that there is no part however insignificant which may not furnish opportunites for exerting his talents, and this note may serve to remind him, of what may stimulate his ambition, that the eyes of the audience are already upon him and that although his acting has been confined to a humble sphere, its merit is appreciated by more than one

OBSERVER.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—PERPETUAL MOTION.

In another part of our Journal we have allotted an ample space to a very ingenious and temperate essay on the subject of Mr. Readhefer's machine, "whereof," to borrow a phrase from poetry, the country "rings from side to side." It is indeed a singular and a very honourable proof of the ardent, inquisitive spirit of our countrymen, that the great question of perpetual motion has occupied and absorbed the public attention, till all the habitual topics of conversation are banished from its presence. Perpetual motion is every where heard of, and discussed, and assailed, or reprobated. Even politics, that darling theme so near and dear to all our hearts, is forgotten in the zeal of physical speculation—and the war with England, and the invasion of Canada, possess only a subordinate interest in comparison with Mr. Readhefer, and the Germantown discovery. The miracles of the abbe Paris did not excite more wonder—nor the stranger's nose in Strasburg more controversy. The very ladies have joined in the discussion, and many a belle now applies to much higher



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purposes than those for which she learned them, the principles of attraction, the effects of gravity, the power of plane inclinations, and the vain endeavours of untwisting chains. With the view of gratifying this natural curiosity to see what has been so much a subject of controversy, we have procured for this number the annexed drawing, which is said to represent very faithfully the structure of the machine, and will serve to illustrate the argument of our correspondent Rittenhouse. Though we insert with great cheerfulness his essay, it must not be understood that our own conviction is closed against the inventor of the machine, or that we are unwilling to listen to all that can be said in favour of his alleged discovery. It will on the contrary consist not merely with our inclination, but what we deem a public duty to publish whatever he or his friends may choose to write in his defence, provided it be wholly and rigidly free from all that spirit of acrimony which is at least superfluous on any subject, but peculiarly misplaced on an abstract question of mechanics.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

LONDON—BIBLIOMANIA.

At no time did the *Bibliomania* rage with more violence than at present. At the duke of Roxburghe's sale, a collection of two-penny portraits of criminals, and other remarkable characters, chiefly of persons tried at the Old Bailey, sold for £94 10*s*. The Boke of Saint Albans, printed 1486, £147.—The Mirror of the World, Caxton, 1480, £351 15*s*—The Kalindayr of the Shippers, 1503, £180.—The last little volume was bought for the duke by Mr. Nicol for two guineas.

A collection of halfpenny ballads and garlands, pasted, in 3 vols. sold for £478 15*s*. 1*d*.

A set of the Sessions' Papers, from 1690 to 1803, sold for £378.

One day's sale of the library, produced above £2,800. The books were early and scarce editions of English poetry.

Wednesday, June 17, was quite an epoch in bookselling; for at no time, and in no country, did books bring the prices at which they were knocked down by Mr. Evans at Roxburghe house. To enumerate all the rarities sold would exceed the limits that we can spare for the article; but we shall extract from the catalogue (in Mr. Nicol's own words) the titles of a few of the lots, and add the prices at which they sold.

ROMANCES.

No, 6292. Il Decamerone di Boccaccio, fol. M. C. Edit. Prim. Venet; Valdarfer, 1471.

Of the extreme scarcity of this celebrated edition of the Decameron, it will perhaps be sufficient to say, that no other perfect copy is yet known to exist, after all the fruitless researches of more than 300 years.

It was bought by the marquis of Blandford, after a long contest with earl Spencer, for £2,260; being the largest sum ever given for a single volume.

No. 6348. The Boke of the Fayt of Armes and of Chyvalyre. fol. blue Turkey, gilt leaves, very rare. Caxton, 1479.

Bought by Mr. Nornaville for £326.

No. 6349. The veray trew history of the valiant Knight Jason. fol. Russia. Andewarpe by Gerard Leea, 1492.

Of this very rare edition no other copy is known. Bought by the duke of Devonshire for £94. 10s.

No. 6350. The Recuyeil of the Histories of Troye, by Raoule le Fevre, translated and printed by William Caxton. fol. B. M. Colen, 1473.

This matchless copy of the first book printed in the English language, belonged to Elizabeth Gray, queen of Edward IV.

Bought by the duke of Devonshire for £1,060. 10s.

No. 6353. The most Pytifull History of the Noble Appolyn, King of Thyre: 4to. M. G. L. very rare; W. de Warde, 1519.

Bought by Mr. Nornaville, for £115. 10s.

No. 6360. The History of Blanchardyn, and the Princes Eglantyne. fol. red Mor. Caxton.

Of this book there is no other copy known to exist. Unfortunately imperfect at the end.

Bought by earl Spencer for £215. 15*s*.

No. 6361. The right pleasaunt and goodlie Historye of the Four Sonnes of Aimon, fol. red Mor. Caxton, 1554.

Bought by Mr. Heber for £55.

No. 6376. The Lyfe of Vergilius, with wood cuts, rare, 4to

Bought by marquis of Blandford for £54. 12s.

No. 6377. The Storye of Frederyke of Jennen, with wood-cuts, 1518.

Bought by Mr. Triphook for £65. 2*s*.

No. 6378. The Story of Mary of Nemegen, with wood cuts, 1518.

Bought by Mr. Triphook for £67.

The day's sale amounted to £5,035. 7*s*.

It will be curious to learn what these books originally cost the noble duke; and we trust Mr. Nicol will publish a priced catalogue with a detail of the formation of the library.

Books to the amount of £40,000 have been sold by auction within the last two months—to which those now on sale will add 25 or £30,000 more.

The young duke of Devonshire has also bought the count Maccarthy's splendid library, in one lot, for 25,000 guineas.

SELLING A WIFE.

A well dressed woman was lately sold in Smithfield, with a halter round her neck, to a decent looking man, who gave *eight shillings* for the *lady*, and paid the salesman seven shillings. An immense crowd witnessed the scene. The woman declared it was the happiest moment of her life: and the purchaser said that he would not take ten pounds for his *bargain!*

Daniel Redesh sold his wife in Sheffield market place lately, for *sixpence*, and actually delivered her to the purchaser in a halter, which cost *ninepence!*

Possibly it may be thought rather impertinent, by the gentlemen and ladies implicated in these transactions (which are usually the consequences of mutual agreement, and mutual convenience) to inquire by what law this divorce, *a mensâ et thoro*, and moreover, *a vinculo matrimonii* takes place in this summary and unexpensive manner? and whether the ceremony is equally

efficacious supposing the lady to be "well-dressed." How far does custom warrant the proceeding? And supposing there should be children by the purchaser, to whom do they belong? Moreover, has he not also a right to sell what he bought? What is the efficacy of the *halter* (always indispensable) in this case? and is not the whole, one of John Bull's barbarisms? What can foreigners think of it? &c. &c.

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MODERN REFINEMENTS.—BOXING.

THE first match which excited the attention of the amateurs of boxing this spring, took place on Tuesday, the 5th of May, in a thirty feet roped ring, in a meadow belonging to Mr. Newman a farmer, on the London side of Hayes turnpike, Middlesex: the seat of action having been first chosen in a meadow which contained also a *church*, and although the *communion plate* consisted of portable articles, as is tolerably well understood, and many of the *group* were not very delicate in their distinction betwixt *meum et tuum*, yet there were other ostensible reasons for moving it from thence, exclusive of the *church being in danger*.

The candidates for a subscription purse of twenty-five guineas, were THOMAS MALTBY, the conqueror of George Crib, at Thistleton Gap, weight 12st. 6lb. and THOMAS COPE, an adventurer from the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury, 13st. 1lb. of a respectable family, whose imagination led him in his zeal, to anticipate even the *Championship* of England. The combatants were intimate friends, and the maxim of the *invulnerable Big Ben* was adopted, when he challenged the hitherto invincible Tom Johnson in these words, "*Thee and I never quarrelled Tom, and what's the reason we should not fight?*" At one o'clock the combatants stripped for *glory*, and Maltby was rather the favourite, but betting was very slack, the one man being unknown, and few were present who had witnessed Maltby exhibit at Thissleton Gap. *Sir H. Smith, Bart. and colonel Mellish*, were the umpires, and the seconds were Richmond and Tom Jones for Cope, and Cropley and Norton for Maltby.

The battle will be better conveyed to the amateur by a general description, as we have not to recount any specimens of sci-

ence, although plenty of hard hitting took place. The first round lasted five minutes and a half, and was as obstinately contested as that betwixt Dougherty and Silverthorne at Coombe Warren; which latter round, however, did not last so long, although more blows were exchanged. Cope made play by two heavy hits left and right, the latter of which told. Maltby, although he did not attempt to *stop*, was unable to *return* from the weight of the hit. A second meeting instantly followed, and a very determined rally took place, in which Maltby received a straight left-handed hit in the mouth, which never ceased to bleed during the combat. The men hit each other away, until they had not a hit left, but they returned to a third meeting, and rallied and exchanged hits until they were both exhausted, against the ropes which formed the ring. Cope had much the best of the round, although he had *got* some smart appearances of right-handed body blows. A trial of strength took place for the fall, and Cope had another advantage in throwing his man, although he fell with him.

This round was worth some modern battles, and the *Willow-Walk menagerie* never produced two *buffers* with appetite more *gluttonous* for devouring. The second round was also most obstinately contested, and some smart, heavy hits were exchanged, until the mouths of the combatants were gasping for breath, and they again stood and hit until they had not a hit left, and both irregularly went down. In the rally in this round, Cope received a heavy left-handed hit, which nearly closed his eye. He, however, had the best of the fight until the fifth round; and had Maltby not possessed the game exemplified by Gully or Gregson at Newmarket, he must have been beat in the latter part of the third round. He received a very heavy blow at the back of the neck in going down, which hit the senses away from him for several minutes, and Cope was backed to win at *two* to *one*. Maltby, however, had knocked up his adversary's right eye completely, and he recovered himself and had the best of the combat ever after. Cope laboured under great disadvantage from the eye being closed, and had received numberless good body hits, which, together, rendered him unable to rise off his second's knee after the eleventh round, the battle having lasted twenty-five minutes.

Maltby showed himself the best fighter, and certainly of superior *game*. Cope showed bottom also, but there were slight circumstances occurred during the battle, which gave Maltby a priority in that irresistible *requisite* in a boxer. Cope managed well whilst he *led*, but had he had as much the worst of the battle after fighting ten minutes as his antagonist, it was the opinion of the real judges of *fistic* sport, that the combat would have been of short duration. Cope had too much flesh about him; but although it was what may be termed a good fight, that is to say, such as two sturdy fellows would make in the street, who had not the gift of science, yet a scientific professor, of any thing like equal weight, would make an easy conquest of either. Maltby, however, has some slight notion of the *stop*, and is quite as good as Crib was in his first battle. He is very young, and possesses game equal to any man, and fights with both hands; and with these favourable gifts, he is likely to become formidable on the boxing list: but the writer cannot encourage the beaten man with hopes of ever being a *teazer* in the *gymnastic* line. He is not of the make to excel in boxing, however determined. He is altogether too slow and heavy, and has a bad head for receiving much hitting.—Both the combatants were much beat; but Cope was hit much about the temples, and on the left side of the body.

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THERE has recently appeared at Vienna, a new romance, by Goethe, entitled "*Scenes of My Life, or Fiction and Truth.*" This production of the far-famed author of Hester, is read with avidity.

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On the death of Schiller, the principal theatres in Germany resolved to perform a certain number of nights for the benefit of his family. According to the *Almanach de Theatres*, published in 1811 by M. Iffland, the managers of the Vienna theatre have transmitted to madam Schiller two thousand, and those of Berlin two thousand seven hundred and thirty-one rix dollars, as the product of their generous exertions. To these sums, one hundred *Federics d'or* have been added by the king of Prussia.

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We find in the sixth number of "The Archives of Geography, Statistics, and Cosmography," published periodically at

Vienna by M. de Lichtenstern, some remarks on the state and composition of the Russian army. By this it appears, that in the year 1810 the whole military force of the empire amounted to six hundred and thirty-seven thousand four hundred and fifteen soldiers of every description, viz: fifteen thousand and two hundred imperial guards, four hundred and twenty-two thousand eight hundred and eighty-two troops of the line of the various corps, eighty-four thousand three hundred in garrison, eleven hundred and thirteen engineers, thirteen thousand nine hundred and twenty invalids, and one hundred thousand irregulars. This vast body is marshalled into twenty-five divisions.

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In the same journal is an estimate of the extent and population of each of the European states at the commencement of the year 1811. The result of the author's calculation makes Europe contain four hundred and sixty-eight thousand six hundred and twenty-seven square miles, and two hundred and nine millions two hundred and twenty-eight thousand five hundred souls.

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The emperor of Russia, after reading the voyage of captain Krusentern, has directed the issuing a commission for the purpose of examining the state of Kamtschatka, and the situation of its inhabitants. Of this commission captain K. is a member.

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A tanner of Valenciennes (France) has recently discovered a substitute for *bark* in the tanning of hides, which not only expedites considerably the process, but is incomparably cheaper than the usual mode.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A GENTLEMAN of this city has been for some time engaged in compiling *A Table of the Constitutions of the several States and of the United States*, which will exhibit, at one view, all their important provisions, arranged under their respective heads, in such a manner as to afford information on any constitutional point, at a single glance.

The table will contain, under the head LEGISLATURE, their *qualifications*, *term of office*, and *stated day of meeting*, in separate columns. Under the head GOVERNOR, *how elected*, *his term of office*, *legislative powers*, *qualifications*, and who acts *in case of* his *death*, *absence*, *impeachment*, &c. Under the head of EXECUTIVE COUNCIL, the *number of members*, *how elected*, and *qualifications*. Under the head of JUDICIARY, *by whom appointed*, *term of office*, *how removable*. Columns are also appropriated for the *day of general election* in the several states, and the *qualification of voters*.

Annexed to the table will be a comparative view of the constitutions on the subject of the various duties, powers, and privileges of the respective governors and legislatures; the name of the legislature; the duties, powers, &c. of the lieutenant governor; the mode of appointments to office; the provisions respecting religion and education, and every other subject generally interesting. It is intended to print the whole on one large sheet which will be varnished and mounted on rollers, in the style of maps, for the purpose of hanging up in libraries or parlours.

It will be perceived that this table is entirely on an original plan. The only work that has hitherto appeared on this subject is Smith's *Comparative View of the Constitutions*, which, being printed in 1796, is, of course, obsolete on many points, and, being divided into a number of different tables, is by no means so convenient for reference. Moreover it does not contain information on half the number of topics to be comprised in the work now preparing for the press.

SELECTED POETRY.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE, A ROMAUNT, AND OTHER POEMS, BY LORD BYRON.

Lord Byron has recently travelled through the south of Europe, and some parts of Asia and has published, since his return, a poetical account of his voyage, or rather sketches of the different countries which he visited, under the fictitious character of Childe Harold. The present volume consists of the two first cantos of

this poem, and several other detached pieces. We have already published several of the latter and are very much pleased at seeing this little edition of the whole from an American press. Lord Byron was, before he left England, unquestionably in the very first class of the British poets of the present day, and Childe Harold will not only sustain, but increase his reputation.

We have perused Childe Harold with peculiar pleasure, not merely from the harmony of his verses, the beauty of his imagery, and the tenderness of his sentiments, but, from having been familiar with many of the scenes and characters mentioned in the poem, and which are represented with great fidelity of description. Our limits oblige us to close abruptly our remarks on this very interesting work, and restrict our selections to the two following extracts. Childe Harold, satiated with pleasure, and tired of home, has embarked with his train for the purpose of visiting foreign regions, but is softened into tenderness at parting with his native country, and his feelings burst into this beautiful adieu.

"Adieu, adieu! My native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild seamew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native land—Good night!

"A few short hours and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother Earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.

"Come hither, hither, my little page!
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,
Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
Our ship is swift and strong:
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along."

'Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind;
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind;
For I have from my farther gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save thee alone,
But thee—and One above.

'My father bless'd me fervently,
Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh
Till I come back again.'—
"Enough, enough, my little lad!
Such tears become thine eye;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
Mine own would not be dry.

"Come hither, hither, my stanch yeoman,
Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
Or shiv'rest at the gale?"—
'Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

'My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
Along the bordering lake,
And when they on their father call,
What answer shall she make?'—
"Enough, enough my yeoman good,
Thy grief let none gainsay;
But I, who am of lighter mood,
Will laugh to flee away.

"For who would trust the seeming sighs
Of wife or paramour?
Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes
We late saw streaming o'er.

For pleasure past, I do not grieve,
Nor perils gathering near;
My greatest grief is that I leave
No thing that claims a tear.

"And now I'm in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea;
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me?
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again,
He'd tear me where he stands.

"With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine,
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves!
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!
My native land—Good night!"

The next is the Invocation to Greece which is executed with equal feeling and truth.

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!
Who now shall lead thy scatter'd children forth,
And long accustom'd bondage uncreate?
Not such thy sons who whilome did await,
The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,
In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait—
Oh! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Eurotas' banks and call thee from the tomb?

Spirit of freedom! when on Phyle's brow
Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,
Could'st thou forebode the dismal hour which now
Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain?

Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,
But ev'ry carle can lord it o'er thy land;
Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,
Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand,
From birth till death enslav'd; in word, in deed, unmann'd.

In all save form alone, how chang'd! and who
That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,
Who but would deem their bosoms burn'd anew
With thy unquenched beam, lost Liberty!
And many dream withal the hour is nigh
That gives them back their fathers' heritage:
For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,
Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,
Or tear their name defil'd from Slavery's mournful page.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?
By their right arms the conquest must be wrought.
Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? no!
True, they may lay your proud despoilers low,
But not for you will Freedom's altars flame.
Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foe!
Greece! change thy lords, thy state is still the same;
Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thine years of shame.

When riseth Lacedemon's hardihood,
When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,
When Athens' children are with arts endued,
When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,
Then may'st thou be restor'd; but not till then.
A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust; and when
Can man is shatter'd splendour renovate,
Recal its virtues back, and vanquish Time and Fate?

And yet how lovely in an age of wo,
Land of lost gods and godlike men! art thou!
Thy vales of ever-green, thy hills of snow
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite now.

Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface bow,
Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
Broke with the share of every rustic plough;
So perish monuments of mortal birth,
So perish all in turn, save well-recorded Worth:

Save where some solitary column mourns
Above its prostrate brethren of the cave;
Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns
Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave;
Save o'er some warrior's half forgotten grave;
Where the gray stones and unmolested grass
Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,
While strangers only not regardless pass.
Lingering like me, perchance, to gaze, and sigh "Alas!"

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smil'd,
And still his honied wealth Hymettus yields;
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The free born wanderer of thy mountain air;
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare;
Art, Glory, Freedom fails, but Nature still is fair.

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground,
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould!
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone:
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

Long to the remnants of thy splendour past
Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng;
Long shall the voyager, with th' Ionian blast,
Hail the bright clime of battle and of song;

Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore;
Boast of the aged! lesson of the young!
Which sages venerate and bards adore,
As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth;
He that is lonely hither let him roam,
And gaze complacent on congenial earth.
Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth;
But he whom Sadness sootheth may abide,
And scarce regret the region of his birth,
When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,
Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian died.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Come Inspiration from thy hermit seat;
By mortal seldom found; may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd serious eye and raptur'd glance,
Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
Creative of the Poet, every power
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul. THOMSON.

ODE TO J. H. PAYNE.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

As Mr. J. H. Payne, to the regret of his numerous and respectable friends has departed for England, you would oblige them by inserting the following lines which were originally published in the Newyork Evening Post. This young gentleman is known to the community only by the splendour of his genius; but those who have enjoyed his friendship and confidence prize him for the more endearing though less ostentatious qualities of his heart.

GENIUS AND VIRTUE.

'TWAS that calm hour when evening's mellow glow,
Shed on the silver stream soft hues of light,
That sweetly mingled as the gliding waves,
In gentle undulations softly flow'd.

Nought breath'd around save echo's magic voice,
That on the bosom of the genial air
In trembling notes melodiously expir'd.

The song of rapture from Creation's breast
In grateful silence rose—
When lo! I heard a voice
So ravishingly sweet,
It seized my raptur'd soul,
My heart tumultuous beat.

The agitated breeze
Enchanted with the sound
Trembled as through bright Ether's fields
It wafted it around!—

The *western* clouds dissolv'd
In ecstasy away;
Nor veil'd a form whose dazzling light
Relumines dying day.

Hast thou not heard in dreams
The soul of music flow
From airy harps and hands unseen
To check thy rising wo?

Thou hast, but ah! the notes
That on my senses rung,
Were sweeter than those airy harps,
For thus bright Genius sung:

Mortals whose hearts can feel
Th' extreme of bliss or wo:
Accept the boon I give,
The blessing I bestow.

Dids't thou not see a shepherd boy
Support a warrior's shield:
And in an injured mother's cause
The sword of Justice wield?

And didst thou in the pride of youth
Behold young SELIM tower
Above ambition, and by truth
Subdue the tyrant's power?

Thou didst; for o'er young NORVAL's fate
Soft Pity wept and sigh'd
And Admiration smil'd elate,
When BARBAROSSA died.

Who e'er beheld a nobler air,
Or view'd a finer face?
This ow'd expression to my care,
That state from ev'ry grace.

And when he heard the bursting sigh,
Or kindled with disdain;
I dew'd his cheek, I fir'd his eye,
And gave you pleasure in the form of *Payne*.

Fame from Apollo's lyre
A wreath of laurel stole:
Whose leaves were gemm'd with dew
That sprung from Pity's soul.
She plac'd it on his brow,
Then loudly sung the strain,
I've crown'd the youth who here below,
Is child of GENIUS and the heir of FAME.

Longer had GENIUS sung
The theme to her so dear:
But wonder chain'd her tongue,
For Music charm'd her ear.
Such music as might speed
The mounting soul to Heaven,
From mortal trouble freed,
And all its sins forgiven.—

The eastern clouds remov'd
Triumphantly away;
Nor veil'd a form whose tranquil light
Shone on declining day.

Hast thou not heard in dreams,
The soul of music flow,
From angels' harps and angels' tongues
To check each rising wo?

Thou hast, and oh! the sounds
That on my senses rung;
Were sweet as those from angels' harps,
For thus mild VIRTUE sung:

Imperious Genius do'st thou claim
Exclusively this child of Fame?
Do'st thou not know the greater part
Is mine, the generous feeling heart,
That each emotion I control
Which animates his manly soul.
Boast not that o'er his youthful face
Thou hast diffus'd Expressions' grace;
Or dew'd his cheek, or fir'd his eye,
Or made him heave the bursting sigh;
While I can boast that by my power
He sooth'd a PARENT'S anguish'd hour;
And from the dreary couch of care,
Drove the dull spirit of despair.
And bade approaching Joy bestow
Peace o'er the couch where hover'd Wo!

Here VIRTUE ceas'd, and GENIUS cried,
Now shall my constancy be tried.
I never will resign MY part,
I'll rule his HEAD; and I his HEART
Sweet VIRTUE cries, and we will join
Our best exertions and combine
All gifts of VIRTUE, GENIUS, FAME,
And shower them on our darling PAYNE.

GENIUS assented, VIRTUE smil'd,
And sweeter strains arose,
Than when o'er Memnon's trembling lyre,
Apollo glanc'd his eye of fire,
To sooth the hero's woes.

While as a pledge of truth and love
Their proffer'd hands were giv'n;
Borne on the bosom of the air,
They soar'd above the sphere of care,
To watch their charge in Heaven.

INOJEN.

FOR THF PORT FOLIO.

The following lines belong to The Port Folio, if they are worthy of such ownership. They were suggested by a little French Ode, entitled "La Glorie et le Repos, and printed in that paper some years since: but the fancy of the author, who too much loves what he praises, led him to change the plan of his poem, 'till it scarcely retains a trace of the original, and has lost in beauty as much as in resemblance.

ODE TO EASE.

I never bent at Glory's shrine,
To Wealth I never bowed the knee;
Beauty has heard no vows of mine,
I love thee, Ease, and only thee:
Beloved of the gods and men,
Sister of Joy and Liberty,
When wilt thou visit me again;
In lonely wood, or silent glen,
By falling stream or rocky den,
Like those where once I found thee, when,
Despite the ills of Poverty,
And Wisdom's warning prophecy,
I listened to thy siren voice,
And made thee mistress of my choice.

I chose thee, Ease! and Glory fled,
For me no more her laurels spread,
Her golden crown shall never shed
Its beams of splendour round my head;
And when within the narrow bed,
To Fame and Mem'ry ever dead,
My wretched corse is thrown:
Nor stately column, sculptur'd bust,
Nor urn that holds within its trust
The poor remains of mortal dust,

Nor monumental stone;
Nor willow, waving in the gale,
Nor feeble fence with whiten'd pale,
Nor rustic cross, memorial frail,
Shall mark the grave I own.

No lofty deeds in armour wrought,
No hidden truths in science taught,
No undiscovered regions sought,
Nor classic page with learning fraught,
Nor eloquence, nor verse divine,
No daring speech, nor high design,
Nor patriotic act of mine,
On hist'ry's page shall ever shine.
But to all future ages lost,
Not even a wreck, tradition-tost,
Of what I was when valued most
By the few friends whose love I boast,
In after years shall float to shore,
And serve to tell the name I bore.

I chose thee, Ease! and Wealth withdrew
Indignant at the choice I made,
And to her first resentment true,
My scorn with tenfold scorn repaid.
Now noble palace, lofty dome,
Or cheerful, hospitable home,
Are comforts I must never know:
My enemies shall ne'er repine
At pomp or pageantry of mine,
Nor prove, by bowing at my shrine,
Their souls are abject, base, and low.
No wond'ring crowd shall ever stand
With gazing eye and waving hand,
To mark my train, and pomp, and show:
And worst of all, I shall not live
To taste the pleasures Wealth can give,
When used to sooth another's wo.

The peasants of my native land
Shall never praise my open hand;
No wandering bard shall celebrate
His patron's hospitable gate;
No war-worn soldier, shatter'd tar,
Nor exile driven from afar,
Nor hapless friend of former years,
Nor widows' prayers, nor orphans' tears,
Nor helpless age relieved from cares,
Nor innocence preserv'd from snares,
Nor houseless wanderer cloth'd and fed,
Nor slave from bitter bondage led,
Nor youth to noble actions bred,
Shall call down blessings on my head.

I chose thee, Ease, and yet the while,
So sweet was Beauty's scornful smile,
So fraught with every lovely wile,
Yet seemingly so void of guile,
It did but heighten all her charms;
And, goddess, had I loved thee then,
But with the common love of men,
My fickle heart had chang'd again,
Even at the very moment, when
I woo'd thee to my longing arms:
For never may I hope to meet
A smile so sweet, so heavenly sweet.

I chose thee, Ease! and now for me
No heart shall ever fondly swell,
Nor voice of soothing melody,
Awake the music-breathing shell;
Nor tongue of rapturous harmony,
Its love in falt'ring accents tell;
Nor flushing cheek, nor languid eye,
Nor sportive smile, nor artless sigh,
Confess affection all as well.
No snowy bosom's fall and rise,
Shall e'er again enchant my eyes;

No melting lips, profuse of bliss,
Shall ever greet me with a kiss;
Nor balmy breath pour in mine ear,
The trifles love delights to hear;
But living, loveless, hopeless I,
Unmourned and unlov'd must die!

I chose thee, Ease, and yet to me,
Coy and ungrateful thou hast prov'd,
Though I have sacrific'd to thee,
Much that was worthy to be lov'd.
But come again, and I will yet,
Thy past ingratitude forget:
Oh! come again! thy 'witching powers,
Shall claim my solitary hours:
With thee to cheer me, heavenly queen,
And conscience clear, and health serene,
And friends, and books, to banish spleen
My life should be, as it has been,
A sweet variety of joys:
And Glory's crown, and Beauty's smile,
And treasured hoards should seem the while,
The idlest of all human toys.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO DELIA, ON HER DEPARTURE FROM PROVIDENCE.

While Delia sails blow soft ye gales!
Ye Zephyrs gently rise,
Be fair ye winds, distend the sails!
Serene ye vaulted skies!

Hush'd be the deep that Delia bears—
Roll slow ye foaming tides!
Be still ye storms! inspire no fears,
While o'er the waves she rides.

The hapless bard sees you depart
With many a heart-felt sigh;

The place you vacate in his heart
No other can supply.

The sails are spread, the winds arise
And bear her from my view!
My bosom throbs, tears wet my eyes!
Adieu, my friend, adieu!

YORICK.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ODE TO MAY.

GIVE to joy your fleeting hours,
Nature fills the lap of May;
Cull the fairest, sweetest flowers,
But throw the thorns away.

The joys of vulgar souls despise,
Beneath their rose a serpent lies;
The nobler pleasures of the wise
Make one eternal May.

Give to joy your fleeting hours,
Life is swift to pass away;
Cull the fairest, sweetest flowers,
But throw the thorns away.

Though swift the forked lightnings fly,
And loud the thunder rolls on high;
The transient cloud still passes by,
And leaves a lovelier ray.

Give to joy your fleeting hours,
Nature fills the lap of May;
Cull the fairest, sweetest flowers,
Ere they fade away.

Bid Pain and Guilt and Malice fly,
Bid gentle Peace forever nigh;
And Hope who views with steadfast eye,
Her joys beyond to day.

Bid hail to Love, enchanting guest;
Bid Friendship welcome to the breast,
Bid gen'rous deeds by mis'ry blest
Mark every passing day.
Give, &c.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EPIEUGENIUM,

WRITTEN IN THE INDIAN SUMMER OF 1812.

'Tis now the clear-tide of our western sky;
Time of plenty, time of joy!
Rich in fruits and housed grain,
Autumn holds his sumptuous reign.
The favours of benignant Heaven
—Its ripened sweets!—to man are given.
Rugged toil unbends his brow;
Nature's offspring revel now.
This is nature's jubilee,
Season of festivity.

In annual course, the brilliant orb of day,
——teen times hath performed his way,
Since, in like joyous autumn bowers,
Hope watching anxious, o'er the hours;
A generous sire and beauteous dame,
Glowing, both, with love's pure flame,
Were blessed with a cherub child
Like her mother, "good and mild."
Season of love's jubilee,
Birth-day of fair Amadee!

Winter, with icy tresses and with plume of snows,
Chill season of a world's repose!
The lucid sky and piercing air
A gayer form and breathing bear,
Since the birth of that dear child
Of seraph mould and manners mild,

To Carlo's and Louisa's love
A sweet reward from Heaven above.

Oh! season of love's jubilee,
Amadee's nativity!

The autumn genius spreads his luscious care
For future growths and winter's fare;
Prepares, for stormy days, a hoard
That pleasure fastens to the board.
Even thus, the gentle, blooming maid,
In beauty and in love arrayed,
Is gifted with each power to please,
—To soften life's asperities!

Oh, happy shall the lover be
Who's bound to her nativity.

Accomplished, gentle creature! Love's own child,
Maiden of the blue eye mild!
Every virtue, every charm
Love can feel, or heart can warm,—
In whose person, in whose mind,
Are all assembled, all combined!
May thy loved nativity
Prove as the birth of hope to me!

Natal day of Amadee!
Epoch of my jubilee!

—

SONNET.

My love is like the tints of dawn, she's like Aurora's ray;
My love is like the sunbeam, that gives me light and day;
My love is like the northern gleams, that brightly brightly play;
That flash amid the winter's gloom, and darkness drive away.
I love the dropping of the leaves, they speak my love's birth day,
I'll strew them in her path the morn, the morn of her birth day.

My love is like the tuneful lark, so modest is her air;
My love is like the stately swan, so fair, so spotless fair;

My love is like the desert rose, unconscious of her charms;
I bear her in my faithful breast, I'll fold her in my arms.

My love is like the evergreens, that bud at autumn's close,
That enliven the blank winter scenes, Hope's emblem mid the snows;
My love is like the orange bulb, like Neagh's strawberry tree,
Which blossom when the summers close, at her nativity.

I love the dropping of the leaves, they speak my love's birth day,
I 'll strew them in her path the morn, the morn of her birth day.

Every grace, without art,
All acknowledge who view her.

Like her own meek-eyed dove,
She is timid! my love!
Still her eyes, at her will,
Can rejoice, or can kill.

Oh! they have shot to my heart,
And my soul cleaves unto her.

I love the dropping of the leaves, they speak my love's birth day;
I'll strew them in her path the morn,
The morn of her birth day.

CAMILDHU.

A SONG: THE ROSE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SEE! says my Jane, this tender rose
No longer with vermillion glows,
Its odour with its colour flies,
See how it droops its head and dies!

This envious flower, love! once so sleek,
Has seen your ruby lips and cheek:
Has felt the fragrance of your breath,
And conquered—griev'd itself to death.

ALEXIS.

SONG.

Thou hast an eye, of mildest hue,
Where mixes white with lovely blue;
Whose gentle glance can joy impart,
And fill with ecstasy the heart;
But, ah! that eye has beam'd too free,
And ne'er can beam with love for me!

Thou hast a breast, and, oh! how fair!
How would I die to pillow there,
And when it heav'd its downy charms,
I'd live transported in your arms:
But, ah! that breast has beat too free,
And ne'er can beat with love for me.

Thou hast a lip whose burning kiss
Has pow'r to give a mad'ning bliss,
Which sets the frame with love on fire,
And fills the soul with warm desire:
But those sweet lips which rivals bless'd
By me shall never more be press'd.

Thou hast a heart both warm and kind,
By love and tenderness refin'd,
Each gentle virtue that can grace
The female breast has there a place;
But, ah! that heart has beat too free,
And ne'er can beat with love for me.

ALEXIS.

OBITUARY.

AMIDST the reiterated "triumphs of the tomb," we are now called upon, by the strongest impulse of affection and grief, to weep over the grave of another worthy, in the person of colonel JEREMIAH OLNEY, late collector of the customs of the port and district of Providence, and "president of the society of Cincinnati of the state of Rhodeisland and Providence plantations," who

departed this life with great serenity, and a Christian hope of a blessed immortality, on Tuesday morning November 10, 1812, in the sixty-third year of his age. The life of this amiable and highly revered gentleman was distinguished by the most undeviating honour and integrity, from which no interest could swerve him, no danger appal him. To his innate love and ardent practice of truth and justice, were united a disposition the most social and endearing, a philanthropy the most exalted, and a hospitality the most unostentatious and interesting to the finer feelings of the heart. To every branch of his numerous and respectable family, to all his associates and neighbours, he was ever attentive and affectionate, and to those whom he knew were oppressed with sickness, sorrow, and misfortune, he was a liberal, active comforter—*a friend indeed!* Even his servants he humanely considered his "humble friends," and treated them accordingly. Indeed, all who were connected or associated with him, by affinity, friendship, or patronage, will long remember him with the most lively gratitude and regard, mingled with sentiments of the tenderest regret. His private virtues were numerous and exemplary, as he wisely regulated his conduct by his revered monitor, Conscience—the incorruptible vicegerent of the *most high God.* As a citizen, he was public spirited; as a patriot soldier, ardent, judicious, and intrepid. He commenced his military career at the earliest period of the defensive revolutionary war, and became the companion in arms of the immortal Washington, under whose auspicious command (frequently as the chief officer of the Rhodeisland forces) he nobly persevered, through all the trying, changing scenes of the revolution, till a glorious independence emancipated his beloved country, and, in "peace, liberty, and safety," ranked her amongst the nations of the earth. His deeds of valour were too numerous and splendid to be recorded in an obituary; but his heroism at Red Bank, Springfield, Monmouth, Yorktown, and other places where "men's souls were tried," will be honourably registered by the pen of the faithful historian in the annals of his country, and will embalm his memory to all posterity. When his friend and patron, the illustrious Washington, became the first president of the United States, he remembered the signal services of colonel Olney, and

honoured him with the important and responsible office of collector, in which he officiated many years, amidst "a choice of difficulties," with a dignity the most exalted, and a fidelity the most unshaken, until, by the pressure of the embargo law, his patriotic elevation of soul urged him to resign a lucrative office, which he could no longer exercise, without contributing to the burthens of his fellow citizens.

This imperfect sketch is a tribute of affection and respect towards "a long-loved, long-tried friend," by one who well knew his intrinsic worth, and in whose remembrance he will live, while the power of recollection exists.

On Friday afternoon (after the delivery of an evangelical and most affectionate prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Gano) the remains of this excellent man were deposited in the silent tomb in the North Burying-ground, with military honours, and other solemn, impressive, and dignified testimonials of respect from every class of this community. During the day, emblematical demonstrations of mourning were, with great propriety, displayed.

Prov. Gaz. Nov. 14.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The portrait of Fisher Ames, which adorns the front of this number, belongs more appropriately to the Port Folio for January, to which it can easily be transferred by the binder.

The amiable invalid, whose gratitude to his accomplished physician was so poetically and warmly expressed in our journal for November, would do equal injustice to our taste and our feelings, by imputing to us any inattention to his productions. It will, on the contrary, yield us great satisfaction to bestow on them a marked and cordial distinction, whenever he has leisure to furnish us with an opportunity.

The correspondent who has favoured us with his initial letter on Portugal, will gratify us by forwarding his second number, to enable us to judge of the natural and probable length of his communication.

THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.
COWPER.

VOL. I. MARCH, 1813. No. 3.

AMERICAN SCENERY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

VIEW ON THE EAST RIVER.

THE annexed View on the East River is taken from the heights of Indinberg about four miles from the city of Newyork, and includes several interesting objects. On the heights of Bedford, which bound the distance, was fought the battle of Long-island, and in Kips bay immediately at the feet of the spectator, the British army landed soon after that disastrous affair. The large building in the centre of the picture was erected by Messrs. A. and N. Brown, for the purpose of sheltering ships while on the stocks from the weather. The first vessel built beneath it was a ship of five hundred tons, called the America. Immediately beyond it are seen the gunboat fleet in the Wallabout, and one of the large frigates.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LIFE OF JOHN EWING, D. D. LATE PROVOST OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE following life is an eminent example of the beneficial results of persevering industry, and the object of recording it will have been attained, if it shall teach the timid, a proper confidence in his own efforts, and the presumptuous, an humble confidence in his God.

Dr. JOHN EWING was born on the twenty-second day of June, 1732, in the township of Nottingham, in Cœcil county, Maryland, near to the line which separates that state from Pennsylvania. Of his ancestors little is known. They emigrated from Scotland at an early period of the settlement of our country, and fixed themselves on the banks of the Susquehanna, near to the spot where he was born. They were farmers, who, if they did not extend their names beyond their immediate neighbourhood, yet maintained within it that degree of reputation which their descendants can speak of without a blush.

His father was enabled by his industry to support his family* from the produce of his farm, and to give to his children that degree of education which country schools at that time had to offer. This indeed was little, but it was all that was necessary to such a mind as Dr. Ewing's. It was sufficient to furnish the rudiments of science, which, however early they are lost by ordinary minds in the distractions of a life of business, only serve to fan the fire of ambition in stronger intellects, and to direct and guide their possessors to fame.

The school-house at which Dr. Ewing was taught the elements of his native language and the first rules in arithmetic, was at a considerable distance from his father's residence. The daily exercise of walking thither in his youth, tended to invigorate a constitution naturally strong, and enabled him to acquire a stock of health which carried him through sixty years without sickness. At this school it cannot be supposed that he learned much, but he was soon removed from it and placed under the

* There were five brothers: William, George, Alexander, John, and his twin brother, James, who is the only one now living.

superintendance of Dr. Alison, a clergyman eminent for his erudition and piety, who then directed a school at Newlondon cross roads, in the state of Pennsylvania. After having finished those studies usually taught in his school, he remained with him three years as a tutor. To this he was led, not merely by inclination, but by necessity. His father died about this time, and left his small property to be distributed according to the laws of the state of Maryland, in which that of primogeniture prevailed. The eldest son inherited the patrimonial estate, and left Dr. Ewing and his remaining brothers, to struggle in the world with twenty pounds each. At this distribution of his father's property he did not repine, for he then felt a confidence in his own powers which did not deceive him, which poverty could not diminish, and which enabled him subsequently to attain that honourable elevation which he adorned by his virtues as well as his talents.

Under the kind care of Dr. Alison he made considerable progress in his favourite pursuit, the study of mathematics. Books of science were not at that time easily obtained in America, especially in places remote from cities; but such was his thirst for knowledge that he frequently rode thirty or forty miles to obtain the loan of a book which might afford him some information on the subject of his favourite speculations. Those authors who were safe guides could not always be obtained. Incorrect writings sometimes fell into his hands, the errors of which did not escape the detection of his penetrating and original genius. It often occurs that difficulties only quicken the eagerness of the mind in its pursuits, and bring into action its latent energies. Such was the result of difficulties on Dr. Ewing at this early period of his life. His mind did not shrink from intellectual conflict, but gathered vigour from hindrance, and bade defiance to difficulty. At this period he certainly learned much from books, and much from the conversation of Dr. Alison, of whom indeed he always spoke with kindness, but he acquired more from the habits of close thinking in which he early indulged. To the two former he was much indebted, but if we allow to those sources of information all that they merit, it will yet not be hazardous to say that in the science of mathematics he was self-taught, and could never have reached that station which he afterwards adorned, struggling as he was with poverty and harassed

with difficulties, without receiving from other than human aid the impulse which carried him forward.

In the year 1754 he left the school of Dr. Alison, and removed to Princeton for the purpose of entering the college. Mr. Burr, the father of the late vice-president of the United States, was then president of that institution, and of that great and celebrated man he was a favourite pupil. He joined the senior class, and, impelled by pecuniary embarrassments, engaged at the same time as teacher of the grammar school which was connected with the college. His intention was to graduate, and for this purpose it was necessary that he should study in private some branches of learning to which he had previously been unable to attend. These causes made his labour greater than that of his classmates. His studies were arduous and multiplied; but he brought to the contest a mind which difficulties did not easily subdue. He graduated with his class in the year 1755, and finding that he had still to toil for a subsistence, he immediately accepted the appointment of tutor in the college. At this period he resolved to choose his profession; and feeling the study of theology congenial with his wishes, and calculated to permit him to mingle with it scientific researches, he adopted it with his usual promptitude and his usual zeal.

In pursuance of this design, he returned to Dr. Alison, his former tutor and friend, and, after the usual period of preparatory study, he was licensed to preach the Gospel by the presbytery of Newcastle, in the state of Delaware. At the age of twenty-six, before he undertook the pastoral charge of any congregation, he was selected to instruct the philosophical classes in the college of Philadelphia, during the absence of the provost, the late Dr. William Smith. Whilst he was engaged in the discharge of this honourable office, he received an invitation from the presbyterian congregation of his native place to settle himself among them as their pastor. This was an invitation on which he deliberated, before he declined it. To be selected by the friends of his youth as their spiritual guide; to fix himself with a decent stipend on his native spot among his relations and former associates, was a temptation calculated to win a man who was social in his affections, and who was little troubled with the unquiet spirit of am-

bition. But he was by this time married, and having early known the value of a liberal education, he wished to give his offspring the opportunity of possessing those instructions which he himself had so long toiled to acquire; which, during his life, he praised as more valuable than wealth, and recommended to the attention of his children by all the persuasions of paternal affection. Whilst, however, he was deliberating, he received, in the year 1759, an unanimous invitation from the first presbyterian congregation in the city of Philadelphia to undertake their pastoral charge. This he did not feel himself at liberty to decline, but accepted it, and fixed himself for his life.

From this period until the year 1773, he continued to discharge his duties with a diligence and zeal seldom surpassed. In the bosom of his congregation he found affection and friendship, and learned that life has few stations to offer to an unambitious heart more valuable than that of a pastor beloved by his flock. He was now at liberty to pursue his favourite studies without other intrusions on his time than method and diligence could render harmless. During this period his studious researches enabled him to accumulate materials for the compilation of his *Lectures on Natural Philosophy*, and such was the vigour of his understanding, such his habits of constant study, and so ample his stores of knowledge, that the volume published in 1809 is copied from the original manuscript.

New scenes now opened upon his view. In the year 1773 he was commissioned, with the consent of his congregation, in conjunction with Dr. Hugh Williamson, late a member of congress from the state of North Carolina, to solicit subscriptions in Great Britain for the academy of Newark in the state of Delaware. He took with him letters of recommendation from men of science and respectability to several eminent characters. These, aided by his own reputation for mathematical science, his general information, and his virtues, procured for him the intimacy and friendship of several persons, who at that period and since held the highest stations of literature. Among these were the celebrated historian Dr. Robertson, Dr. Webster, Mr. Balfour, and Dr. Blacklock, the blind poet of Scotland. He visited every place of importance in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and in all

of them was received with that attention and respect which are due to the man of science and the minister of God. The cities of Glasgow, Montrose, Dundee and Perth, presented to him their freedom, and, from the university of Edinburgh, of which Dr. Robertson was then the *Principal*, he received, without application, the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Dr. Robertson, on presenting his diploma, declared that he had never before conferred a degree with greater pleasure. The acquaintance, thus commenced with this celebrated personage, ripened into intimacy, and until the death of the latter, in 1793, he made constant and affectionate inquiries about Dr. Ewing from travelling Americans who visited him at Edinburgh. A few days before his death, some young American gentlemen waited upon him, to whom he spoke of his friend "*as a man of great talents for whom he entertained a great personal regard,*" and his last words at parting were, "*Do not forget to present my kind regards to Dr. Ewing.*"

Such a testimonial from such a man as the historian of Charles the Fifth, the descendants of Dr. Ewing may be permitted to remember and to speak of to the world.

When he first visited England, the approaching contest with his native land was a topic of conversation in every society. He was warmly and uniformly the friend of his country, and although he had frequent offers of reward from men, high in power, if he would remain in England, yet his knowledge of the causes of the revolution; his acquaintance with the spirit and resources of his countrymen, and his integrity forbade him to listen to them. He held frequent conversations with the minister, lord North, to whom, with that frankness and independence of sentiment which characterized him, he communicated all his information respecting the resources and power of the people of the united colonies. To the minister he predicted the issue of the contest, and urged him to pause before he alienated irretrievably from the mother country the affections of loyal subjects. These conversations he was in the habit of repeating to his friends on his return from England, not without some degree of surprise that the minister should have involved his country in a war with a people, of whose character, numbers, spirit and resources he was utterly ignorant.

Among the eminent literary characters whom Dr. Ewing met at the hospitable table of Mr. Dilly, the London bookseller, was the truly great Dr. Johnson. He loved to speak to his friends of this interview, which serves to illustrate the character of a man, of whom every one, who has read, knows something. When Mr. Dilly invited Dr. Ewing to dine with him, he added, "You will meet the great Dr. Johnson, but you must not contradict him; we never contradict him." The day arrived, and Dr. Ewing, on entering the parlour of Mr. Dilly, found several eminent literary characters engaged in easy conversation, which, however, was instantly suspended when Dr. Johnson entered the room. There was a general silence. He scarcely noticed any one, but, seizing a book which lay on the table, read in it attentively until dinner was announced. Here, every one seemed to forget himself, and anxious to please him by the most assiduous attentions. He attended however to nothing but his plate. He did not seem to know that any one was present, until, having eaten voraciously without exhibiting many of those *graces* which constituted so great a portion of Chesterfield's morality, he raised his head slowly, and, looking around the table, surveyed the guests for the first time. They were then engaged in a discussion of the expected controversy with America, and, as Dr. Ewing had lately left his native country, he, with his usual frankness, and without adverting to, or regarding the prejudices of Dr. Johnson, began to defend the cause of the colonies. Johnson looked at him with sternness, and said, "*What do you know, Sir, on that subject?*" Mr. Dilly's caution was forgotten, and Dr. Ewing calmly replied, that having resided in America during his life, he thought himself qualified to deliver his opinions on the subject under discussion. This produced an animated conversation. Johnson's prejudices against the Americans were strong; he considered them, as he always termed them, rebels and scoundrels, and these epithets were now by no means sparingly used. It is difficult to say how far he might have been provoked, by opposition in argument, if a fortunate turn had not been given to the dispute. Johnson had rudely said, "Sir, what do *you* know in America. You never read. You have no books there." "Pardon me, sir," replied Dr. Ewing, "we have read the *Ram-*

bler." This civility instantly pacified him, and, after the rest of the company had retired, he sat with Dr. Ewing until midnight, speaking amicably and eloquently, and uttering such wisdom as seldom falls from the lips of man.

In the summer of 1775, Dr. Ewing returned to his native land, with a mind highly improved by his travels. He had directed his inquiries to the study of man, in all the varieties which Great Britain and Ireland afforded. He had collected much information and many anecdotes, which on his return were reserved for the amusement and instruction of that social circle, which he loved to collect at his own fireside. His parlour was always the scene of cheerfulness and hospitality. His finances indeed were never more than moderate, but he was always able to furnish for his guests something more valuable than the delicacies of the season, or the wines of France.

War had now commenced between the United States and Great Britain, and he adhered to the cause of his country with steadiness and zeal. When the British army was expected in Philadelphia in 1777, he removed his family to his native place, where he continued to reside until the city was evacuated by *Clinton*, immediately before his retreat through the state of Newjersey to Newyork. He then returned to his congregation, and in 1779 was elected to the provostship of the university of Pennsylvania, which station he filled until his death.

To this station he was fully competent. In all the branches of learning and science usually taught in colleges, he was uncommonly accurate, and in his mode of instruction and of communicating information he was probably never surpassed. On his appointment he prepared the Lectures which have been published, and which he delivered to his pupils during a period of twenty years. They contain all that is necessary for the mere student; written in a plain and simple style, and arranged with great method and perspicuity. As a teacher perhaps no one was ever more beloved. His authority over his pupils was that of a parent, and while he maintained that discipline without which genius will be wasted, and diligence useless, he won their affection by the mildest manners.

All his hours were now occupied. He attended at the university during the mornings and afternoons of every day, and devoted his remaining time to the duties of his pastoral charge, and a necessary attention to his private affairs. These were arduous and multiplied. Visiting the sick, and interchanging with his parishioners the visits of friendship, occupied much of his time. And when from the performance of these duties, he retired to his closet, he was obliged to prepare, usually two, but always at least one discourse for the approaching sabbath. But these difficulties yielded to his love of method and untiring diligence. He rose with the sun, and retired to rest at a late hour in the night; yet his constitution was naturally so robust, and the care of his health so judicious, that, during a period of forty years, he was never prevented by sickness from attending to his pastoral duties.

But these were not his only employments. His mathematical reputation attracted the attention of his fellow citizens, and on various occasions he was appointed to perform public duties. He was one of those gentlemen who were commissioned to run the boundary line of the state of Delaware, and to settle the boundary line between the states of Massachusetts and Connecticut and between Pennsylvania and Virginia. He was also appointed in conjunction with the late David Rittenhouse, by the state of Pennsylvania, to survey the most practicable ground for a turnpike road between Philadelphia and Lancaster. He was a distinguished member, and for some time one of the vice-presidents of the American Philosophical Society, to which he made several valuable communications, which are recorded in the volumes of their transactions.* He also made several valuable additions to the astronomical articles in the American edition of the British Encyclopædia, published by Mr. Thomas Dobson. About the year 1795, he commenced the compilation of a course of Lectures on Natural History, for the use of the pupils in the

* The following were the communications which he made to the A. P. S. "An account of the Transit of Venus over the sun, June 3d, 1769, and of the Transit of Mercury, November 9th, 1769, both as observed in the statehouse, Philadelphia." "An improvement in the construction of Godfrey's Quadrant."

university, and made some progress in the work, but his health did not permit him to complete his plan.

From the year 1779 to the time of his death, his life had little variety. He continued to discharge the various duties of pastor, preceptor, husband, parent, and friend, without making, as it is believed, one good man his foe. The compensation which he received from the university and from the church, although not large, enabled him, with economy, to raise a numerous family, and to acquire a moderate property. But he was not versed in the artifices of business. He was a friend, and he trusted. He was himself free from guile, and therefore easily duped, and thus, in his old age, he had the mortification to see his little property swept from him by those to whom he had formerly loved to render acts of kindness. Yet he did not speak harshly of those who had injured him. Some of them indeed he forgave, though he could not forget. But for the conduct of the rest, he was always desirous to find excuses, and he continued during his life to defend those who could find no other apologist.

In the summer of 1796 he was attacked with a violent disorder, which it required a long time to subdue. He never however recovered from its effects; but although it left him so feeble as to be unable to walk without aid, he still persevered in performing his public duties. His remaining strength began to fail him during the early part of the year 1802, and in the month of August, he removed his family on account of the yellow fever to the house of his son in Montgomery county, in Pennsylvania, where he died on the 8th of September of that year, in the 71st year of his age.

The following sketch is extracted from a funeral sermon preached by his pastoral successor, the rev. Dr. John Blair Linn, on the 21st of November, 1802, in the first Presbyterian Church, in the city of Philadelphia.

"The unembellished incidents which have now been narrated of Dr. Ewing's life, his religious and scientifical writings; his observations and deportment in the different relations of society, declare that his mind was uncommonly strong and penetrating, and that he had a mild and correct taste. Were we to distinguish between his powers, we would say that his understanding

predominated over his imagination. He had more the mind of Locke than of Milton. He looked through nature more with the eye of the philosopher than of the poet. The sublimer and minuter forms of matter were objects of his investigation; and we cannot but suppose him to have been gifted with diversified talents, who could scan the illuminated glories of the heavens, and inspect the insect which is only visible to the microscopic eye: We cannot but suppose that his researches were extensive, who looked into the mind of man, analyzed his faculties and affections; who unfolded to him the great truths of his God, who looked through the howling wilds and taught the properties of the brutal tribes, who looked through the fields of air and described the race which travel on the wing. In the science of mathematics, Dr. Ewing, if not unrivalled, was unsurpassed by any character in this country. His knowledge of the learned languages was very considerable. The Hebrew language, which is too often neglected by the ministers of God in the present day, was one of his favourite studies. In the mornings of his latter days, he always read a portion of the scriptures in their original tongue; and you could seldom enter his room without seeing on his couch beside him his Hebrew bible. His qualifications as a minister of the gospel were many and eminent. Science was to him a powerful assistant in the labours of his sacred office. She was with him a handmaid to religion, and, aided by her, he was an able champion of the cross, both in the advocation of its cause and in the repulsion of the attacks of impiety and error. He was mighty in the scriptures. To the fountain of all religious knowledge he went for instruction. His religious opinions were not so much founded upon the systems written by fallible men, as upon the scriptures of infallibility. He adopted not Calvin or Arminius, or Socinus, but the word of God as his guide. He read, he examined, he decided for himself. With the works of commentators and systematical writers he was familiar; he considered them as indispensable assistants to the student, but his veneration for these did not impress upon him a blind obedience to their dictates: He was first convinced by his own researches that they corresponded with the sacred volume, before he acknowledged their authority. His own investigation confirmed

him in his belief of the doctrines of grace. These were the doctrines which he preached and which he endeavoured to impress upon the hearts of his people.* His discourses were written with accuracy; the truths which they contained were well examined and digested before he ventured to offer them to the public. He thought it a duty which he owed to his God and his hearers, to think before he spoke, to study and to ponder in private, before he arose in the presence of an audience as the messenger from heaven. To God he looked for aid and support; but he looked for assistance in his study, before he trusted to divine impulse in the sacred desk. Perhaps it may be said with truth that no minister in this country has adopted a better method of instruction than that which distinguished his discourses; and perhaps it may be said that none more fully illustrated and confirmed by plain and decisive reasoning, the passage which he chose for discussion. The style in which he embodied his conceptions was always perspicuous and occasionally ornamental. Ornament however he did not often employ. He sometimes poured forth 'thoughts that breathed and words that burned,' but his most usual manner was sober and temperate, such as was adopted before him by Tillotson and Sherlock. Mere declamation was never heard from him; his discourses were always solid and edifying, and so equal in the scale of merit; that perhaps to no one which he wrote in the vigour of his mind could a decided preference be given."

"His delivery was pleasing and happy. If, in his old age, from debility, it was not remarkable for animation, yet it was distinguished for correctness, and could sometimes touch the finest springs of tenderness and pity.

"The temper of Dr. Ewing was generous, and not often ruffled. His manners and deportment were easy and affable. Free from guile himself, he suspected not guile in others. He had a freeness of salutation which sometimes surprised the stranger, but which was admired by those who knew him, as it proceeded from a heart open and honest. His talents for conversation were

* "Among the practical writers he thought that Doddridge was the best: and he thought that the method which he followed in his discourses was a good model for the practical and devout preacher."

remarkably entertaining. From severer studies he could unbend, and become the companion of innocent mirth and happy gayety. In the house of bidden joy his religion did not wear the frown; it covered not itself with the mantle of sorrow, but it taught him to rejoice with those that rejoice, as well as to weep with those that weep. He was perfectly free from pedantry, and from every thing that bore its resemblance. In the company of philosophers, he was in his conversation the philosopher, and with the unlettered, the man of ease and accommodation. His talent of narration was universally admired. His observation of men and manners in this country and abroad furnished him with many scenes and facts which as painted and related by him were extremely entertaining. In domestic life he was amiable. He had all the heart of the husband; he had all the heart of the parent; he had the full heart of a friend; surrounded by a large family, he had care and tenderness for them all. His affection for his children was such that, even in his moments of severest study, he received them with smiles, and laid aside his books to partake of their infantile sports.

"Dr. Ewing was tall in his person, and, while in younger life, was handsome and graceful. His constitution was remarkably sound and strong. He was settled with his congregation forty years without being prevented more than once or twice by sickness from discharging the duty of his pastoral charge. The only serious disorder which he had, was the one which proved fatal, and which first seized him (in 1796) six years before his death. After his first attack he frequently preached, but never regained his strength of body, or vigour of mind. In his sickness he discovered patience, fortitude and resignation to the will of his heavenly Father. No murmur escaped his lips, and his last moments were closed apparently without a pang and without a struggle. In a good old age, in his seventy-first year, he fell to the ground *like as a shock of corn cometh in his season.* A short time before his death he buried the last of those members of his congregation who signed his call."

CRITICISM—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CUM TABULIS ANIMUM CENSORIS SUMET HONESTI.—*Hor.*

Medical Inquiries and Observations upon the Diseases of the Mind. By Benjamin Rush, M. D. Professor of the Institutes and Practice of Medicine, and of Clinical Practice in the University of Pennsylvania.

WHEREVER civilisation and science have united their influence to illuminate the mind, elevate the sentiments, and dignify the character of man, and even amid the gloom of barbarism itself, a *sound intellect* is esteemed the most valuable of earthly possessions. Far surpassing mere health of body, and all considerations relating to titles and wealth and power, it is the choicest blessing that heaven can bestow. It is with justice, therefore, that, physically speaking, madness is every where regarded as preeminent in the catalogue of human calamities. Fevers, convulsions, tortures, and wounds—corporeal maladies of whatever description—even death itself, in its most appalling form, are trifles when compared to the *wreck of the mind.* Of all objects which earth can present to the eye of sensibility, a shattered intellect is the most shocking.—It excites the liveliest commiseration and the deepest horror.—Reason tossed in ruin from her seat—Memory vitiated or entirely extinguished—Perception itself impaired and deceptive—the Understanding overthrown and broken, as it were, into glittering fragments—the Judgment paralysed, or acting only to err and mislead—the Imagination roused to the utmost extravagance, and abandoned to fancies the most wild and incoherent—the Passions let loose and ungovernable as the whirlwind, or Terror and Despair benumbing and stiffening every faculty of the soul, while the balm of Repose is for months and years denied to the sufferer.—Such is a faint outline of the picture which mental derangement occasionally exhibits, and such the wretchedness which the volume before us professes to relieve. We mean not to speak irreverently when we say, that next, in its importance and beatific influence, to the conversion of the soul from a fallen to a regenerated state, is the reduction of the intellect from madness to reason.

On the American mind, the very title of the work which we hold under our consideration, connected with the name of its

venerable author, is calculated to produce a pleasing effect. The publication will be welcomed as an offering of the most consolitory promise. It will be associated with all the advantages which have been derived, in mental diseases, from the practice therein recommended, in almost every quarter of the United States. The contents of the volume are not now for the first time made known to the physicians of our country. For many years past they have been inculcated, with ample illustrations, in a course of lectures delivered by the professor to the medical students in the university of Pennsylvania. These young gentlemen, returning to their homes and commencing their medical career, have, in many instances, reduced them to practice, much to their own credit, and no less to the advantage of suffering humanity.

To those acquainted with the history of Dr. Rush as a practitioner and a teacher of medicine, it is well known that his labours and inquiries in relation to madness have been not only long since commenced, and pursued with a zealous and unrelaxing industry, but conducted on a scale of unusual extent. His knowledge of medical science, in its utmost latitude, has rendered him familiar with every thing that has been written on the diseases of the mind, while a wide range of private practice among persons insane, and an attendance of more than thirty years as physician to the Pennsylvania Hospital, the most extensive asylum for lunatics in the United States, have furnished him with the fruits of ample experience. It is evident, moreover, that the professor has bestowed on mental diseases an attention far beyond what belongs to common medical observation. He has studied them as a philosopher, no less than as a practitioner of the healing art—in their nature and secret causes, no less than in their symptoms and modes of treatment. His constant and determined aim has been, to fathom them, if possible, in all their depth, and to pursue them through all the intricacies of their character. To this he has been led, not only by his wish, as a philanthropist, to administer relief to the keenest miseries which man can endure, but, by his laudable desire of fame, as a writer, and by his responsible station as a public teacher, whose opinions are destined to have a wide range and a weigh-

ty influence on the medical mind of the United States. On the degree of success with which his efforts have been crowned in this arduous and highly beneficent undertaking, and the extent to which he has filled up the measure of public expectation, we shall not at present attempt to decide. It is sufficient for us to observe, and we hope to convince our readers, that we do not hazard the observation rashly, that the work contains much matter, which, whether it be entirely original or not, is interesting in its nature, and important in its relation to the welfare of man.

As our business, at present, is not so much with physicians, as with our fellow citizens at large, we deem it improper to trouble our readers with a view of the peculiar points of doctrine which Dr. Rush attempts to maintain, in his inquiry into the causes, the seat, and the nature of madness. Whether this be a disease originating and existing exclusively in the mind, or a malady of common origin, communicated, in all cases, to the mind from the body—Whether it consist in a morbid state of action in the blood vessels of the brain, or in some other portion of that important organ—Whether it is to be regarded as constituting an unit with rheumatism, peripneumony, and other diseases confessedly corporeal—Or whether it be an affection *sui generis*—These are matters of mere hypothesis, on which we do not conceive it our duty to dwell, much less our province to attempt to decide. Inasmuch as they could not be made intelligible to the generality of readers, so neither could they be rendered interesting to them by any excellence of discussion or felicity of expression. We cannot, however, conceal our apprehension, that, in relation to these topics, physicians of enlightened and independent minds will be slow in adopting the sentiments of our author, although urged with the zeal of an enthusiast, supported with much ingenuity, and sanctioned by all the weight of his character. With respect to ourselves, we wish it to be clearly understood, that however favourable our sentiments may be as to the intention and general scope of the work, and however high our estimation of the many accurate descriptions and excellent practical precepts with which it abounds, our approbation of these particulars is not to be received as any intimation of our assent to all the speculations and opinions which it contains.

On the other hand, we feel a persuasion bordering even on conviction itself, that it would have lost nothing, either on the score of respectability or usefulness, had many of these opinions been suffered to slumber in the mind of the author. But whether all the opinions of the professor be tenable or not, there are none of them, perhaps, without their claim to some degree of consideration. In the general scope of his observations on the diseases of the mind he has certainly travelled over a wider field, and embraced a more extensive, at least, a more circumstantial view of the subject, than we have hitherto met with in the writings of any other author. Nothing appears to have escaped his notice which bears any real affinity to madness. Of the magnitude of the superstructure, some idea may be formed from the extent of the basis on which it is erected.

In analysing the mind, the doctor enumerates as so many distinct and independent *faculties*, the understanding, the memory, the imagination, the passions, the principle of faith, the will, the moral faculty, conscience, and the sense of Deity. The chief mental *operations* he states to be sensation, perception, association, judgment, reasoning, and volition. An unsound condition of either of these he regards as a modification of intellectual derangement. Each several faculty and operation, moreover, he considers as subject to derangement in different degrees; each degree constituting a different form of disease. Hence the unusual extent and variety which necessarily characterize the scheme he has adopted.

Madness, according to the sentiments of our author, in which every physician of observation will concur, may be, in a twofold point of view, either partial or general. It is partial, either when a part only of the faculties of the mind are deranged, the rest retaining their usual sanity; or when the same faculty is deranged on a few subjects, but correct in relation to all others. Mania, or general madness consists in an indiscriminate wreck—a chaos of all the intellectual faculties—and that without any distinction of subjects.

In common with other metaphysicians, our author considers the understanding as the noblest faculty of the mind, and represents it as most frequently the seat of derangement. With the

consideration, therefore, of the diseases of this faculty he commences the practical part of his work.

Partial derangement of the understanding the professor divides into two different forms of disease. The first is hypochondriasis, which, in technical phraseology peculiar to himself, he denominates tristimania, because it is accompanied by painful apprehensions and dejection of mind. To the second he gives the name of amenomania (agreeable madness) because it is accompanied with pleasure, or is, at least, exempt from mental distress.

But instead of a formal analysis, which could, at best, furnish nothing but a feeble and mutilated picture, and would, besides, be more suitable for a professional than a literary journal, we shall, for the gratification of our readers, proceed, without further introduction, to lay before them a few extracts which appear to us worthy of their attention, and are, at the same time, calculated to afford them correct views of the general character and usefulness of the work. As these extracts will constitute of themselves by far the most valuable part of this paper, we shall attach but little importance either to the order in which they may be introduced, or the remarks with which they may be occasionally accompanied.

Of hypochondriasis or tristimania, our author gives the following interesting description:

The characteristic symptom of this form of derangement, as it appears in the mind, is *distress*, the causes of which are numerous, and of a personal nature. I shall enumerate some of them, as they have appeared in different people. They relate, 1, to the patient's body. He erroneously believes himself to be afflicted with various diseases, particularly with consumption, cancer, stone, and above all, with impotence, and the venereal disease. Sometimes he supposes himself to be poisoned, or that his constitution has been ruined by mercury, or that the seeds of the hydrophobia are floating in his system.

2. He believes that he has a living animal in his body. A sea captain, formerly of this city, believed for many years that he had a wolf in his liver. Many persons have fancied they were gradually dying, from animals of other kinds preying upon different parts of their bodies. 3. He imagines himself to be converted into an animal of another species, such as a goose, a cock, a dog, a cat, a hare, a cow, and the like. In this case he adopts the noises and gestures of the animals into which he supposes himself to be transformed.

4. He believes he inherits, by transmigration, the soul of some fellow creature, but much oftener of a brute animal. There is now a madman in the Pennsylvania Hospital who believes that he was once a calf, and who mentions the name of the butcher that killed him, and the stall in the Philadelphia market on which his flesh was sold, previously to his animating his present body.

5. He believes he has no soul. The late Dr. Percival communicated to me, many years ago, an account of a dissenting minister in England, who believed that God had annihilated his soul as a punishment for his having killed a highway man, by grasping him by the throat, who attempted to rob him. His mind was correct upon all other subjects.

6. He believes he is transformed into a plant. In the memoirs of the count de Maurepas, we are told this error took possession of the mind of one of the princes of Bourbon to such a degree, that he often went and stood in his garden, where he insisted upon being watered in common with all the plants around him.

7. The patient afflicted with this disease sometimes fancies he is transformed into glass.

8. He believes, that by discharging the contents of his bladder, he shall drown the world.

9. He believes himself to be dead.

It is worthy of notice, in all these cases of erroneous judgment, the patients reason correctly, that is, draw just inferences from their errors. Thus the prince of Bourbon, when he supposed himself to be a plant, reasoned justly when he insisted upon being watered. In like manner, the hypochondriac who supposes himself to be dead, reasons with the same correctness when he stretches his body and limbs upon a bed or a board, and assumes the stillness and silence of the shroud.

In illustration of the striking mental vicissitudes to which hypochondriac patients are frequently subject, the following paragraphs are entitled to the attention of the curious reader.

The hypochondriasis, or tristimania, like most other diseases, has paroxysms, and remissions or intermissions, all of which are influenced by many circumstances, particularly by company, wine, exercise, and, above all, the weather.

A pleasant season, a fine day, and even a morning sun, often suspend the disease. Mr. Cowper, who knew all its symptoms by sad experience, bears witness to the truth of this remark, in one of his letters to Mr. Haley. "I rise," says he, "cheerless and distressed, and brighten as the sun goes on." Its paroxysms are sometimes denominated "low spirits." They continue from a day, a week, a month, a season, to a year, and sometimes longer. The intervals differ, 1, in being accompanied with preternatural high spirits. 2. In

being attended with remissions only; and 3, with intermissions, or, in other words, with correctness, and equanimity of mind.

The extremes of low and high spirits which occur in the same person, at different times, are happily illustrated by the following case. A physician in one of the cities of Italy was once consulted by a gentleman who was much distressed with a paroxysm of this intermitting state of hypocondriasm. He advised him to seek relief in convivial company, and recommended to him in particular to find out a gentleman of the name of Cardini, who kept all the tables in the city, to which he was occasionally invited, in a roar of laughter. "Alas! Sir," said the patient, with a heavy sigh, "I am that Cardini." Many such characters, alternately marked by high and low spirits, are to be found in all the cities in the world.

The more advanced and inveterate stages of this terrible disease, are thus most feelingly and eloquently described:

The remissions and intermissions which have been described, cease, and even the transient blaze of cheerfulness, which now and then escapes from a heart smothered with anguish, is seen no more. The distress now becomes constant. "Clouds return after every rain." Not a ray of comfort glimmers upon the soul in any of the prospects or retrospects of life. "All is now darkness without and within." These poignant words were once uttered by a patient of mine with peculiar emphasis, while labouring under this stage of the disease. Neither nature nor art now possess a single beauty, nor music nor poetry a single charm. The two latter often give pain, and sometimes offence. In vain do love and friendship, and domestic affection, offer sympathy or relief to the mind in this awful situation. Even the consolations of religion are rejected, or heard with silence and indifference. Night no longer affords a respite from misery. It is passed in distracting wakefulness, or in dreams more terrible than waking thoughts; nor does the light of the sun chase away a single distressing idea. "I rise in the morning," says Mr. Cowper in a letter to Mr. Haley, "like an infernal frog out of Acheron, covered with the ooze and mud of melancholy." No change of place is wished for that promises any alleviation of suffering. "Could I be translated to paradise," says the same elegant historian of his own sorrows, in a letter to lady Hesketh, "unless I could leave my body behind me, my melancholy would cleave to me there."

But the most awful symptom of this disease remains yet to be mentioned, and that is DESPAIR. The marks of the extreme misery included in this word are sometimes to be seen in the countenances and gestures of hypochondriacs in a hospital; but as it is difficult to obtain from such persons a history of their feelings, I shall endeavour to give some idea of them in the following account, communicated to me by a clergyman who passed four years and a half in that state of mind.

He said "he felt the bodily pains and mental anguish of the damned; that he slumbered only, but never slept soundly, during the long period that has

been mentioned; that he lost his appetites, and passions, so as to desire and relish nothing; and to love and hate no one; that his feet were constantly cold, and the upper part of his body warm; that he lost all sense of years, months, weeks, days, and nights, and even of morning and evening; that in this respect, time was to him, no more." During the whole period of his misery, he kept his hands in constant motion towards his head and thighs, and ceased not constantly to cry out, "wretched man that I am! I am damned; oh, I am damned everlastingly."

The remedies for hypochondriasis the doctor divides into such as act directly upon the body, and such as act indirectly on the body, through the medium of the mind.

In the first class of remedies *blood-letting* stands preeminent. In relation to this our author communicates an interesting and important anecdote.

I was led to use it (blood-letting) by the following fact, communicated to me by the late Dr. Thomas Bond. A preacher among the friends called upon him, to consult him in this state of madness. He said he was possessed of a devil, and that he felt him constantly in aches and pains in every part of his body. The doctor felt his pulse, which he found to be full and tense. He advised him to sit down in his parlour, and persuaded him to let him open a vein in his arm. While the blood was flowing, the patient cried out, "I am relieved, I felt the devil fly out of the orifice in my vein as soon as it was opened." From this time he recovered rapidly from his derangement.

Under the second class of remedies, viz. such as are directed to the body through the medium of the mind, he states some facts which are curious, and others of great importance, the knowledge of which cannot be too extensively diffused.

Terror once cured, for while, a patient of mine, of a belief that he had been poisoned by taking arsenic as a medicine, and that it had eaten out his bowels. A student of medicine, to whom he told this tale, attempted to convince him of his error, upon which he begged him to open him, and to satisfy himself by examining the cavity of his belly. After some preparation, the student laid him upon a table, and drew the back of a knife from one extremity of his belly to the other. "Stop, stop," said my patient, "I've got guts," and suddenly escaped from the hands of his operator. His cure would probably have been durable, after the use of this remedy, had not real distress from another cause brought back that which was imaginary.

Again,

A physician, formerly of this city, used to divert his friends, by relating the history of a cure which had been performed of a patient in this form of madness, who believed himself to be a plant. One of his companions, who

favoured his delusion, persuaded him he could not thrive without being watered, and while he made the patient believe, for some time, he was pouring water from the spout of a tea pot, discharged his urine upon his head. The remedy in this case was resentment and mortification.

I have heard of a person afflicted with this disease, who supposed himself to be dead, who was instantly cured by a physician proposing to his friends, in his hearing, to open his body, in order to discover the cause of his death.

As a powerful remedy in this disease the doctor strongly recommends *employment*, and deprecates idleness as a source of the greatest mischief. Under the term, employment, he includes both exercise of body and occupation of mind.

I knew a lady, in whom this disease was brought on by a disappointment in love, who cured herself by translating Telemachus into English verse. The remedy here was, chiefly, *constant* employment.

Dr. Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, delivers the following direction for its cure: "Be not idle; be not solitary." Dr. Johnson has improved this advice by the following commentary upon it. "When you are idle, be not solitary; and when you are solitary, be not idle." The illustrious Spinola, upon hearing of the death a friend, inquired of what disease he died? "Of having nothing to do," said the person who mentioned it. "Enough," said Spinola, "to kill a general."

The professor's observations under this head generally, are peculiarly calculated both to amuse and instruct. The reader will be amply rewarded by a perusal of them, there being few persons who may not find something in them, applicable, at times, to their own cases.

From the following anecdotes, inferences highly important may be drawn.

A gentleman afflicted with this disease went with a loaded pistol into a tavern in London, with a design to destroy himself. To conceal his intention, he called for a small decanter of wine, and, after locking the door of the room into which he had been conducted, cocked his pistol, but before he discharged its contents through his head, determined to try the quality of his wine. Perceiving it to be very good, he drank a second, and then a third glass, after which he uncocked his pistol, and finished the whole decanter. Finding such a prompt remedy for his despair in this cordial liquor, he continued to use it freely, and was thereby cured.

A maniac in the Pennsylvania Hospital, some years ago, expressed a strong desire to drown himself. Mr Higgins, the present steward of the hospital seemed to favour this wish, and prepared water for the purpose. The distressed man stripped himself and eagerly jumped into it. Mr. Higgins en-

deavoured to plunge his head under the water, in order, he said to hasten his death. The maniac resisted, and declared he would prefer being burnt to death. "You shall be gratified," said Mr. Higgins, and instantly applied a lighted candle to his flesh. "Stop, stop," said he, I will not die now;" and never afterwards attempted to destroy himself, nor even expressed a wish for death.

Zacutus relates the history of a hypochondriac who had made several unsuccessful attempts to destroy himself by fire. His physician, in order to cure him, wrapped him in a fresh sheep skin, which he had previously wetted with spirit of turpentine. He applied fire to this skin, which instantly enveloped him in a blaze, that so terrified him, that he never attempted afterwards to put an end to his life.

In the memoirs of count Maurepas, it is related of the same prince of Bourbon who fancied himself to be a plant, that he sometimes supposed himself to be dead, at which time he refused to take any food, for which he said he had no further occasion. To cure this alarming delusion, they contrived to disguise two persons who were introduced to him as his grandfather, and marshal Luxemburg, and who, after conversing with him for some time about the shades that inhabited the place of the dead, invited him to dine with marshal Turenne. The prince followed them into a cellar prepared for the purpose, where he made a hearty meal; which immediately restored him to the belief that he was alive.

We invite the attention of our readers to the following extracts, as containing truths which are curious and important in themselves, and may prove interesting, in no ordinary degree, to the cause of humanity. They tend to exculpate from the charge of vice, individuals who are only subject to the most deplorable of misfortunes—they justly represent as under the influence of mental delusion, persons, who are oftentimes stigmatized as abandoned to habitual falsehood.

Amenomania is a common form of partial insanity. We see it in the enthusiastic votaries of all the pursuits and arts of man. The alchymists, the searchers after perpetual motion, the astronomers, the metaphysicians, the politicians, the knight errants, and the travellers, have all in their turns furnished cases of this form of derangement. I once met with a striking instance of it, from alchymical pursuits, in a gentleman, at the table of Mr. Wolfe, in London. He related the issue of several experiments, in which some of the base metals had been converted into gold, and he declared, further, his belief, that there was at that time a man living in India, whose life had been prolonged above 600 years by an elixir that had been discovered by an alchymist. Upon other subjects he was rational and well informed. Dr. Johnson has

given a just picture of this disease in the character of an astronomer, in his Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia. Several of the nations of Europe have lately furnished instances of men deranged, from a belief in the possibility of producing perfection in human nature, and in civil government, by means of what they absurdly called the omnipotence of human reason. But we see this disease of the mind most frequently in the enthusiasts in religion, in whom it discovers itself in a variety of ways; particularly,

1. In a belief that they are the peculiar favourites of heaven, and exclusively possessed of just opinions of the divine will, as revealed in the scriptures.

2. That they see and converse with angels, and the departed spirits of their relations and friends.

3. That they are favoured with visions, and the revelation of future events. And,

4. That they are exalted into beings of the highest order. I have seen two instances of persons, who believed themselves to be the Messiah, and I have heard of each of the sacred names and offices of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, having been assumed at the same time by three persons, under the influence of this partial form of derangement, in a hospital in Mexico.

Our author's extensive knowledge of insanity has enabled him to depict it in all its different varieties and forms. Some of the extraordinary effects of this disease he thus describes:

From a part of the brain being preternaturally elevated, but not diseased, the mind sometimes discovers not only unusual strength and acuteness, but certain talents it never exhibited before. The records of the wit and cunning of madmen are numerous in every country. Talents for eloquence, poetry, music, and painting, and uncommon ingenuity in several of the mechanical arts, are often evolved in this state of madness. A gentleman whom I attended in our hospital in the year 1810, often delighted, as well as astonished, the patients and officers of our hospital, by his displays of oratory, in preaching from a table in the hospital yard every Sunday. A female patient of mine, who became insane after parturition in the year 1807, sang hymns and songs, of her own composition, during the latter stage of her illness, with a tone of voice so soft and pleasant, that I hung upon it with delight, every time I visited her. She had never discovered a talent for poetry nor music in any previous part of her life. Two instances of a talent for drawing, evolved by madness, have occurred within my knowledge; and where is the hospital for mad people, in which elegant and completely rigged ships, and curious pieces of machinery, have not been exhibited, by persons who never discovered the least turn for a mechanical art, previously to their derangement. Sometimes we observe in mad people an unexpected resuscitation of knowledge; hence we hear them describe past events, and speak in ancient or

modern languages, or repeat long and interesting passages from books, none of which we are sure they were capable of recollecting, in the natural and healthy state of their minds.

Again,

Not only the ravings of mad people, for the most part, accord with their habitual tempers and dispositions, and the causes of their disease, but their conduct corresponds in like manner with their habitual occupations. The lawyer, the physician, and the minister of the gospel, frequently employ themselves in the exercises of their several professions. The merchant spends much of his time in making out invoices, and in writing letters; the politician devours a daily newspaper; the poet writes verses; and the painter draws pictures upon the walls of their respective cells: the mechanic cuts out houses, ships, carriages, and bridges, from pieces of sticks, with his penknife; the sailor heaves his log or his line, and the soldier goes through his manual exercise with a cane, and never fails to salute his visitors by lifting the back of his hand to the side of his head.

The professor introduces the chapter in which he treats of the "remedies for madnesss," by setting forth the various means necessary for "establishing a complete government over patients afflicted with that disease." Of these directions all are, no doubt, practically useful, and, to most readers, some of them will have the additional merit of appearing curious and new. Of the latter description is that which relates to the influence of the eye.

The first object of a physician, when he enters the cell, or chamber of his deranged patient, should be to catch his EYE, and look him out of countenance. The dread of the eye was early imposed upon every beast of the field. The tyger, the mad bull, and the enraged dog, all fly from it: now a man deprived of his reason partakes so much of the nature of those animals, that he is for the most part easily terrified, or composed, by the eye of a man who possesses his reason. I know this dominion of the eye over mad people is denied by Mr. Halsam, from his supposing that it consists simply in imparting to the eye a stern or ferocious look. This may sometimes be necessary; but a much greater effect is produced, by looking the patient out of countenance with a mild and steady eye, and varying its aspect from the highest degree of sternness, down to the mildest degree of benignity; for there are keys in the eye, if I may be allowed the expression, which should be suited to the state of the patient's mind, with the same exactness that musical tones should be suited to the depression of spirits in hypocondriasis. In favour of the power of the eye, in conjunction with other means, in composing mad people, I can speak from the experience of many years. It has been witnessed

by several hundred students of medicine in our hospital, and once by several of the managers of the hospital, in the case of a man recently brought into their room, and whose conduct, for a considerable time resisted its efficacy.

The COUNTENANCE of a physician should assist his eye and voice in governing his deranged patients. It should be accommodated to the state of the patient's mind and conduct. There is something like contagion in the different aspects of the human face, and madmen feel it in common with other people. A grave countenance in a physician has often checked the frothy levity of a deranged patient in an instant, and a placid one has as suddenly chased away his gloom. A stern countenance in like manner has often put a stop to garrulity, and a cheerful one has extorted smiles even from the face of melancholy itself.

Under that class of remedies which Dr. Rush recommends as acting on the body through the medium of the mind, we solicit the attention of our readers to a few quotations.

A sudden sense of the ABSURDITY, FOLLY, OR CRUELTY of certain actions, produced by conversation has sometimes cured madness. The cure in this case bears a resemblance to the sudden reduction of a dislocated bone. Some years ago a maniac made several attempts to set fire to our hospital. Upon being remonstrated with, by Mr. Coats, one of its managers, he said, "I am a salamander;" "but recollect (said Mr. Coats) all the patients in the hospital are not salamanders;" that is true, said the maniac, and never afterwards attempted to burn the hospital. Many similar instances of a transient return of reason, and some of cures, by pertinent and well directed conversations, are to be met with in the records of medicine.

Great care should be taken by a physician, to suit his conversation to the different and varying states of the minds of his patients in this disease. In its furious state, they should never be *contradicted*, however absurd their opinions and assertions may be, nor should we deny their requests by our answers, when it is improper to grant them. In the second grade of this disease, we should *divert* them from the subjects upon which they are deranged, and introduce, as if it were accidentally, subjects of another, and of an agreeable nature. When they are upon the recovery, we may *oppose* their opinions and incoherent tales by reasoning, contradiction, and even ridicule. I attended a lady some years ago in our hospital, in whom this practice succeeded to my wishes. In the first and raving state of her disease, she said the spirit of general Washington visited and conversed with her every night. I took no notice of this assertion, but prescribed only for the excited state of her pulse. After this was reduced, I entered into conversation with her, and instantly obtruded a subject foreign to the nightly visits of the spirit of general Washington, whenever she mentioned it. One day, when she appeared rational upon all the subjects upon which we conversed, she lifted up the skirt of her silk gown, and said, "See what a present general Washington made me last

night!" O! fie! said I, Madam, I thought you had more understanding than to suppose general Washington would leave his present abode, to bring a silk gown to any lady upon the face of the earth. She laughed at this rebuke, and never mentioned the name of general Washington to me afterwards, nor discovered any other mark of the remains of her disease.

Terror acts powerfully upon the body, through the medium of the mind, and should be employed in the cure of madness. I once advised gentle exercise upon horseback, in the case of a lady in Virginia who was deranged. In one of her excursions from home, her horse ran away with her. He was stopped after a while by a gate. The lady dismounted, and when her attendants came up to her, they found her, to their great surprise and joy, perfectly restored to her reason, nor has she had since the least sign of a return of her disease. The fall down a steep ridge cured a mania of twenty years continuance. Dr. Joseph Cox relates three cures of madness by nearly similar means. Dr. M. Smith, of Georgia, informed me that a madman had been suddenly cured in Virginia, by the breaking of a rope, by which he had been let down into a well that was employed as a substitute for a bathing tub. He was nearly drowned before he was taken out. C.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Hubert and Ellen. With other Poems.—The Trial of the Harp—Billowy Water—The Plunderer's Grave—The Tear-Drop—The Billow.—By Lucius M. Sargent. Chester Stebbins, Boston, pp. 135.

Accustomed as we are to regard with very peculiar interest the progress of our national poetry, there could be nothing more attractive than a volume of American poems by a gentleman whose reputation as an elegant scholar had induced us to indulge very sanguine hopes of his success. These anticipations, we confess, have not been completely realized, and we are obliged to return our thanks to the author not so much for the gratification of perusing this volume, as for the hopes it inspires of a higher eminence, which we think he is destined to attain. Throughout the whole collection there may be found, abundant evidence of poetical genius, which greater experience in composition and more maturity of taste may render honourable to the author and to his country. But we cannot conceal our conviction that in the present publication, he has not done himself justice—that he is qualified for higher efforts—and that if instead of confining himself to so desultory and languid a flight, he had ventured on a more daring excursion and spread a bolder wing, he

would have been far more successful. We think so, because the parts of the volume which give us most pleasure are precisely those which have no necessary relation with the story, and where the fancy of the author is entirely emancipated from his subject. How far we are correct in this opinion our readers will be enabled to judge by what we shall proceed to lay before them of the contents of the volume, and the plan and conduct of the principal poem in it.

The story of Hubert and Ellen, which forms the chief part of the volume, is simply this: Hubert, a young man of rank, seduces Ellen the daughter of a poor widow named Mary. Ellen, then leaves in despair the house of her mother, who dies of a broken heart at the loss and dishonour of her child. Previous to her death, however, Edwy, a faithful servant of Hubert, on going to the house of Mary, discovers the elopement of Ellen, and hastens to his master, whom he meets in the midst of a dissipated company, where he is endeavouring to drown the consciousness of his guilt. A scene of reproach here follows, and ends by the repentance of Hubert, and his determination to repair, by marriage, the injuries which he has done to Ellen. They then endeavour to discover her retreat, but it is not until after a long and painful search that she is found in an obscure haunt of wretchedness and infamy, to which she had been inveigled by a man, under pretence of giving her an asylum, and where she had been left by him as soon as he perceived that his pursuit was fruitless.—Hubert now marries her; but his father, whom he had offended by refusing a wealthier lady, disinherits him, and he is obliged to use Edwy's assistance for support. Ellen did not, however, long survive to enjoy this happiness; for her sufferings had so undermined her health that she died soon after the marriage. Hubert's affliction at her loss turns his brain, and he at length becomes a wandering maniac, haunting the grave of Ellen.

It will be readily perceived that this history is the thrice told tale of seduction which fills almost all our novels, and is every night exhibited on the stage—a story which, it is true, will always command our feelings, while suffering innocence claims our sympathy, and which can scarcely ever fail to touch the

heart, unless by gross and flagrant misrepresentation. But the very triteness and popularity of the subject render it extremely difficult to manage, just as a good sermon is very rare, because sermons are very common—too much machinery and decoration injure its beauty—too much simplicity makes it degenerate into common place and insipidity. By his manner of treating the subject, the author has most to fear from this last danger. He has in the first place chosen a very difficult and worn out topic, which he has rendered still more intractable by rejecting all the artificial helps which could have been summoned to his assistance. There might have been safely introduced a little episode or pause, for instance, to give it variety—some dialogue to add to its spirit, or at least the actors could have been suffered to speak a little for themselves—instead of passing before us like figures in a camera obscura, and being obliged to trust to the representation of a third person as to what they feel, and say, and suffer. The poem begins with the address of an old man to a stranger, who is supposed to be looking at a maniac reclining on a grave, and seeming to be curious, the old man undertakes to tell him the maniac's story. From the very first line therefore, the old man takes entire possession of the stage, and occupies it till the curtain falls.—Hubert, Ellen, Mary, the dog Carlo are all seen in profile merely; they never come into close acquaintance with the reader; and even the stranger, who hears all the story, does not utter a word, or so much as an exclamation, and all that we know of him is, what Edwy informs us from time to time, that he "gazes," or is about to weep, or seems tired of listening.

By depriving himself of these auxiliaries, the author has narrowed his means of affecting the reader so much that nothing remains on which to build his success, except the interest of the story itself, and the extreme simplicity of narration which such a subject so treated requires. The incidents of the story, as we have detailed them, possess in themselves quite enough to affect the heart, if managed with dexterity; but the simplicity required in the development of them is the most rare attainment of poetry. Over a weak or ill shaped figure the graces of drapery may be thrown so as to conceal or diminish its defects;

but if the artist will disregard these adventitious aids, he must take care that the proportions of his figure be rigidly just, and that a severe and chaste simplicity preside over his labours. It is in this respect that we think the author has been most unfortunate. To the simplicity of such a story, it was essential, in the first place, that the poem should not have been so long, nor its details protracted to such unnecessary minuteness. The imagination can easily descry the end of the poem, and the incidents of each scene, and it then becomes a very wearisome effort to go back and wade through the details when our interest is already far beyond them. In the next place it seems to be a cardinal disadvantage that we are not permitted to know any of the characters intimately enough to feel a very strong affection for them, and the consequence is that the author is obliged to confine himself to a description of what they suffered. We are of course informed how sadly they looked; their tears are described with the greatest minuteness and repetition; and the old man again and again strives to move us by lamentation. We have "poor old man," and "poor old Mary," and "poor old eyes," and "poor old knees," repeated in every part of the poem. Now, in the philosophy of the passions, there seems to be no principle more true than that our sympathy is excited not so much by the complaints of a sufferer, as by a knowledge of his situation and the cause of his grief; and that, therefore, lamentation, so far from being a source of interest, will in fact weaken our respect for the individual who complains.

In the next place, this search after simplicity has led the poet into a number of weak verses, and made him adopt in a few instances an antiquated phraseology, which is quite misplaced in the present work. Why he should use such words as "gear" for riches, or assist his versification by "do" and "did," and above all, by the extravagant repetition of the conjunction "And," which is to be met at the head of so many lines, leading on its languid followers, can scarcely be accounted for, except from a wish to render his poetry simple and affecting. The errors of this sort are, we think, among the least pleasing parts of the volume. There are so many colloquialisms, so many loose lines, and the simplicity becomes in many parts so affected,

that very much of the beauty of the poetry is lost by it. Thus, we have

> And, when at first, he told the tale,
> Of Mary's cottage, in the vale,
> *He pass'd the matter lightly o'er;* &c.
>
> And oft her sadly piercing look
> *Did cut my soul,* with sharp rebuke. &c.
>
> And scarcely lent a willing ear,
> *One word* of all my vows to hear. &c.
>
> And how, when Carlo *brush'd her by,*
> She started wild, yet knew not why. &c.
>
> I then, for faithful Carlo, there
> Besought an aged herdsman's care,
> *Who said he knew the lurcher well.* &c.
>
> When first poor Hubert's change I spied,
> *And knew, that all was o'er.* &c.

And the following specimens are much too simple:

> Yet, when I found my colour came,
> I fear'd 'twould look like guilt and shame,
> And with my passing thought, the more
> This fear did spread the crimson o'er. &c.
>
> Oh, Hubert! can thy heart be gay,
> While Ellen's tears do flow forever?"
> With quiv'ring lip, he quick did say,
> "No! good old Edwy, never! never!" &c.

We take notice of these things with less reluctance, because they are errors which the author has sufficient taste to correct, and genius enough readily to surmount.

It is a much more agreeable task, however, to select for our readers, such passages as will give them a good idea of the author's best manner, and enable them to judge for themselves on the merits of his style. The opening stanzas are among the best of the whole.

> Wanderer, stay!
> If your gentle heart would know
> Who beneath the lonely willow,
> Makes the simple stone his pillow,
> And turns, by fits, from deepest woe,
> To laughter gay.

Wand'rer, though, upon his brow,
Sad Despair and Sorrow now,
And fitful Grief, and Laughter wild
Mark him Distraction's dearest child;
And hair and beard, uncouth and long,
Have done his manly features wrong;
Yet ev'ry deepen'd furrow there
Is less the mark of age than care:
And oft he holds his visage high,
And oft his dark and fever'd eye
The quick'ning fire of youth betrays,
And lofty glance of better days.

But chance you would not deign to hear
Sad Pity's gentle tale;
For here no knight, with targe and spear,
Rides, clad in battle mail.
Nor lady bright, of high degree,
Is seen in stately tow'r;
Nor lordly suitor bows the knee
To courtly damsel fair and free,
Well met, in sylvan bow'r.
And chance to you the world is dear,
So dear, you have no hour for sorrow;
To heave a sigh, to shed a tear,
For others' wo:
And, if your thoughts are all for morrow,
For worldly good, for worldly gear,
'Twere shame, that you the tale should hear;
Go, wand'rer, go—

Yet stay, and first forgive the wrong,
Of speech unkind, and sland'rous tongue;
For pride is high, upon your cheek;
The dew is in your eye,
To hear poor crazy Hubert shriek,
With shrill and piercing cry.

And now your tears more freely pour,
While, gazing wildly o'er the stone,
He marks the letters, one by one,
And counts them slowly o'er and o'er;
And laughs, by fits, and cries,
And mutters to himself alone,
"Here little Ellen lies."

Ah! gentle wand'rer, 'tis a dreary sight,
When all the world is hush'd in stillest night,
To see poor Hubert steal to Ellen's grave;
And read the tablet, by the moon's pale light,
And utter senseless pray'r, and wildly rave;
And wring his hands, and shriek with piercing cry;
And start, to hear the owlet's shrill reply.

Five summers now have pass'd away,
Since Ellen slept beneath the willow;
Five summers now have shed their ray,
Since wretched Hubert, night and day,
Has made the simple stone his pillow;
Reckless of summer's heat and winter's cold.
And pitying neighbours oft the tale have told,
How, when the maniac's life to save,
They sought the wretch, at Ellen's grave,
They found him, on the tablet low,
Brushing away the falling snow.

The first introduction of Ellen is also marked with much simple beauty; and the description of the dog is a very favourable proof of the author's attention to minute nature.

Amid the valley lone,
Where foot of mortal seldom came,
Liv'd Ellen and the aged dame,
In solitude, unknown.
And, when old Edgar droop'd and died,
Poor Mary's wants were still supplied,
By tender Ellen's care.

At early dawn, her little feet
The dew from off the pathway, beat,
And water, from the brook, she drew:
And oft she pluck'd the flow'r that grew,
Upon the margin fair;
And, still while poor old Mary slept,
Smiling, towards her pillow crept,
And gently plac'd it there.
Then silent would she watch, the while,
Her fond surprise and wak'ning smile.

Next, with kind look and willing haste,
She brought her mother's slight repast

Then, o'er neck, her kerchief threw,
Full well the signal Carlo knew,
And, to the door, impatient flew.

Oft did he cast alternate look,
From Ellen, to the little nook,
Where high the birchen basket hung,
Ere, from its place, she gayly took,
And careless, on her finger swung.

And, o'er her auburn gay,
Before she had her gipsy tied,
That did, at best, but poorly hide
Her fairy face and floating pride;
His frequent bark would loudly chide
Her ling'ring step's delay.

Scarce, on the string she plac'd her hand,
Ere Carlo would in silence stand,
With forward head, and upward ear,
The sound of lifting latch to hear;
And body back, and foot before,
And eye, intent, upon the door.
And Ellen scarce the bobbin drew,
Ere, o'er the threshold, Carlo flew,
And swiftly shot along the lawn,
With eagle's speed; nor had she more
Than dropp'd the latch, and clos'd the door,
Ere Carlo down the hill had gone.
And, scarce she left the threshold stone,
Ere he had swam the brook below,
And climb'd the cliff, and on its brow,
Paus'd, and look'd back, on Ellen's way,
Shook, from his locks, the water spray,
And bark'd again, to chide delay.

And, when, with lilly foot, unshod,
Across the shallow brook, she trod,
Again he sped, for then he knew
The path, that Ellen would pursue.
And, when she gain'd the ridge's height,
Carlo was *fairly out of sight.*

The elopement of Ellen, and the anxious suspense of her mother, is told in an affecting manner, though perhaps somewhat too long.

She said, it was a month before,
When her poor Ellen went away;
Dress'd in her plaid and bonnet gay,
To visit, on the neighb'ring moor,
At Agnes' cot, the hill beside.
And, when old Mary bade her sure
Return before the close of day,
Ellen, with feeble voice, replied,
She should be home, at eventide.
And, when she spoke, though Mary heard
Her feeble voice and fault'ring word;
And plainly mark'd she trembled o'er,
While standing, at the cottage door;
The winter air was cold and chill,
And Ellen had, of late, been ill,
And Mary thought of nought beside.

But, when she cross'd the frozen brook,
While Mary, through the casement, ey'd,
It seem'd, that Ellen stopp'd, and gaz'd
Backward, toward the little hill;
And, while she cast her ling'ring look,
Ellen her kerchief often rais'd;
It seem'd, at first, as she had cried;
But piercing was the winter air,
Which Ellen's eyes could poorly bear.

Now swiftly pass'd the hours away;
Deep in the west, the parting sun
Mark'd the short race of winter day;
Its fleeting gold no longer shone
On little hill, and cottage lone;
Its fading lustre, faintly seen,
Danc'd o'er the pine's perennial green;
Short while, its gaudy colour now
Flounc'd round the mountain's win'try brow;
And, while the last fantastic ray
Curl'd o'er its cap of drifted snow,
'Twas ev'ning, in the vale below.

No longer Mary's sharpest ken
Saw little hill, or neighb'ring glen.
And oft she op'd the cottage door;
And oft she held her breath, to hear

Ellen or Carlo, on the hill;
And now it seem'd, as they were near;
And Carlo, when the wind was strong,
Seem'd coming, with the blast, along;
And now again 'twas sunken low;
And now its breath did cease to blow
The brake along the crusted snow:
And now its lightest whisper, still,
Left not a sound on Mary's ear.

At length, with weariness oppress'd,
And thinking Ellen, on the moor,
At Agnes' cot, would pass the night,
And speed her home, at morning light,
Old Mary laid her limbs to rest—

Broad day, upon the cottage shone,
Ere Mary woke; and, scarce she mourn'd,
That Ellen yet had not return'd,
When, by the wonted bark, 'twas known,
Carlo was on the threshold stone.

Quickly she rose, and op'd the door,
Her lips half said the greeting fair,
Forward she reach'd her welcome hand—
Then f ail'd her heart, she scarce could stand,
The little Ellen was not there,
And Carlo had return'd alone.

Slowly he pass'd the threshold o'er;
And lagging step and panting tongue
Spoke weary limbs, and journey long.
No track, upon the morning snow,
The print of Ellen's foot did show.
Old Mary look'd towards the moor,
But nought of Ellen she discern'd;
At length, with heavy step, she turn'd,
And slowly clos'd the cottage door.

We have now room only for the description of Ellen, as first discovered by Edwy, after her elopement.

Oh! 'twas a piteous thing, to see
The little Ellen's misery.
For fever'd blood and constant care
Had strangely shorn her flowing hair.

That eye, whose glance did once reveal
What'er her gentle soul did feel,
That hazel eye did strangely glare,
And, in its socket, sunken low,
Now told of naught, but wild despair.
Care's anxious hand had stamp'd e'en now,
Its checker'd signet, on her brow.
Her cheek, deep lin'd, by streaming woes,
Display'd, by fits, the fev'rish rose,
And pallid lily, sadly fair.
And, when the hectic strife was o'er,
Then, on her cheek, the rose no more
Strove, 'gainst the pale usurper's pow'r;
The lily sat, in triumph there.
Scarce aught remain'd, by which, to know
'Twas Ellen, but the tale of wo—

That hawthorn, which I oft have seen,
With flow'rs, so fair, and leaves, so green,
Long since has yielded to the storm,
And stands, like Ellen's blighted form.
Its pride, its fragrance, all have past
Away, before the wint'ry blast;
Its flow'r is lost, its leaf is shorn;
And save its sharp and rugged thorn,
No sign is seen, no vestige there,
Of lovely hawthorn, once so fair—

We have already remarked, that the parts of the volume which gave us most pleasure, were those in which the author was not tied down to his story. Thus, we think, that the dedication to the memory of his brother, although by no means free from the defects which characterize the volume, contains some of the best lines in it—The third stanza, particularly of the passage which we are about to quote, seems to us by far the most poetical and pleasing of the whole volume.

Shade of my brother dear!
Oft, at the silent close of summer day,
Mem'ry does bring thee near;
And often have I sought that hour, to pay
The tribute of my tear.

For, if time's various tide does roll
One hour, which, o'er thy gentle soul,
Could reign, with more of magic pow'r,
Than ev'ry hour beside,
It was that sweet, that musing hour
Of summer's eventide.

Not emulous, our friendly skiffs pursu'd
The track of life, down childhood's bubbling tide,
And pass'd the flood of boyhood, wild and rude,
Like partners in the voyage, side by side;
But scarce the rapids of our youth were pass'd,
Scarce op'd before us manhood's ocean wide,
Ere thy fair vessel yielded to the blast.

Though Heav'n to both did equal love impart,
Yet greater gifts were thine, and happier doom,
A riper genius, and a purer heart,
A life more virtuous, and an earlier tomb.

Oft gentle Mem'ry's hand portrays
A thousand scenes of early days;
Of boyhood's walks, and shady bow'rs;
And youthful sports, and satchel'd hours;
And task forgot, and winter night,
Wasted o'er tale and legend light,
Till ev'ry blast we chanc'd to hear,
Did seem to bring the giant near.

Again,

Shade of my brother dear!
Oh! if the chaplet I have twin'd,
Be not unworthy bard like thee,
Then let me dream thee near,
And round thy brows, in fancy bind
These wild flow'rs of my poesy!

And, if the world severe
Do scorn my flow'rets, till they fade,
And blast the garland I have made;
Yet still to thee, in thought, my soul
Shall rise, above the world's control
And oft, at close of summer day,
My heart shall fondly seek to pay
The tribute of its tear.

It will be perceived that the versification of the author is closely modelled on that of Walter Scott, whose new school of poetry has produced of late years so much applause, and at the same time excited so violent a spirit of censure. The defects and the characteristic beauties of that school, are fair subjects of speculative criticism, but there is a poetical party in England, who seem quite discontented that Mr. Scott should have any peculiar manner at all, and who chide him with an amusing gravity for not making his lines as long as those of Addison and Johnson. Now this seems to be about as reasonable a complaint as that the Venetians did not paint like the Lombards, or that Gibbon, or Burke did not adopt the style of Robertson. The mere mode of versification is at all times very subordinate to the spirit and the soul of poetry, which animates it. It is not so much the sort of arms, as the spirit of a soldier which is important in battle; and it would be a worse than superfluous advice to exchange the weapons to which we have been trained, or which we prefer, for the cumbrous armour of our ancestors. For Mr. Scott this explanation is, we think quite satisfactory, and his followers, have besides the apology of his splendid successes, the very substantial reason that there is in fact no golden or royal rule for the length of lines in English poetry;—that scarcely two poets have adopted precisely the same cadence of versification;—nor is there any one poet who has not written in very different styles, and last of all that the style of Scott is better calculated than any other, for the particular purposes of his poetry. His short irregular measure is difficult to acquire, and full of dangers to those who attempt it without adequate strength: but when wielded with dexterity is the most powerful weapon of rhyme. There is a boldness and freedom in it, a pliancy and ease, a facility for short and rapid flight, which no other measure can possibly possess, and which is most peculiarly calculated for the sudden movements, and the lively march of warlike descriptions. It is owing we think in no small degree to this versification, that the writers of Mr. Scott's school, have been so eminently successful, and that there are finer and more energetic descriptions of battles in Marmion, and the Battle of Talavera, for instance, than in the

whole range of English poetry since the time of Chaucer. Although, therefore, for the every day occurrences of rhyme, for didactic poetry, or for moral essays a more stately march of verse be desirable, yet for great movements or scenes of unusual vigour, the shorter measure appears to us far preferable. Of this style however the author is not yet perfectly master, and he is of course obliged occasionally to weaken the vigour of his thought by consulting the necessities of rhyme.

The Trial of the Harp, is a lyric composition, in which the several winds rival each other in the attempt to sound, not the harp, but the lyre. It was impossible in such a poem, not to approach very near to Collins's ode, yet there is no palpable imitation: the plan is poetically conceived, and executed with vigour; though there are one or two weak or prosaic lines in it, such as,

> For north and south were old and deadly foes.

The description of the west wind, who conquered in this trial of musical skill, is happily sketched.

> Thrice now the herald made proclaim
> Ere forth the modest West wind came:
> Twelve zephyrs, in his train, did move,
> Who breath'd the balmy breath of love.
>
> At first, with single hand,
> He softly swept the silver strings along;
> And, when he found his hand was true,
> He paus'd, upon the lyre.
> While of the zephyr band
> One, lightly, o'er the harp, his fingers threw;
> His tiny fingers trembled as they flew,
> Unwont, alone, to raise a note, so strong.
>
> He ceas'd; another came, and now again
> Another; till no zephyr did remain,
> Of all the little choir,
> Who had not tried his quav'ring skill,
> Upon the silver lyre.
> Now sleeps the harp of winds, and all is still—

Hark! It is the lyre again!
Rest thy breath, to catch the strain!
Now, in choir, the zephyr throng
Gently sweep the chords along!

Hark! they wake the trembling measure!
Now they warble notes of pleasure,
Glee and roundelay!
Now they raise their wild notes higher!
And now they swell the sounds, in fullest choir!
And now they die away!
Yet die, so gently, on thine ear,
That still the sounds thou seem'st to hear.

Again the harp is still; and now
A smile is on the monarch's brow.
Cheer'd, by that smile, advances, to the lyre,
The West, alone, the zephyr train retire.
And now, along the silver strings,
His magic hand he lightly flings,
In measure, gently wild.
And now he lifts his anxious gaze;
'Tis not to seek the monarch's praise;
But much the timid West did fear,
He might displease the royal ear:
He saw the monarch smil'd—
His heart is firm, his hand is strong;
He sweeps the silver strings along.

Entranc'd, the North, with ear profound,
Now holds his breath, to hear the sound.
Amid the skies,
The wild notes rise;
And now, to earth, they slowly fall;
And now they murmur, 'neath the hollow ground.
As if the deep ton'd sounds did swell,
From wizard's cave, or druid's cell.
So distant now and small,
Thou scarce canst hear!
And now, so near,
Thou seem'st, thy very self, to raise the sound,
That strikes thine ear!
'Tis rapture all!

He wakes the silver lyre again;
Mild is the measure, soft the strain.
Lull'd to rest, by magic numbers,
Care is sooth'd, and Sorrow slumbers,
The liquid sounds, in soft control,
Now gently bind the raptur'd soul;
Now, o'er the nether world, they rise,
And bear it softly to the skies.
Till, with the measure, clear and even,
It seems to rest awhile, in Heaven!

Billowy Water, the Tear Drop, and the Billow, are pleasing little poems, but not distinguished by much fancy or originality.

The Plunderer's Grave has more spirit and energy. It is the account of a shipwrecked sailor, whom a plunderer is stripping on the beach, when a wave carries them both back into the ocean. As it returns, the sailor is again thrown on shore and saved; but the plunderer never rises, and is supposed to be devoured by a shark, as the plunderer is taking from the sailor's arm the token given by his love.

The eye of the demon
Glares horrid in pleasure;
Poor, heart-sunken seaman!
He grasps, at thy treasure!
And shall he bereave thee?
Thy darling pledge sever?
And cruelly leave thee?
No, mariner, never!
The tall wave indignantly rolls to the shore!
The arm of the thunderer
Seizes the plunderer!
Floods overwhelm him! he rises no more!

The refluent billow
Now leaves the beach, waveless;
The flood is the pillow
Of mariner, graveless.
But, mark the wave, stranding
More boldly aspiring;
The mariner landing,
Then slowly retiring!

The plunderer comes not, along, with the tide!
The shark is heard, dashing,
Amid the wave, splashing!
The froth of the billow, with crimson, is dyed!

While chill blasts are blowing,
Who, o'er the corse, gazes?
His garb, round it, throwing,
The sailor he raises.
From winds, cold and storming,
The stranger has borne him;
The blaze, kindly warming,
To life, shall return him:
The stranger shall aid him, the stranger defend.
His pulse now is flowing,
His bosom is glowing;
He ne'er shall forget the poor mariner's friend.—

We now close this volume, with a hope, which will best explain our opinion of the author and his poems, that he would soon choose for the exercise of his genius, some higher, and, if possible, some native subject, since we are persuaded that with greater severity in examining his versification, he will be able to extort from us much more unqualified approbation than that which we can bestow on his present volume.

Σ.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.

OF THE GREEK COMEDY.

(*Continued from p.* 161.)

The *Clouds* which has so unfortunate a fame, derives its celebrity from no other circumstance, than the effect which it produced, although an interval of twenty-five years elapsed between the representation of it and the process against Socrates; yet there is no doubt that it prepared the way for the arrest of

the best man in Greece, since the accusations of Anytus are precisely those which the poet had broached against the philosopher.

Strepsiades, a citizen of Athens, ruined by a libertine and spendthrift son, revolves the means of extricating himself from his pecuniary embarrassments. He determines to consult his neighbour, Socrates the philosopher, one of those men who contend that *the world is an oven, and that men are the coals*, and prove that day is night and night is day. Do we not here find the philosopher exactly depicted? But he does not appear thus in the pages of Plato. The servant of Socrates starts many objections against receiving Strepsiades, who desires to be initiated into the mysteries of philosophy. "They are great secrets," says the valet. "Socrates is constantly asking his disciple Cherephon how far a flea can skip." Strepsiades, astonished, calls for Socrates, whom we behold, hoisted up in the air, in a basket. Strepsiades conjures him by the gods. "Softly, by what gods do you swear. For, in my school we do not admit the gods of the country. Strepsiades demands what are the gods of Socrates. He answers, *the clouds*, whence the piece takes its title. He invokes them, and the *clouds* fill the theatre, dressed in costume. Socrates informs his new disciple, that the clouds are the deities by whom sophists, priests, doctors and poets, are nourished. He laughs at Jupiter, whose supremacy he treats as a chimera. "There is no Jupiter," he cries, "and what proves it, is, that it is not from Jupiter but the clouds that rain descends. He concludes by desiring Strepsiades to renounce his gods and to acknowledge the clouds only. The good citizen agrees to every thing, provided he will teach him how to avoid the payment of his debts, to evade the law, and to borrow without being compelled to return. Socrates teaches him the strength of cunning subtleties. He departs very well contented, and recommends to his son, Phidippides, to go and take lessons under Socrates—who, while the spectators are intently looking at the figures which he is drawing in the sand, contrives to steal a cloak from one of them. Here we see that Socrates possesses more dexterity than a juggler; for it is more difficult to purloin a cloak than to play

a trick at cards. Strepsiades presents his son to the philosopher, and intreats him to teach him the important distinction between the *just* and the *unjust*. *Justice* and *Injustice* are then personified and introduced upon the stage. An argument takes place between them, in which each urges his pretensions. It is terminated by Injustice in the following manner: "Shall I demonstrate incontrovertibly which of us should yield to the other? What sort of men are our oratars?—Wicked men.—Very well. Our writers of tragedies?—The same.—And our magistrates? Rogues.—Count the number of spectators. Which preponderates, the good or the bad?—I confess the latter are more numerous.—Well, are you convinced?—Yes: I acknowledge my error. Here, take the prize. I am coming over to your side. You are more powerful than I am."

Phidippides profits so well by these lessons, that he beats his creditors, and finally thrashes his own father, and proves to him philosophically that he has a right to do so. The philosophers of our day are no better: but no one can say that this was the philosophy of Socrates.

It is impossible to peruse the works of Aristophanes with any attention, without asking how it is possible to tolerate a species of amusement which was not known to any other nation, and which ended by being entirely abolished in Athens. We also inquire how a people, so rigid in religious matters, could permit their gods to be ridiculed on the stages; and how they could accommodate such gross ribaldry to their refined taste. I shall endeavour to answer these questions, not by a formal treatise, but by seizing, at first view, upon those reasons which may appear to afford a probable and lucid solution.

We may lay it down as a principle, that dramatic representation, from its very nature, depends much on government and on the character and manners of mankind. It ought then to vary, to a certain extent, according to the different countries in which it is established, and even according to different epochs in the same nation; which was the case at Athens. When they were relieved from tyranny, by the expulsion of the Pisistradidæ, they passed to the extreme of liberty, and rioted in the licentiousness of democracy. This spirit was corrected by the ardour of

patriotism which animated all Greece on the invasions of Darius and Xerxes. But as danger gave rise to noble virtues and magnanimous exertions, so the fruits of victory and prosperity were pride and corruption. The people of Athens became suddenly intoxicated with power and fortune. They held the reins of government in their own hands, and they gave laws to all Greece. The heroes, whose valour and wisdom had produced this state of things, experienced that ingratitude which some would conceal under the mask of independence, but which arises from the jealousy inherent in republicanism,—a spirit that cherishes suspicion of its friends when it no longer dreads its enemies. In short, the Athenian republic was the most powerful, opulent, vain and corrupted in Greece, at the period when Pericles flourished, with whom Aristophanes was cotemporary. Pericles himself, who deserved so well of his country, and whose greatest talent consisted in his knowledge of men, perceived the necessity of flattering their passions in order to preserve the power which he had acquired: and he is to be reproached with having increased that democratical spirit, which he ought rather to have endeavoured to restrain. He did not venture to check the licentiousness of Aristophanes, because he saw that it pleased the multitude, who regarded that freedom as one of the privileges of liberty. This huge word is so deceitful and imposing, that many, at the present day, while they condemn Aristophanes, are of opinion that a writer with his powers would be of service to a republic. This could not be disputed if we could find such a censor, who would be the incorruptible organ of justice and truth. But a little reflection will teach us, that even if we should meet with one who is worthy of so important an office, from his ability to discharge his duty according to the terms which we have prescribed, he would commence with a violation of them: because if an accusation is permitted to be made, without the necessity of proof or the fear of an answer, it is base and calumnious. I grant that in every republic one citizen should be allowed to accuse another; but it should be done lawfully,—before the courts of justice,—in such a manner that the accused should be able to defend himself. When a man addresses a multitude, and wishes

to amuse them at the expense of one whom he would destroy, is it necessary for him to adhere to truth, in order to place his enemy in an odious or ridiculous light? On the contrary, is not that the very soil where a lie would take root? Is not this principle, self-evident in itself, confirmed by facts? The most of those whom Aristophanes attacked with so much fury, were men in the highest estimation in their day. Let us hear Cicero, whose testimony will not be questioned, and who was also as much of a republican as any man. How does he speak of the ancient comedy of Greece, and particularly of that which we are now discussing. "What has she spared? What was sacred from her licentious tongue? If she had attacked only bad citizens, a Cleon, a Hyperbolus, a Cleophron, there would be no ground for complaint. But when a man like Pericles, after so many years devoted to the good of his country, in peace and in war, is insulted on the stage, and lampooned in verses:—it is as shocking as if Nævius or Cecilius, at Rome, should dare to defame Cato the censor, or Scipio Africanus."

I do not wish to deprive the stage of its influence upon the public mind—a power which is dreaded under a despotism, and consequently to be cherished in free countries. On the contrary, I would render it more potential and more useful, by banishing personal defamation, which strikes equally at virtue and vice, and moreover is within the reach of the meanest writer. In its place should be introduced a dramatic censure, which would require more morality and ability in the author, and produce a much greater effect. I would say to the poet, describe in general characters the friends or enemies of public measures: if your lines be faithful, the individuals can see themselves: they will resemble portraits stuck in picture frames, under which the spectators can inscribe the names. For there is a public conscience which is no more deceiving than the private mentor: and when men are faithfully described, this voice speaks so loudly that nothing can impose silence upon it—no, not even the soldiers of Nero.

It is necessary that this semblance should be generally perceived; since towards the time of Alexander, and when Athens, with less power, still preserved her liberty, all the vices of

the ancient stage were entirely prohibited by law, which permitted nothing in comedy but fictitious names and subjects. It was this which was imitated by the Romans; for it is to be remarked, of that government, that while it permitted the satires of Lucilius to pass unnoticed, in which the most eminent citizens were attacked, this liberty was regarded as infinitely the most dangerous on the stage. They never permitted any personal satire, and would not admit in their public exhibitions, any other comedies than those of pure invention, such as were then composed in Greece. It does not appear that the Roman severity was congenial with the insolent facetiousness of Aristophanes; nor that the censors were willing to suffer a buffoon to usurp their most important privilege, that of reprehending vicious characters.

Another species of freedom, common to both countries, consisted in making the gods the subject of their keenest raillery and most bitter sarcasms. The reader may see, in the *Amphytrion* of Plautus, how Mercury addresses Jupiter himself. In Euripides the gods are sufficiently ridiculed; but they are treated much worse by Aristophanes; and whatever may be said to explain this excessive toleration among the Athenians, where the tribunals exercised a terrible severity in matters of religion, it is not less true, that the inconsistency between this indifference on the one hand and rigour on the other, is one of the greatest difficulties that we meet with in our examination of ancient manners. Alcibiades was called from his command in Sicily to purge himself from an accusation of impiety to the very gods, that were exhibited on the stage for the amusement of the people. It is not sufficient to show a distinction between the gods of religion and those of fable; between the gods of the priests and those of the poets. We cannot deny that this distinction would be good to a certain extent: but who will tell us in what it consisted? Who shall mark the interval between that which commands our respect and that which we *may* despise. It is this measure which we want, and without it we can do nothing. We can readily conceive that all the traditions of poets need not be regarded as articles of faith; but the gods of mythology, to a certain extent, are the gods of history. In the

temples and public festivals, Bacchus had the same attributes which are given to him by Aristophanes, when he ridicules him in the *Frogs*. Neither he, nor Euripides, nor Plautus, say one word from which we may infer that there were some gods to be respected, and others that might be ridiculed.

LIST OF BOROUGHS IN ENGLAND.

THE following very curious document has never, we believe, been published in this country, and will be found to communicate a fund of new information.

An abridged Historical Detail of all the Boroughs in England, the number of voters in each, the patron, proprietor, or predominating interest. Collected for the year 1807.

Bedfordshire—sends four Members to parliament, of which two are for the county, and two for the town of Bedford.

Bedford—The corporation consists of a Mayor, Recorder, Deputy Recorder, thirteen Common Council, and twelve Aldermen, with the surviving Mayors: The right of election is in the Burgesses, Freemen, and inhabitant householders. The number of voters are about 1600. The returning officers are the Mayor and Bailiffs. The patron is the duke of Bedford.

Berkshire—Sends nine members to parliament. The boroughs in this county are Abingdon, Reading, Wallingford, and Windsor.

Abingdon—Sends one. The corporation consists of a Mayor, two Bailiffs, nine Aldermen, and sixteen Assistants. The right of Election is in the inhabitant Householders. Number of Voters, 600. A free Borough, and therefore acknowledges no patron.

Reading—Sends two. Corporation—a Mayor, Recorder, twelve Aldermen, and twelve Burgesses. Right of Election, in the inhabitant Householders. Number of Voters, 600. A free Borough.

Wallingford—Sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, Recorder, six Aldermen, and eighteen Burgesses. Right of election, in the corporation and inhabitant Householders. Number of voters, 140. Proprietor, Sir Francis Sykes.

Windsor—Sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, two Bailiffs, and twenty-eight Burgesses. Right of election, in the inhabitants paying Scot and Lot.

Number of voters, 208. Windsor is a free borough, but being the residence of the court is necessarily under some influence.

Buckinghamshire—Sends fourteen members to parliament. The boroughs are Buckingham, Aylesbury, Great Marlow, Wendover, Agmondesham, and High Wycomb.

Buckingham—Sends two. Corporation, a Mayor and twelve Aldermen. Right of election, in the same body. Proprietor, Marquis of Buckingham.

Aylesbury—Sends two. Right of election, in all the inhabitant housekeepers. Returning officers, the Constables of the town. Number of voters, 500. A free borough.

Great Marlow—Sends two. Right of election, in all the inhabitant housekeepers. Returning officers, the Constables. Number of voters, 216. Proprietors, W. Clayton and W. Lee Antonie, Esqrs.

Wendover—Sends two. Right of election, in the inhabitant householders. Returning officers, the Constables. Number of voters, 130. Proprietor, J. B. Church, Esq.

Agmendesham—Sends two. Right of election, in the inhabitant householders. Returning officers, the constables. Number of voters, 70. Proprietor, W. Drake, Esq.

High Wycomb—Sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, Recorder, two Bailiffs, twelve Aldermen, and a Town Clerk. Right of election, in the Mayor, Bailiffs, and Burgesses. Returning officers, Mayor and Bailiffs. Number of voters, 48. Patron, the Marquis of Lansdown.

Cambridgeshire—Sends six members to parliament.

Cambridge—Sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, High Steward, Recorder, and twelve Aldermen. Right of Election, in the Mayor, Bailiff, and Freemen. Number of voters, 200. Patron, John Mortlake, Esq.

Cambridge University—Sends two. Right of election, in the Doctors and Masters of arts. Number of voters, 1200.

Cheshire—Sends four members to parliament.

Chester—Sends two. Right of election, in the freemen. Returning officer, the Sheriff Number of voters, 1000. Patron, earl of Grosvenor.

Cornwall—Sends forty Members to parliament. Its Boroughs are twenty-one in number: Saltash, St. Michael, Helston, St. Ives, Tregony, Truro, Penryn, Fowey, Bossiney, Lestwtthiel, St. Mawes, Camelford, Callington, East Looe, West Looe, Launceston, Newport, Grampound, St. Germains, Liskard, and Bodmin.

Saltash—Sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, six Aldermen, and thirty-three Burgesses. Right of election, in the Burgage Tenures. Number of voters, 38. Proprietor, Mr. Buller.

St. Michael—Sends two. Right of election, in six Lords of the Manor, and the housekeepers not receiving alms. Number of voters, 42. Proprietors, Lord Falmouth and Sir F. Basset.

Helston—Sends two. Right of election, in the Corporation, a Mayor, and twelve Aldermen. Number of voters, 36. Returning officer, the Mayor. Patron, duke of Leeds.

St. Ives—Sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, Recorder, twelve Bugesses, twenty-four inferior Burgesses, and a Town Clerk. Right of Election, in the inhabitants paying Scot and Lot. Number of voters, 150. Patron, William Praed, Esq.

Tregony—Sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, seven Burgesses, and a Recorder. Right of election, in all householders who boil a pot. Number of voters, 100. Proprietor, Richard Barwell, Esq.

Truro sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, four Aldermen, twenty Burgesses, and a Recorder. Right of election, in the Corporation. Number of voters, 25. Returning officer, the Mayor. Patron, Lord Falmouth.

Penryn sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, four Aldermen, and a Town Clerk. Right of election, in the inhabitants who pay Scot and Lot. Number of voters, 140. Returning officer, the Mayor. Patron, the duke of Leeds.

Fowey sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, eight Aldermen, a Recorder, and two Assistants. Right of election, in the inhabitants who pay Scot and Lot. Returning officer, the Portreve. Number of voters, 63. Patron, the earl of Mount Edgecumbe.

Bossiney sends two. Right of election, in all who have free land in the borough. Number of voters, 4. Returning officer, the Mayor. Proprietor, the earl of Mount Edgecumbe.

Lestwithiel sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, six Burgesses, and seventeen Common Councilmen. Right of election, in the Corporation. Number of voters, 24. Returning officer, the Mayor. Patron, the earl of Mount Edgecumbe.

St. Mawes sends two. Right of election, in the resident Burgesses. Number of voters, 6. Returning officer, the Portreve. Proprietor, the marquis of Buckingham.

Camelford sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, eight Burgesses, and ten freemen. Right of election, in the Corporation. Number of voters, 19. Patron, the Phipps family.

Callington Sends two. Corporation, None. Right of election, in the inhabitants paying Scot and Lot. Number of voters, 19. Proprietor, Mr. Trefusis.

East Looe sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, Recorder, and nine Burgesses. Right of election, in the Corporation. Number of voters, 50. Returning officer, the Mayor. Proprietor, Mr. Buller.

West Looe, sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, and twelve Burgesses. Right of election, in the Corporation. Number of voters, 50. Returning officer, the Mayor. Proprietor, Mr. Buller.

Launceston sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, Recorder, and eight Alderdermen. Right of election, in the Corporation. Number of voters, 25. Proprietor, Duke of Northumberland.

Newport, Grampound, and St. Germains send two. The right of election in all, in the Corporation. The duke of Northumberland and lord Elliot, the Proprietors of them all.

Liskard sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, Recorder, eight Burgesses, and 15 Assistants. Right of election in the Corporation and Freemen. Number of voters, 50. Patron, lord Elliot.

Bodmin sends two. Right of election in the Corporation. Proprietors, Sir John Morshead, and George Hant, Esq Corporation, a Mayor, twelve Aldermen, twenty-four Common Councilmen, and a Town Clerk. Number of voters, 36. Returning officer, the Mayor.

Cumberland sends six members to parliament. Its boroughs are Carlisle and Cockermouth

Carlisle sends two. Right of Election, in the Mayor, Aldermen, Bailiffs, and Freemen. Corporation, a Mayor, eleven Aldermen, two Bailiffs, and twenty-four Common Councilmen. Returning officer, the Mayor. Patron, the duke of Norfolk.

Cockermouth sends two. Right of election in the inhabitants. Number of voters, 165. Returning officer, the Bailiff. Proprietor, the earl of Lonsdale.

Derbyshire sends four members to parliament. Two for the County, and two for Derby.

Derby sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, a high Steward, nine Aldermen, and a Recorder, a Town Clerk, fourteen Brethren, fourteen Common Councilmen, and the Freemen. Right of election, in the corporation as above stated. Number of voters, 655. Returning officer, the Mayor. Proprietor, the duke of Devonshire, and T. W. Coke, Esq.

Devonshire sends twenty-six members to parliament; two for the county, two for Exeter, two for Ashburton, two for Barnstaples, two for Berealston, two for Dartmouth, two for Honiton, two for Oakhampton, two for Plymouth, two for Plympton, two for Tavistock, two for Tiverton, and two for Totness.

Exeter sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, twenty-four Aldermen, a Recorder, a Chamberlain, a Town Clerk, a Sheriff and four Stewards. Right of election in the Magistrates and Freemen. Number of voters, 1180. Returning officer, the Sheriff.

Tiverton sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, twelve Burgesses, twelve Assistants, a Recorder, and a Clerk of the Peace. Right of election in the Corporation. Number of voters, 24. Returning officer, the Mayor. Proprietor, lord Harrowby.

Dartmouth sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, Recorder, two Bailiffs, and twelve Common Councilmen. Right of election in the Freemen. Number of voters, 20. Returning officer, the Mayor. Proprietor, Edward Bastard, Esq.

Ashburton sends two. Right of election, in the freeholders having lands and tenements holden of the said borough only. Number of voters, 300. Re-

turning officer, the Portreve. Proprietors, Sir Robert Palke, and Mr. Trefusis.

Oakhampton sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, eight principal Burgesses, and eight Assistants. Number of voters, 182. Returning officer, the Mayer. Patrons, the duke of Bedford and lord Spencer.

Beeralston sends two. Right of election in the copyholders of the Borough. Number of voters, 180. Returning officer, the Portreve. Proprietor, the earl of Berkley.

Plymouth sends two. Corporation, in a Mayor, Recorder, twelve Aldermen, and forty-eight Common Council men. Number of voters, 160. Returning officer, the Mayer. Patron, the Admiralty.

Totness sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, Recorder, seventeen principal Burgesses, two Counsellors and eleven Assistants. Right of election in the Corporation. Number of voters, 34. Returning officer, the Mayor. Patrons, duke of Bolton and sir Francis Buller.

Plympton sends two. Corporation, in a Mayor, eight Aldermen, and an indefinite number of Freemen. Right of election, in the Corporation and Freemen. Number of voters, 44. Returning officer, earl of Mount Edgecumbe.

Tavistock sends two. Right of election, in the freeholders. Number of voters, 117. Returning officer, the Portreve. Proprietor, duke of Bedford.

Barnstaple sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, two Aldermen, and twenty-two Common Council, and in the Common Burgesses. Number of voters, 450. Returning officer, the Mayor.

Honiton sends two. Right of election, in the inhabitants of the Borough paying Scot and Lot. Number of voters, 350. Returning officer, the Portreve. Patron, sir George Yonge.

(*To be Continued.*)

EPISTOLARY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTER FROM PORTUGAL.

Lisbon, 1811.

MY DEAR F.

In my last I gave you a description of my voyage across the Atlantic, and of the picturesque appearance of the south side of the island of Madeira. You will now accompany me on shore, and view with me, more intimately the beauties of this famed island, the resort of the invalid, the temple of Hygeia.

After having landed, I proceeded to the hotel; but was suffered to remain there for a short time only, receiving in the evening, a pressing invitation from one of the most respectable houses in the island, to pass my time with them, during my sojourn there, which I accepted with much pleasure, the company at the hotel, being such as I had not been accustomed to, and the accommodations very inferior. In the society of the English gentlemen, who so politely welcomed me to their house, I spent my time very agreeably, and partook of every variety of pleasure the island afforded.

There was one species of pleasure, however, the deprivation of which I felt very sensibly, that of the enjoyment of female society, there being little or none in Funchal. Most of the merchants are of that malhonnête tribe denominated batchelors, qui font bande à part; enjoying more, I believe, the sparkling glasses of the board, than a refined intercourse with polished females: this, however, gave me more leisure for inquisitive observation.

The morning after I arrived, I took a tour, in company with my young English friend, to view the churches, some of which are very well worth attention: the Cathedral is an ancient and large structure, in which there are a few good paintings; some of the altars are handsome and richly ornamented. Mass is said every morning, which is ushered in by a tremendous peal of bells, to the very great annoyance of a stranger.

On the eleventh of June was celebrated the *annual feast of the beggars*, which I assure you was quite a grand entertainment, the rich Portuguese, contributing in every thing, that could render the repast convenient and elegant. Temporary buildings were constructed for the occasion, the interior of each being variously and fantastically decorated with flowers, and gaudy representations of saints and friars for the adoration of the ignorant multitude.

On the eve previous to the festival, the buildings were brilliantly illuminated; and the tables garnished with a degree of richness and elegance, that was truly ridiculous, when you reflect on the condition of those, for whom they were prepared, the very dregs of misery and poverty.

The choicest fruits of the season were provided, with every delicacy that could be procured, all of which was served on plate.

It was really delightful, to view those half famished miserables enjoying themselves, and waited upon, by those who, at another time, would have spurned them from their doors.

At one end of the building, near the altar, was a grotto, in which was exhibited a fountain spouting forth water from the top of the head of the Virgin Mary; and many others equally ridiculous; and within the pale of the altar, to represent the Holy Ghost, they had a long silver tube, terminating in the figure of a dove. I saw a man kiss this symbol with great enthusiasm, and then offer it to his wife and child who, poor wretches! "deluded by a seeming excellence," received it with a superstitious adoration, and felt happy in giving their last pistareen for the favour they had enjoyed: whilst the officiating friar secretly laughed at their ignorance, and credulity, and hastened on to strip of their few comforts, those, whom he should have supported and relieved.

I dined the next day at the quinta of one of the English merchants, a romantic spot about three miles up the mountain, to which we rode on mules: we sat down to dinner at six o'clock; after having finished which, we walked to an eminence on which stands a church dedicated to our Lady of the Mount, whence there is a most enchanting prospect, the town appearing directly below you, and the intermediate country variegated by the

> "Negligence of nature, wide and wild,
> Where undisguised by mimic art, she spreads
> Unbounded beauty to the roving eye."

On the third subsequent day, a party of us partook of a meal up in the mountains, about four miles from the town, near a little antique chapel, built in the year 1608, of stone, and dedicated to Nossa Senhora d' Alegria, or our Lady of Mirth; it was, then, in a very ruinous state; the altar was constituted of an illshapen piece of wood, partly covered with rusty gilding, against which there stood a very much mutilated figure of the Virgin Mary, in plaster, with a rudely sculptured *Crocodile* at her feet, the whole of it grotesque beyond measure.

The country through which we rode, was finely cultivated with grain and vines, and ornamented with the luxuriantly folia-

ted banana, which with the odoriferous golden fruits of the island, garnished the vallies and the declivities of the hills with a truly romantic diversity, the elevated palm and the ramous fig trees added richness to the scene, whilst the wild and abundant honeysuckle and mignonette imparted to the air their delicate perfumes. "Here their delicious task the fervent bees in swarming millions, tend:" here, the mountain lass culls her choicest flowers, and with superstitious joy, decks the image of her favourite saint; and here also, the humble vintager, his labours ended, seated beneath his fig tree and surrounded by his happy progeny, drowns every care in the music of his favourite guitar.

About the centre of the town is the parade ground, which though a place of no great beauty is the only public walk in Funchal: it is ornamented with bowers of myrtle, scattered throughout, and on one side is an ancient grotto in which there is a fountain: near this oblong square is the hospital, formerly the Portuguese Theatre, but in which there have been no performances for a number of years: there is indeed very little public amusement of any kind in Funchal; the assembly and card-rooms are however open in the winter season.

You are no doubt expecting I should make mention of the friars, and indeed they are a much too conspicuous order of beings, not to attract attention—well then, they are a full-fed, sleek-looking set of men; but I can assure you rather more immaculate in their appearance than in their practice.

I was one evening in the cathedral, where they were chanting a requiem to the soul of a departed female, whose body was at that time within the very pale of the altar, exposed in an open coffin. I observed a number of dissolute young friars, mocking and laughing, even at the foot of the corpse; and exhibiting a dissoluteness of conduct that shocked me extremely. An instance was communicated to me of a wild young fellow who was violently in love with a young nun, and was determined to carry her off—he disguised himself in the dress of an old miller, who had been in the habit of supplying the convent with flour, and who was permitted to enter the garden: his plan succeeded in part; he entered the garden, but there his prudence forsook him;

he rushed into the convent which was now in great alarm, the bells were set to ringing, the lady abbess was in the most dreadful distress, the young nuns who had been immured all their lives, began to tell their beads, and to invoke the Holy Virgin, to preserve them from the sight of that monster man, while the less ignorant, secretly rejoiced in the confusion of the convent, the daring youth fortunately escaped from the convent alive; but was obliged to leave the island immediately, for having dared to contaminate the sanctuary by his profane steps.

Although many of the poorer class have not the means, still fewer have the idea of living comfortably, and never seem to think of improving their condition in life; in fact, they will subsist on almost *any thing*, and in *any manner*, many of them lying on the beach all night. These fellows have seldom qualms of conscience in stealing, but with the most scrupulous exactitude, conform to all the external ceremonies of their religion, obtaining absolution for the one crime, much more readily than for the other. They possess a great musical turn, and are particularly fond of the guitar, which is generally accompanied by the voice: and like the improvissatori of Italy, they will sing on an extempore subject; they generally assemble in the evening, in their bush-houses, in the environs, where they play and sing with the greatest enthusiasm.

There is no public carriage of pleasure used in Funchal; as the streets are very narrow, and having no footpaths, there would be much danger in using them The only vehicle driven in the streets, is a small sled, drawn by oxen, against the horns of which, one has continually to guard, every part of the street being alike common to man and beast. This sled is about two feet in width, and perfectly flat, the whole body lying on the stones, making the draft very laborious to the animals: it is generally managed by two persons, one of whom, walks along side the machine with a wet cloth in his hand, for the purpose of throwing under it when it passes over a rough place; the other manages the oxen, which he goads on with a long staff, having a sharp nail at its extremity, with which he torments the poor animals, who make the air resound with their piteous bellowings. I have often felt disposed to crush under foot the cruel inhuman

wretches, who were so entirely devoid of every principle of feeling, but have been generally restrained from a regard to my own safety, as they do not often hesitate in employing the knife as the instrument of their vengeance. The dress of these people consists of a cap of blue cloth, a blue jacket slung over one shoulder, a species of mamelake breeches of white muslin, and buff boots: their hair which is very bushy, hangs loosely on their shoulders; a fine harbour for peolhos, which abound among the Portuguese, and are *said* to be an article of no inconsiderable *consumption*.

The women of the lower class are very brown and very ugly; in fact I did not see a beautiful woman whilst I was in the island: they are visible only in their balconies, and at church, seldom walking out, and are then closely veiled, and attended by an old duenna who preserves a respectful distance. The country people are alike respectful to their superiors, and never pass you without first stopping and pulling off their caps: they are also very polite to each other; and two of the greatest raggamuffins meeting, will doff their caps with the accustomed salutations of Viva! como esta senhor—Beijo as mãos de v. m.* &c. Their language being very soft and abounding in graces, how beautiful are these expressions of kindness, minha vida—alma da minha vida—minha querida, meu coração, filha da minha alma, &c.†

Besides the fruit already mentioned, the island produces the citron fruit, plums, apricots, pomegranates, strawberries, cherries and apples, with chesnuts and walnuts. The apples are few and those very poor; the strawberries are small, but of fine flavour and are in season eight months of the year. I was also informed by a gentleman who was in the habit of cultivating the different fruits, that the fig, citron, and orange trees may be cultivated from the *slip*, *torn* from the tree. The eatable grape differs from that employed in making the wine, and is much superior both in size and flavour. I sent you some cuttings, which you may distribute among your friends in Philadelphia.

The factory consists of nine mercantile houses. On the failure or retirement of one of which they elect the next most respec-

* Long may you live—How do you do sir—I kiss your hands.

† My life—soul of my life, my darling, my heart—child of my soul.

table of the island, always preserving their number complete. By them is determined the price of both domestic and foreign produce, and into their treasury is paid a crusado* for every pipe of wine, exported from the island, which creates a considerable fund. The factory pays annually to the governor, seven hundred dollars, besides relieving a large number of infirm British subjects. The treasurer informed me that on winding up last year there remained unappropriated, three thousand pounds sterling.

I should not have made my letter so long had I not known it would be a gratification to your inquisitive mind; and I must inform you in Tully's conclusive sentence to his friend that hæc scripsi, non otii abundantia, sed amoris erga te.

Yours sincerely,

B.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—VINDICATION OF DR. JOHNSON.

Mr. Oldschool,

A charge of plagiarism against the late Dr. Samuel Johnson having recently been exhibited, and thrown into general circulation in this city, a refutation of the charge is offered in the following statement.

CHARGE.

"Dr. Johnson is guilty of plagiarism, in having taken, without acknowledgment, several pages of his Life of Savage, from William Ayre's account of that author, in his Life of Pope."

REPLY.

Richard Savage died in Newgate Prison, Bristol, July 31, 1743.

Dr. Johnson's Biography of him was published by Roberts, in February, 1744.

William Ayre esq. published his Life of Alexander Pope in 1745, and professes in his title-page, that his "Memoirs of the

* Sixty cents in value.

Life and Writings of Alexander Pope, esq. are faithfully collected from authentic authors, and the testimonies of many persons of credit and honour."

Under this protection against the charge of plagiarism, he ushers his work into the world, with all the pomp and pageantry of authorship with which it could be decorated, a patent under his Majesty's (Geo. II.) Royal Signet, a Dedication to *Four* Right Honourable Lords, viz. Bolingbroke, Burlington, Marchmont, and Bathurst; and engraved Portraits of dukes and dutchesses, earls and ladies, bishops and poets, critics and players! In his Preface he says, "By the quotations it will appear, that a large number of authors have been perused and consulted, and that nothing is affirmed without some evidence." These quotations are indeed very copious: of them, a very few only, and those very short, are sparsely scattered through the work, *under the acknowledgment of inverted commas;* while the *larger* are given *as his own composition;* because, forsooth, a word or phrase, here and there, is altered, and the chain of narration in some places broken off by omissions. This meanest and most barefaced species of plagiarism is very conspicuous in the information he has given of Savage. This, which occupies thirty pages of his 2d vol. (with the exceptions of a letter from Savage to the earl of Middlesex, Dean Swift's verses to Dr. Delany, and Savage's satyrical verses on the people of Bristol) is taken *almost* verbatim, and many whole paragraphs *entirely* so, from *Johnson's* Life of Savage, (published in a pamphlet the preceding year) *without the smallest acknowledgment or indication of quotation.* So far, therefore, from Johnson's being guilty of the charge of plagiarism from the writings of William Ayre, esq, he has been a copious contributor to the biographical reputation of Mr. Ayre; and the foul crime of literary theft is incontestibly proved upon the said Ayre, not only by the dates of publication, but by the equally powerful conviction of internal evidence of style, which so clearly designates the magic pen, and the mighty mind of Johnson.

Besides, could any man in his senses, who is in any degree acquainted with the talents of the two authors, or rather with the unrivalled talents of the one, and the imbecility, or rather insignificance of the other, suppose, for a moment, that Dr. Samuel

Johnson, the acknowledged Colossus of Literature; the brightest ethic ornament of the eighteenth century, the wide, the unbounded range of whose intellectual powers, and the commanding energy of whose diction, invested him with the Imperial Purple in the regions of Science and of Criticism, should degrade himself by the commission of a *petty larceny*, and hazard his reputation as a moralist, his honour as a gentleman, and his well-earned fame as an author, by furtively enlarging his Biography of an intimate companion and friend, with a few pages relating to him, casually introduced by an ephemeral writer, in a book which he had been employed to compile by the executors of a recently deceased poet? The supposition would be as absurd as it would be ungenerous. No, Sir! the man who convicts *Dr. Johnson* of plagiarism, must be competent to the discovery of the Philosopher's Stone, or the invention and establishment of the Perpetual Motion. Eminent as he was in every department of literary discussion, upon which he chose to enter, in none did he more decidedly excel all other writers than in that of Biography, his favourite subject, "in which," says his *honest chronicler*, and zealous friend, Boswell, "by the clearness of his narration, and the elegance of his language he has embalmed many eminent persons." In *this* department he would be the least likely to array himself in borrowed plumes; more especially when writing the life and character of a man with whom he was intimately acquainted, and to whom he was cordially attached. Whereas, it does not appear from Mr. Ayre's book, that he himself had any personal knowledge of Savage at all.

"That Johnson was anxious" says Mr. Boswell, "that an authentic and favourable account of his extraordinary friend should first get possession of the public attention, is evident, from a letter which he wrote in the Gentleman's Magazine for August, of the year preceding the publication (1743, the year in which Savage died.)

"Mr. Urban,

"As your collections show how often you have owed the ornaments of your poetical pages to the correspondence of the unfortunate and ingenious Mr. Savage, I doubt not but you have so much regard to his memory, as to encourage any design that

may have a tendency to the preservation of it from insults and calumnies; and, therefore, with some degree of assurance, I entreat you to inform the public, that his life will speedily be published by a person who was favoured with his confidence, and received from himself an account of most of the transactions which he proposes to mention, to the time of his retirement to Swansea, in Wales.

From that period to his death in the prison of Bristol, the account will be continued from materials still less liable to objection; his own letters, and those of his friends—some of which will be inserted in the work, and abstracts of others subjoined in the margin.

It may be reasonably imagined that others may have the same design; but as it is not credible that they can obtain the same materials, it must be expected that they will supply from invention, the want of intelligence; and that under the title of the Life of Savage they will publish only a novel, filled with romantic adventures, and imaginary amours. You may, therefore, perhaps, gratify the lovers of truth and merit, by giving me leave to inform them in your Magazine, that my account will be published in 8vo. by Mr. Roberts, in Warwick Lane."

It accordingly appeared, as has been already stated, in the month of February following; and is one of the longest and most elaborate of all Johnson's Biographical Notices. That he executed it with all possible expedition, is evident from his own declaration, "I wrote forty-eight of the printed octavo pages of the Life of Savage at a sitting; but then I sat up all night."

The consideration of these circumstances cannot fail, I think, to obliterate in every candid mind, the unfavourable impression which the rash and inconsiderate charge of plagiarism may have hastily formed.

That Dr. Johnson should be assailed by the sharpest arrows in the quiver of criticism, and worried by the carping cries of minor authors, is not to be wondered at. His towering superiority of talent, the intrepidity and firmness with which he supported his *political* creed, and the zeal and ability with which he defended his *religious*, would necessarily irritate faction, and alarm infidelity.

Conscious of his deserved elevation in the ranks of literature, and aware of the enemies he had to encounter in the progress of his profession as an author, he thus states in his Rambler, one of the most successful efforts to obscure the celebrity of a correct and distinguished writer.

"When the excellence of a composition can no longer be contested, and malice is compelled to give way to the unanimity of applause, there is yet this one expedient to be tried, the *charge of plagiarism*. By this the author may be degraded, though his work be reverenced, and the excellence which we cannot obscure, may be set at such a distance as not to overpower our fainter lustre."—*Ram.* N°. 143.

A regard for truth, and the memory of a distinguished scholar, has induced this vindication of him, by

Sir, your most humble servant,

Philadelphia, January 26th, 1813. J. A.

ANECDOTES OF COOKE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Oldschool,

The character of the late celebrated tragedian, George Frederick Cooke, forms a subject of curious analysis. His theatrical life has been so often the subject of critical investigation and eulogy, that all observations on that subject are purposely omitted. His private life presents us with a spectacle no less curious and interesting. He is commonly known to us only in the character of Richard, or the votary of Bacchus; but it may be noted, that even in his wildest extravagancies, he was still George Frederick Cooke—there was still identity and a specific character to his madness. With a heart warm, hospitable, frank, and humane, he was at the same time haughty and commanding, impressed with a just confidence of his own superior talents. Under the influence of artificial stimulus, he changed his character according to the momentary impulses of fancy. To his natural sensibility there was then superadded a warm and dangerous excitement, easily moved to anger or melted into tears. Alternate-

ly he was stormy and mild, inexorable and forgiving—prone to revenge and speedier to pardon an injury, unyielding to entreaty and extending his benevolence to a length that Quixotte, in the height of his insanity, would condemn. Probably there was something in the cast of his profession, that made all these changes of character sit easy and natural on a mind so peculiarly constructed. Accustomed to receive so much homage in the personation of Lear and Richard, it is not wonderful that in his hours of excess he should be haughty and inexorable, or the raving victim of the more amiable passions, according as the qualities of one or the other passed in review before his fancy.

I will now, Mr. Oldschool, with your permission, illustrate these remarks by some appropriate anecdotes. Mr. Cooke was once dining with a party of gentlemen, and after he had liberally paid his libations to Bacchus, a servant announced the arrival of a stranger that desired admittance. It seems that this man had formerly, and as the tragedian thought, not by the most honourable means, obtained from him, by loan or otherwise, the sum of twenty pounds. This circumstance the stranger thought would be a sufficient apology for his presence. It may well be conceived that this combination of events was well calculated to make Mr. C. play the character of Richard. Do you not see we are engaged? he replied, haughtily, to the message; tell the man we are engaged. This answer was delivered; but the servant returned with another request, announcing the name of the stranger, and his business, which was the repayment of the money. The servant was however sent back with a still more imperious answer; but just at this crisis of time the stranger entered at his back. How dare you, sir, intrude on this company? exclaimed the frowning tragedian. Do you not see there are *gentlemen* present! Hence—begone. Sir! (he replied) I come to pay you twenty pounds. D——n your twenty pounds! was the retort, accompanied with a bottle thrown with uncommon violence. After so rough a salutation, it may easily be conceived that the intruder departed; and Mr. C. with much composure, joined in the conversation and hilarity of the table.—The obnoxious name of the intruder in the present instance, roused the latent Richard.

Four gentlemen, of which this tragedian was one, were on an evening supping together, in a room contiguous to a theatre where a celebrated character was then acting. Mr. C. was the life and soul of the table, and although he liberally plied the bottle, gave not the slightest symptom of intoxication. It ought to have been previously mentioned, that his Bacchanalian insanity was not with him slow and gradual in its approaches—it came like an electrical flash on his faculties, to the astonishment of his companions. In the midst of the most brilliant colloquy and exhilerating anecdote with which all the guests were charmed and delighted, the tragedian burst into a torrent of tears. Every one was startled by this abrupt transition, and anxiously inquired the cause. Intelligence has arrived this moment, he replied, [no one had quitted the room, no one had entered it] that my friend —— has been playing this night to empty seats. Do, gentlemen, let us go to the theatre, *and fill the house*. This ludicrous association may thus be accounted for. Mr. C. had laid it down as a fundamental point, that he was unquestionably the better actor of the two. Suddenly recollecting that his rival was then treading the boards, and as he was himself absent, he predicted, as a matter of course, a thin house. Knowing what a crowded audience his presence had always collected, he was prompted by the impulse of his insane humanity to propose to give his attendance *and fill the house*.

Mr. Cooke, after his return from a like convivial party, was engaged in conversation with one of his friends, and the subject being the English stage, his return, &c. he complained of sickness, and thought himself on the verge of the grave. No remonstrances, exhortations, or arguments, could shake the constancy of his belief: he was on the borders of death, and his will must be instantly made. Accordingly, his friend, to humour his caprice, took pen, ink, and paper, and proceeded to the execution of the task assigned him, with suitable solemnity. Amidst the disposition of his property, he asked, incidentally, the question, if he was not a better tragedian, in the character of Richard, than Mr. Cooper. His friend having adroitly interposed a

doubt, all thought of the last will and testament was laid aside, and the dying man recovered at once. Here we find that absence from home, and from the theatre of all his glory, was naturally associated with a kindred train of gloomy and desponding images. To the ardent mind of Cooke, at that moment, it was linked with the thought of dissolution. But when the pedestal of his fame, the character of Richard, was rudely assailed, these mournful recollections were broken by vexation and alarm.

Mr. Cooke, being in a company of a few select friends, participated in all their convivial pleasures; and by his singular extravagancies delighted the table. At length, the carriages arrived to convey the company home, and the care of Mr. Cooke was assigned to the gentleman who so hospitably entertained them. When his carriage arrived, and he was about to take his seat, Mr. Cooke stopped him short by informing him that *in his country*, the gentleman who pays the hire was allowed first to enter. The gentleman politely asked pardon for his unintentional offence, and without undeceiving Mr. Cooke, readily gave way. After they were seated to their content, the driver incautiously drove on the side of a hill to the evident hazard of overturning the carriage. Mr. Cooke's companion remonstrated with the driver on his carelessness; at which the tragedian took umbrage again. Sir! said he, this is the second time I have had to expostulate with you on your impertinence for presuming to direct my driver; beware of the third offence. The gentleman again calmed his anger by submission. Not long afterwards, in crossing a stream, the carriage was every moment plunging deeper in the water. The same offence by Mr. C.'s companion was reiterated, and the driver severely scolded for his imprudence. Mr. Cooke's ire could be restrained no longer. Opening the door—sir! said he, this is the third time you have dared to act in defiance of my injunctions; I insist on your stepping immediately out. His companion attempted to pacify him in vain; and at last, was compelled, in selfdefence, to adopt a bolder style of speaking. Sir, said he, it is unnecessary to exhaust your threats to no purpose; I will not go out of the

carriage. If you will not, I will, replied Cooke; and immediately quitted his companion and plunged, up to his middle, in the water. By repeated intercessions, he was at last prevailed upon to resume his seat; not, however, until he had taken so severe a cold, that he was prevented from acting in consequence of his hoarseness, on the succeeding night, which was assigned for his benefit. The politeness of the company was the cause of all this mischief. Anxious to behold Cooke in all his glory, they listened attentively, without contradiction, and allowed full scope to all his extravagancies. Mr. Cooke insisted on their drinking the health of his eldest son. His name was inquired for—Why, what should his name be, but George Frederick Cooke? This was done in a bumper; and, after a little interval of time had elapsed, he rose and demanded of the company that they should drink the health of his second son. His name, if you please, sir—Why, undoubtedly, George Frederick Cooke. This farce was repeated seven times over, and the healths of the tragedian's seven sons were drank, all to the name of George Frederick Cooke. From such entire acquiescence to the whims and caprices of this celebrated actor in all the company present, he metamorphosed himself from the guest to the host; and as he had thus, in his own imagination, entertained them all at his own expense, it was fitting that he should pay the hire of the carriage that conveyed them home. Self love is so strong a passion, that its insanity will work on any fact, however distantly associated with its indulgence; and this very circumstance that would occasion respect in Cooke for his company, when possessed of his sober senses, would make him boisterous and vehement in his hours of ebriety.

We have dwelt so long on this part of the character of Mr. Cooke, because many have believed that his artificial excitements were not tinctured by any peculiarities of the man—whereas, they were sparkling with all, and sometimes changing with a rapidity that beggars all description. When he was free from such influence, his conversation was brilliant and sententious; at first, modest and unobtrusive, but capable of being roused and inflamed, if the inflammable materials were disturb-

ed. He was, therefore, at such seasons, a mirror that reflected back with fidelity the prevailing spirit of the company. Unless chafed by opposition, these obnoxious traits were not visible, and his society was perfectly safe. To those who understood and attempted to practise on the keys of the machine, it might be made to discourse most excellent music; but in clumsy and awkward hands, it was sure to grate discord and harshness.

Such inequalities and contrarieties were discovered in his every day character; and he was then the well bred gentleman or the blustering bully, according to his conception of the treatment he received from the company he frequented. Instances of the epigrammatic brilliancy of his wit are too numerous for repetition. Kemble, who is too much addicted to opium, once undertook to remonstrate with Cooke on his prevailing intemperance. He heard him patiently to the end; to which this witty reply was given:—You take solid fire, and I liquid fire. Reform your own solids before you venture to interfere with my liquids. The severity of his language was sometimes almost without a parallel. On some controversy with a gentleman, which ended in a personal combat, in which Mr. Cooke was foiled, he craved a suspension of hostilities. Taking his own portrait from his bosom, he presented it to his antagonist, with these words: Do me the favour, sir, to wear this; and whenever you look upon it, remember that *the original called you a scoundrel.*

His life, replete as it is with such extravagancies, affords a useful and salutary lesson. It shows us the danger of suffering passion to run to riot, and of demolishing all those guards and restraints which decency no less than virtue demands. Had these fiery passions submitted to the curb, their natural impulse, on so strong an intellect, would have carried him through his professional career with dignity and honour, whatever that profession might have been. Abandoning this restraint, he was the untamable disciple of passion altogether; he broke upon us in sudden starts and sallies, and his success was made dependant on the fortuitous aid afforded by animal spirits. When these failed him, Cooke was no longer seen, and he was compelled to sup-

ply their exhaustion by the bottle. This untamable exercise of his passions, explains the reason why in characters marked with these traits, such as Richard, for instance, he shone so unrivalled. He was himself speaking; and he rather moulded Richard to himself, than personated the character he acted. It was a natural outlet to strong passion; there Cooke was perfectly at home. With the restraints thus discarded, he presents to us a mixture of strange, contradictory, and inflammable passions, liable to be excited by the touch of every passing incident.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Lines on the death of G. F. Cooke, the tragedian, by a young lady not yet fifteen years of age.

How lovely did the blooming morn
Gem with bright dew the rose girt thorn,
And wave it on the gale;
And opened every blushing bell,
That hung around yon rocky dell,
Or strew'd the verdant vale:
How brightly sparkled ev'ry stream,
Beneath the sun's enchanting beam!

But e'er he sought the glowing west,
And shed his last ray o'er the breast
Of yonder azure main,
Oh! mournfully we heard the tale,
While ev'ry glowing cheek grew pale,
And bosoms heav'd with pain,
The gloomy truth our tears beguil'd—
We wept the fate of *Erin's* child!

Oh, Cooke! thy wand'rings all are past;
Thy woes, thy sorrows, hush'd at last,
And buried in the tomb:
Nor Pleasure's charm, nor Mis'ry's sigh,
Nor anguish'd tear, nor smiling eye,
Can rouse thee from the gloom:

Ah! life, and all its sweets are o'er,
And Sorrow's dart can pierce no more!

Lamented shade!—May angels fair,
Upon their azure plumage bear
Thee to a Father's breast;
And ev'ry little blot wash'd pure,
And dreams of happiness made sure,
And visions of the blest;
And Shakspeare, of thy merits proud,
Smile on thee from his beamy cloud!

And yet it wakes the sorrowing sigh,
To think that thou wert doom'd to die
Far from thy native shore:
No blushing rose, no thistle wild,
To strew the grave of their lov'd child,
When life's stream play'd no more;
Nor sweetly blooming shamrock wreath,
Its fragrance o'er thy form to breath!

Lamented spirit!—Now farewell!
And, while the pearly tear doth swell,
And while for thee I weep;
And while the world shall weigh thine art,
That charm'd the soul, and touch'd the heart,
They'll let thy frailties sleep;
And wish they too may be forgiv'n,
And meet thee at the throne of heaven.

ERIN.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN FOX AND BONAPARTE.

THE memoirs of Mr. Fox, by his secretary Mr. Trotter, though not without defects which impair their value, possess still all the interest which is inseparable from authentic accounts of distinguished characters, and we are the more gratified in seeing an edition from the American press, as an evidence of respect to a

statesman whose disposition or whose policy was more favourable to our country than is often felt or pursued by European ministers. From the great number of amusing passages which the volume contains, we extract the following account of Mr. Fox's interview with Bonaparte in the year 1802.

On the day of the great levee, which was to collect so many representatives of nations, and noble strangers from every country to pay their respects to the first consul of France, now established as the sole head of government for life, several apartments, having the general name of the *Sallê des Ambassadeurs*, were appropriated for the crowd of visitors at the levee, previous to their being admitted to the first consul's presence. Lord Holland, lord Robert Spencer, lord St. John, Mr. Adair, and myself, accompanied Mr. Fox there. I must acknowledge that the novel and imposing scene amused and interested me in a high degree. This grand masquerade of human life, was inconceivably striking—the occasion of assembling—the old palace of the Bourbons—the astonishing attitude that France had assumed, affected the imagination, and almost overpowered the judgment. A latent smile was often to be caught on the countenances of different intelligent and enlightened men; it said, very significantly, can this be reality? can so wonderful a fabric be permanent?

His toils were now approaching; there was a much greater number of English presented than of any other nation. Mr. Merry, the English ambassador, appeared, on the part of the British government, to sanction and recognise the rank and government of the first consul? Mr. Merry, whose nation had, under the blind auspices of an intemperate minister, fatally interfered with the internal concerns of a great people, and had vainly attempted to counteract the success of their efforts. What a subject had he for a letter, in the style of Barillon, for the perusal of Mr. Pitt, or his friend, Mr. Addington, then acting as Pitt's deputy, or locum tenens, in the government! Mr. Merry!—then acting under lord Hawkesbury, the Quixottic marcher to Paris, which same lord was now receiving a magnificent present of a service of china of unrivalled beauty and elegance, from this same new government and Bonaparte. It would have been an instructive lesson for Mr. Pitt himself, could he invisibly, with Minerva by his side, have contemplated the scene; he might then have studied history, and discovered that such interference and conduct in foreign powers, as that of his and the allied potentate, had made Cromwell a king, or an emperor, and fixed the succession in his family.

"What think you of all this?" said the chevalier d'Azara, ambassador from Spain, addressing himself to Mr. Fox. The other gave an expressive smile—"It is an astonishing time," continued he; "pictures—statues—I hear the Venus de Medicis is on her way—what shall we see next?" A pleasant dialogue ensued: these enlightened statesmen diverting themselves, when

scolding and anger could avail nothing. The TURKISH AMBASSADOR graced the splendid scene; a diminutive figure, accompanied by a suit of fine and handsome men;—he reposed on a sofa—the heat was excessive, and his crossed-legged attitude but little relieved him;—his companions spoke French with great ease, and some of them were fine Grecian figures.

Count MARKOFF! covered with diamonds—of a most forbidding aspect—of sound sense, however—malgre a face no lady would fall in love with—and an ungraceful air—The marquis LUCCHESINI!, the king of Prussia's ambassador, who, from an obscure situation, by having become the reader to a minister, was elevated to the corps diplomatique—gaudily dressed—always with several conspicuous colours—one thought of a foreign bird, on seeing him; and his physiognomy coroborated the idea—agreeable, however, pleasing in manners, easy in his temper, and enjoying rationally the amusing scenes around him.

The marquis DE CALLO! the Neapolitan ambassador—an unmeaning nobleman of the old school—florid in manner, but not calculated to produce effect in politics or conversation.—Have I forgotten the count COBENZEL!—that sage and venerable negotiator was there. A small, emaciated figure,—pale, and worn out with the intrigues of courts, he seemed to have been reserved to witness the scene before us, as a refutation of all his axioms and systems. With excellent good sense, he took all in good part—he was too wise to betray dissatisfaction, and too politic not to bend to the gale. The American ambassador, Mr. LIVINGSTON, plain and simple in manners and dress—representing his republic with propriety and dignity.—Of these, I believe, M. d' Azara, held the first rank for intellect; he had all the appearance of a man of genius—he seemed very much to enjoy the society of Mr. Fox—he and the count Cobenzel are both since dead, as, no doubt, are many other of the actors in the grand drama of that day.

The illustrious statesman of England, who that day attracted every eye, is himself withdrawn also from mortal scenes!

A number of English noblemen and gentlemen—many Russians—Swedish officers, with the white scarf on their arm, also crowded the rooms. The cardinal CAPRARA! representing his holiness the pope, with his scarlet stockings and cap, was to me a novel sight—he was a polite and dignified ecclesiastic, and, but that I was imbued a little with the prejudices of English historians and other authors, I should have found nothing extraordinary in the respectable cardinal. I am now ashamed that I did.

This grand assemblage were detained a considerable time, in the *Salle des ambassadeurs*, during which several servants, in splendid laced liveries, handed round coffee, chocolate, the richest and finest wines, and cake, upon China, bearing the initial B. without any armorial, royal, or established marks of power. The heat was excessive, and expectation wearied with the pause, began to droop, when the door opened, and the *prefet du Palais* an-

nounced to the cardinal CAPRARA, that the first consul was ready: he afterwards called upon M. d'AZARA—upon which every one followed, without regular order or distinction of rank. As we ascended the great staircase of the Thuilleries, between files of musketeers, what a sentiment was excited!

As the assumption of the consulship for life was a decisive step, tending not only to exclude every branch of the old dynasty, but to erect a new one, every sensible man considered this day as the epoch of a new and regular government. Bonaparte was virtually king henceforth. As we passed through the lofty state rooms of the former kings of France, still hung with the ancient tapestry, very little, if at all, altered—the instability of human grandeur was recalled to the mind more forcibly than it had yet been. The long line of the Bourbons started to the view! I breathed with difficulty! Volumes of history were reviewed in a glance. Monarchs! risen from the mouldering tomb, where is your royal race! The last who held the sceptre died the scaffold with his blood, and sleeps forgotten and unknown, without tomb, or memorial of his name!—Rapid was the transition succeeding! We reached the interior apartment, where Bonaparte, first consul, surrounded by his generals, ministers, senators, and officers, stood between the second and third consuls, Le Brun and Cambaceres, in the centre of a semicircle, at the head of the room! The numerous assemblage from the *Salle des Ambassadeurs*, formed into another semicircle, joined themselves to that at the head of which stood the first consul.

Bonaparte, of a small, and by no means commanding figure, dressed plainly, though richly, in the embroidered consular coat—without powder in his hair, looked, at the first view, like a private gentleman, indifferent as to dress, and devoid of all haughtiness in his air. The two consuls, large and heavy men, seemed pillars too cumbrous to support themselves, and, during the levee, were sadly at a loss what to do,—whether the snuff-box or pocket handkerchief was to be appealed to, or the left leg exchanged for the right.

The moment the circle was formed, Bonaparte began with the Spanish ambassador, then went to the American, with whom he spoke some time, and so on, performing his part with ease, and very agreeably: until he came to the English ambassador, who, after the presentation of some English noblemen, announced to him Mr. Fox. He was a good deal flurried, and after indicating considerable emotion, very rapidly said—"*Ah! Mr. Fox!—I have heard with pleasure of your arrival—I have desired much to see you—I have long admired in you the orator and friend of his country, who, in constantly raising his voice for peace, consulted that country's best interest—those of Europe—and of the human race. The two great nations of Europe require peace; they have nothing to fear; they ought to understand and value one another. In you Mr. Fox, I see with much satisfaction, that great statesman, who recommended peace, because there was no just object of war; who saw Europe desolated to no purpose, and who struggled for its relief.*

Mr. Fox said little, or rather nothing, in reply. To a complimentary address to himself, he always found invincible repugnance to answer; nor did he bestow one word of admiration, or applause upon the extraordinary and elevated character who addressed him. A few questions and answers relative to Mr. Fox's tour, terminated the interview.

Amongst the distinguished English presented to Bonaparte on that day, was Mr. now lord Erskine. I am tempted to think that he felt some disappointment at not being recognised by the first consul; there was some difficulty at first, as lord Erskine was understood to speak little French. M. Talleyrand's impatient whisper to me, I fancy, I yet hear, "*Parle-t-il Francois, Parle-t-il Francois.*" Mr. Merry, already fatigued with his presentations, and dreading a host to come, imperfectly designated lord Erskine, when the killing question followed, "*Etes vous legiste,*" was pronounced by Bonaparte with great indifference, or, at least, without any marked attention.*

Lord Erskine, truly great as he is in England, was, however, himself deceived, if he imagined that his well-earned reputation had extended into foreign nations. The province of the advocate is to defend the equivocal cause of a client. This, necessarily, creates a confined and technical species of oratory. The municipal laws of one nation do not concern or interest another. A lawyer from Vienna or Petersburgh, however eminent at home, would be unknown and unnoticed at the British court. It is only, and this rarely happens, when the lawyer, greatly rising into the philosopher, statesman, and senator, displays new and more general abilities, that he ranks with the great men of other nations. The lawyer's habits, and pursuits are, beside, adverse to the formation and expansion of greatness of character; his investigations are too microscopic; his subjects of study too low and jejune; his accumulations of wealth are too grovelling; and the restrictions placed upon the efforts of his genius, by the narrow spirit, the prejudice, or the envy of judges, disqualify him for bold and liberal exertions.

Another question, asked by Bonaparte, when a young English officer, handsomely dressed, belonging to some English militia regiment, was presented to him, without any announcement, or key to his rank and quality,—*qu'a-t il fait?* was a lesson: and if the commander in chief established this *qu'a-t il fait?* as a test of merit, and gave promotion according to the answer, he would obtain the thanks of the nation. The ceremony was not long.

* One would almost fancy that Bonaparte had imbibed from the air of the Thuileries, Louis the Fourteenth's disrespect for, and dislike of *lawyers*. Whether the distinction between "*legiste*" and "*jurisconsulte*" is an important one, whether the former or the latter is the more dignified, I cannot say, but Louis's words to his ambassador, Barillon, are not very flattering to the self-importance of that profession: his majesty writes:

"Je n'ai rien a vous dire sur le choix que le roy d'Angletere a fait du chevalier Trumbal pour remplir la place du sieur Preston: mais il me paroit que la qualité de *jurisconsulte Anglois*, n'est pas la plus convenable pour maintenir la bonne intelligence entre moi et le roy d'Angleterre, et qu'elle ne sert souvent qu'a trouver des difficultes, on il n'y en doit point avoir."

Bonaparte went round the circle a second time, addressing a few words here and there, without form, and finally placing himself between the two consuls, he bowed slightly, but expressively, when the company withdrew.

It would be superfluous to speak much of a matter so well known or so long canvassed. I shall mention a few ideas only which occurred to me, and make but few observations on this celebrated person. His stature being small, and his person, though not ill, yet not very well formed, he cannot, on that account, be supposed to have a very striking air; but his countenance has powerful expression; and decision and determination, when he is grave and thoughtful, are most emphatically marked in it. His eyes are common gray, and have nothing remarkable in them. I am disposed to think, that the lower part of the face, which is the most striking in that of Bonaparte, is the most decisive indication of an inexorable and prompt line of conduct. In performing the honours of the levee, this was not at all observable; his smile was extremely engaging; his general expressions very pleasing, and his manners devested of all haughtiness, without manifesting the least of that studied condescension, which, in persons of great rank, is often more offensive even than arrogance and rudeness: Admiring him as a great military character, whose reputation was undoubted and hard earned, I looked upon Bonaparte as a superior man, born to command the destinies of millions, and felt incredible satisfaction at beholding this great general.

ANECDOTES OF WHITEFIELD,

*During his residence in the United States.**

After a passage of nine weeks, he arrived at Philadelphia in the beginning of November, 1739, and was immediately invited to preach in the churches, to which people of all denominations thronged as in England.† From thence he was invited to

* Extracted from Memoirs of the life and character of the late reverend George Whitefield, A. M. of Pembroke College, Oxford, and chaplain to the right honourable the countess dowager of Huntingdon. Faithfully selected from his original papers, journals and letters; illustrated by a variety of interesting anecdotes, from the best authorities. Originally compiled by the late Rev. John Gillies, D. D. minister of the college church of Glasgow. First American, from the London edition. Revised and corrected, with large additions and improvements, by Aaron C. Seymour, author of "Letters to young persons."

† The effects produced in Philadelphia at this time by the preaching of Mr. Whitefield, were truly astonishing. Numbers of almost all religious denominations, and many who had no connexion with any denomination,

Newyork, by Mr. Noble, the only person with whom he had an acquaintance in that city. Upon his arrival, they waited on the commissary; but he refused him the use of his church. Mr. Whitefield, therefore, preached in the fields, and on the evening of the same day, to a very thronged and attentive audience in the Rev. Mr. Pemberton's meeting-house; and continued to do so twice or thrice a-day for above a week, with apparent success.

On his way to and from Philadelphia, he also preached at Elizabethtown, Maidenhead, Abington, Neshaminy, Burlington, and Newbrunswick, in the Newjerseys, to some thousands gathered from various parts, among whom there had been a considerable awakening, by the instrumentality of a Mr. Freelinghausen, a Dutch minister, and the Messrs. Tennents, Blair, and Rowland. He had also the pleasure of meeting with the venerable Mr. Tennent as well as his sons, and with Mr. Dickinson.‡

were brought to inquire, with the utmost earnestness, what they should do to be saved. Such was the eagerness of the multitude to listen to spiritual instruction, that there was public worship regularly twice a-day for a year; and on the Lord's day it was celebrated generally thrice, and frequently four times. An aged man, deeply interested in the scenes which then were witnessed, and who is still living, has informed the writer, that the city (not then probably a third so large as it now is) contained twenty-six societies for social prayer and religious conferences; and probably there were others not known to him.—*Memoirs of Mrs. Hannah Hodge, published at Philadelphia*, 1806.

During this visit to Philadelphia he preached frequently after night from the gallery of the court-house in Market-street. So loud was his voice at that time, that it was distinctly heard on the Jersey shore, and so distinct was his speech, that every word he said was understood on board of a shallop at Market-street wharf, a distance of upwards of 400 feet from the court-house. All the intermediate space was crowded with his hearers. This fact was communicated to the recorder of it by a gentleman lately deceased, who was in the shallop.

‡ Mr. Tennent, and his brethren in presbytery, intend breeding up gracious youths for our Lord's vineyard. The place wherein the young men study now, is a log-house, about twenty feet long, and near as many broad. From this despised place, seven or eight worthy ministers of Jesus have been sent forth, and a foundation is now laying for the instruction of many others.

At Philadelphia, 1741, the churches were now denied him. He therefore preached in the fields, and large collections were made for the orphan-house—once, one hundred and ten pounds sterling. Societies for praying and singing were set on foot, and in every part of the town, many were concerned about their salvation. "Many negroes came," says Mr. Whitefield, "some inquiring, have I a soul?"

He arrived at Newyork, by water, July 27, 1754, and preached backwards and forwards from Newyork to Philadelphia, and Whitely creek, till the middle of September. "Every where," he observes, "a divine power accompanied the word; prejudices were removed, and a more effectual door opened than ever for preaching the gospel."

The latter end of September, he enjoyed the pleasure of meeting his venerable old friend, governor Belchier, at Elizabethtown, Newjersey. And it being the Newjersey commencement, the president and trustees presented Mr. Whitefield with the degree of M. A. The meeting of the synod succeeded, before whom he preached several times; and had much satisfaction in their company. "To-morrow," says he, "October 1, God willing, I shall set out with the worthy president, Mr. Burr, for Newengland, and expect to return back to the orphan-house, through Virginia. This will be about a two thousand mile circuit; but the Redeemer's strength will be more than sufficient." He likewise wished, had it been practicable, to stop some time at the Westindies, before he returned to England.

October 9, he arrived at Boston, accompanied by president Burr, where he remained a week, preaching with great success. "At Rhodeisland and Boston," he says, "souls fly to the gospel, like *doves to their windows*. Opposition seems to fall daily." To his great joy, while at Boston, he heard the welcome news, that a governor was at last appointed for Georgia, to whom his friend, Mr Habersham, was made secretary. To him he writes, "May the King of kings enable you to discharge your trust, as becomes a good patriot, subject, and Christian!"

The work, I am persuaded is of God, and therefore will not come to nought. *Journals, November* 22, 1739.

The event has verified his judgment about this institution. It is now a large college at Princetown, in Newjersey.

He now travelled north as far as Portsmouth, Newhampshire, always preaching two or three times a day. At Boston he met with a far more agreeable reception than formerly; and his ministry, in general, seemed to be attended with as great a blessing as ever.

At length he embarked the sixth time for America, the beginning of June, 1763, in the ship Fanny, captain Archibald Galbraith, bound from Greenock to Virginia; and arrived there the latter end of August, after a voyage of twelve weeks. "Thanks to a never failing Redeemer," says he, "I have not been laid by an hour through sickness, since I came on board. A kind captain, and a most orderly and quiet ship's company, who gladly attended when I had breath to preach. Scarce an oath have I heard upon deck, and such a stillness through the whole ship, both on week days, and the Lord's day, as hath from time to time surprised me." He dated his letters in September, October, and November, from Philadelphia. Though still reduced by weakness, yet he continued to preach twice a week. "Here," says he, "are some young bright witnesses rising up in the church. Perhaps I have already conversed with forty new-creature ministers of various denominations. Sixteen popular students, I am credibly informed, were converted in Newjersey college last year. What an open door if I had strength! Last Tuesday we had a remarkable season among the Lutherans; children and grown people were much impressed."

It was his earnest wish to go immediately to Georgia, but was absolutely dissuaded by his physicians, till he recovered his strength. In the latter end of November, he left Philadelphia and went to Newyork, preaching several times by the way; at the college of Newjersey, and also at Edinburghtown, with much approbation and success. His spirits now revived, so that he was enabled to preach three times a week. During his stay at Newyork, in the winter, he writes, "prejudices in this place have most strongly subsided. The better sort flock as eagerly as the common people, and are fond of coming for private gospel conversation. Congregations continue very large, and I trust, saving impressions are made upon many.

"*Philadelphia, May* 9, 1770.

"This leaves me a two days inhabitant of Philadelphia. I embarked at Savannah in the Georgia packet, on the twenty-fourth ultimo, and arrived here the sixth instant. The evening following, I was enabled to preach to a large auditory, and was to repeat the delightful task this evening. Pulpits, hearts, and affections, seem to be as open and enlarged towards me as ever. Praise the Lord, O my soul! As yet I have my old plan in view, to travel in these northern parts all summer, and return late in the fall to Georgia. Through infinite mercy, I still continue in good health, and more and more in love every day with a pilgrim life. God bless you and all my dear friends and hearers in the great metropolis. I know they pray for me. They are never forgotten day or night."

"*Philadelphia, May* 24, 1770.

"I have now been here near three weeks; and in about a week more, I purpose to set off for Newyork, in my way to Boston. A wide and effectual door, I trust, hath been opened in this city. People of all ranks flock as much as ever. Impressions are made on many, and I trust they will abide. To all the episcopal churches, as well as most of the other places of worship, I have free access. Notwithstanding I preach twice on the Lord's day, and three or four times a week besides, yet I am rather better than I have been for many years. This is the Lord's doing. To the long-suffering never failing Lord, be all the glory."

"*Philadelphia, June* 14, 1770.

"This leaves me just returned from one hundred and fifty miles circuit, in which, blessed be God, I have been enabled to preach every day. So many new as well as old doors are open, and so many invitations sent from various quarters, that I know not which way to turn myself. However, at present, I am bound to Newyork. Help me to praise Him whose mercy endureth forever. As yet, I am enabled to ride and travel cheerfully; the heat not being greater than in England. Expect to hear further as we go along. The ship I find is going."

In the last visit but one which Mr. Whitefield paid to America, he spent a day or two at Princeton under the roof of the Rev. Dr. Finley, then president of the college at that place. At dinner the doctor said, "Mr. Whitefield, I hope it will be very long before you will be called home, but when that event shall arrive, I should be glad to hear the noble testimony you will bear for God." You would be disappointed doctor, said Mr. Whitefield. I shall die silent. It it has pleased God to enable me to bear so many testimonies for him during my life, that he will require none from me when I die. No, no, it is your dumb Christians that have walked in fear and darkness, and thereby been unable to bear a testimony for God during their lives, that he compels to speak out for him on their death beds." This anecdote was communicated to the writer of it by a gentleman now living, who was then a student at the college, and a boarder in Dr. Finley's family. The manner of Mr. Whitefield's death verified his prediction.

When Mr. Whitefield was one day preaching in Market-street, Philadelphia, from the balcony of the court-house, he cried out, "Father Abraham, who have you in heaven? any episcopalians?" "No!" "Any presbyterians?" "No!" "Any baptists?" "No!" "Have you any methodists there?" "No!" "Have you any independents or seceders?" "No, No!" "Why who have you then?" "We don't know those names here. All that are here are Christians—believers in Christ—men who have overcome by the blood of the Lamb and the word of his testimony." "O, is this the case? then God help me. God help us all to forget party names, and to become Christians in deed and in truth."

He used to say that all lawyers believed in God and in the devil. For in their criminal indictments they state that the offender acted "without the fear of God, and instigated by the devil."

A person of an amiable, natural disposition, came one day to converse with Mr. Whitefield. On his discovering an inclination in him to rely on his own agreeable temper, and sweetness of manners, he told him, "that he apprehended Satan was cheating him, by leading him to mistake a good disposition for

TOBIAS & HIS FAMILY.

the grace of God. I would rather you had the roughness of that man," said he, pointing to a bystander, "than that the tempter should thus deceive you."

On one occasion, preaching in Philadelphia, Mr. Whitefield cried out, "I am going to turn merchant to-day; I have valuable commodities to offer for sale; but I say not as your merchants do, if you come *up* to my price I'll sell to you, but if you will come *down* to my price: for if you have a farthing to bring you cannot be a purchaser here." It is said, a man, distressed with his condition as a sinner, received encouragement from the remark, and departed rejoicing.

Mr. Whitefield used often to say, that Mr. Robert Eastburn, father of the Rev. Joseph Eastburn, of Philadelphia, was the first fruits of his ministry in America.

"I am going," said Mr. Whitefield, from a stage in Philadelphia, "I am going to set a woman to preach to you to-day." While the people were all waiting to see a woman come forward, he cried out, she is a Samaritan; and she says, "Come see a man that told me all things that ever I did. Is not this the Christ?"

THE FINE ARTS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

We had some time since occasion to remark in our life of Rembrandt, that we had not been able to procure a sketch from any of his paintings. This omission we are now able to repair, by presenting on the opposite page a sketch from his picture of "Tobit and his family," &c.

TOBIT AND HIS FAMILY PROSTRATING THEMSELVES BEFORE THE ANGEL GABRIEL.

TOBIT, a pious man, of the tribe of Naphtali, becoming accidentally blind, sent his son to Rages, in order to recover some money he had lent to Gabelus. The angel Raphael, under a human form accompanied the youth during his journey, and caused him to marry his cousin Sarah, the widow of seven husbands, whom the devil had destroyed. Tobit afterwards returned to his father's house, whose sight he restored by the scale of a fish, that had been indicated to him by the angel. At the

moment when the two Israelites were desirous of loading him with presents, in testimony of their gratitude, he resumed his natural figure, and disappeared.

This is the moment, chosen by Rembrandt, for the subject of his picture. It presents the most striking beauties, and the greatest defects. The expression of the personages is correct; their attitudes skilfully denote surprise and admiration; the chiaroscuro is perfectly displayed; and the colouring possesses all that vigour and truth, which placed Rembrandt in the rank of the first painters. The drawing of the figures is, however, extremely incorrect. In regard to the drapery, one can scarcely imagine any thing more capricious; and it is almost superfluous to observe, in this part of his art, to what degree the painter has erred against all rule and propriety.

VARIETIES.

NEW ACCOUNT OF THE MANUSCRIPTS FOUND AT HERCULANEUM, BY M. MORGENSTERN.

M. Morgenstern, professor at the university of Dorpat, has addressed to the royal society of science at Gottingen, a memoir on the Herculaneum manuscripts, extracted from a learned account of his travels in Italy, which he is about to publish. This memoir contains some curious and little known particulars, which will be read with much interest.

"The rolls of papyrus (says M. Morgenstern) which were discovered on the third of November, 1753, are placed in glass cases, and in the same room in which the process of unrolling them is carried on. Each of the shelves which contain them has a brass number. These half-burned rolls appear like rolls of tobacco. I saw a man at work unfolding them: he was sitting before the ingenious machine invented by father Antonio Piaggio, of which Winckelmann has given a description; it is also correctly described and represented in Bartel's Travels. On coming near these ancient manuscripts, we almost involuntarily hold the breath, for fear any bits of them should be blown away.

I soon perceived how many difficulties and inconveniences attended the process of unrolling them.

"In proportion as the roll is opened, a designer faithfully copies each line: this labour is revised by a learned man, who translates it into Latin on the spot, and whatever passages can be made out, are engraved on copper. When I visited this establishment, they were employed in transcribing some new fragments of Philodemus. The celebrated philologist, CARLO ROSINI, bishop of Pozzuola, has undertaken to explain, comment upon, and publish them. The following are the words which they were then endeavouring to decypher.

"Πολυπραγμων περι αλλοτριων παραφρονησεως οι δ' επιγραφουσι προς τους αλογως καταθρασυνομενους των εν τοις πολλοις δοξαζομενων.

"The old government did much, but yet too little, respecting the manuscripts of Herculaneum; and M. Heinse was right in saying, that it was an unfortunate circumstance that this discovery was not made in the time of Robert, of Cosmo, or of Lorenzo de Medicis. What rewards would not those illustrious protectors of letters have granted to a Polizione, a Ficini, or a Lascarisse, for such praiseworthy labours; and what pleasure those learned Hellenists would have taken in accomplishing the views of such patrons.

"I was assured that the same saloon contained nearly seventeen hundred manuscripts, of which about three hundred had been unrolled. It is difficult to believe this last assertion, unless we comprise in the number, those, the development of which has been attempted without success. Most of these works are without the authors' names. The only known authors who have hitherto been met with amongst these masses are, Demetrius, Epicurus, Philodemus, and Polystratus, one of the disciples of Epicurus, whom Diogenes Laertius makes the immediate successor of Hermachos, or Hermarchos. He is the same whom Valerius Maximus associates with the Epicurean Hippokleides, and he represents them as two models of friendship, exactly similar in their manners, sentiments, and also remarkable for the same period of birth and death.

"Besides the fourth book of Philodemus on music, which has appeared, we now see the first two of his work on rhetoric, bearing this title, Φιλοδήμου περὶ ῥητορικῆς A. B., and another by the same author: περὶ κακιῶν καὶ τῶν ἀντικειμένων ἀρετῶν. I did not hear the name of Kolotes mentioned. But they have mislaid the work known by the name Φυσικῶν, which Piaggio began to unrol in the year 1762, and which, in the opinion of the abbé Galiani, related to botany. It is probably lost. It would be desirable to know what were the contents of the ten rolls, that were presented to the prince of Wales?

"The learned world may congratulate itself on the efforts that are made to hasten the results of these labours. I had the advantage of seeing, at the last visit I paid to the establishment, the celebrated director of the library, Juan Andrès, who was born in Valentia, and the bishop of Pozzuoli, whom I lately mentioned. They informed me that the second volume of the text of the works of Epicurus, which contains his Natural Philosophy, was printed, and was only waiting for the Preface. They expressed their hopes that it would be published before the edition of the Commentaries upon it. M. Juan Andrès also showed me, at his house, the text of a Latin poem, the only one which has yet been discovered. It is printed on four sheets of large folio, with this inscription.—*Geo. Batt. Malesci dis. Bart. oratii inc.* The manuscript is in double columns: the capital letters are very well formed, and not so angular as they generally appear in inscriptions. The words are separated by simple points. This fragment will be an important acquisition for Latin palæography, as the only manuscripts we possess in that languauge are long posterior to the time of the destruction of Herculaneum. It will be easy, on seeing these manuscripts, to perceive the difference between the ordinary manner of writing, and that which was employed on monumental inscriptions. The impression is exactly similar to the original, and the dottings correctly point out the extent and form of each gap or *hiatus*. The passages which are left, but which they have not been able to decypher, are underlined. These verses are, unfortunately, so mutilated, that it is hardly possible to understand their meaning. The poem, how-

ever, is in hexameter verse, and treats of the Alexandrine war. It evidently contains a description of the death of Cleopatra. On the four sheets which M. Andrès kindly presented to me, there are sixty-one verses, contained in the eight columns, but most of them mutilated. These sheets do not contain the whole of the poem; indeed I was told that a much greater number remained to be printed. In the second verse of the first column, we read the name of CESAR. In the third of the second column, PELVSIA, and CÆSAR. The eighth verse of the same column has these words: VINDICAT.... MVLAM. ROMAM. COTE.....NDEM.

" The poem, as I have said, evidently describes the Alexandrine war: these verses relate to the time of the arrival of Augustus in Egypt. Antony kills himself, and Cleopatra, by likewise committing suicide, avoids the disgrace of slavery. Even by consulting Plutarch and Dion, it is scarcely possible to supply the rest of the subject; for they only describe the principal facts. In the first columns, the poet speaks of the arrival of Octavianus and his army. He advances towards Alexandria, while the main body of the army proceeds by the Hippodrome. Antony attacks the cavalry of Octavianus with success, and causes his fleet to advance. On the second charge he is betrayed, and his fleet is dispersed. This was the signal for his overthrow: and to this event the following verses of the fourth column appear to relate:

> Qualis, ad instantis acies cum bella parantur,
> Signa tubae classesque, simul terrestribus armis,
> Est facies ea visa loci; cum saeva coirent
> Instrumenta necis, multo congesta paratu,
> Vindique; sic illuc deforme coactum
> Omne vagabatur leti genus, omne timoris.

" In his despair, Antony calls for Octavianus, that he may be witness to his deplorable end. (*Ut*)—*præberetque suæ spectacula tristria mortis!*

" Then follows the description of the dismay and confusion which prevail among the queen's courtiers, several of whom kill themselves in different ways.

"After a long *hiatus*, we find in the seventh column the attempts which Proculeius made, by order of Octavianus, to induce Cleopatra to surrender at discretion.

"Octavianus enters Alexandria, which city cannot be said to have been besieged. Meanwhile night comes on, and the poem does not describe the last moments of Cleopatra."

M. Morgenstern has promised to give some further illustrations of this poem, in the Travels which he intends to publish. He thinks there may be perceived, in the above extracts, the spirit of the composition: the author evinces the genius of the rhetorician; and he cannot but be viewed as a contemporary or emulator of Lucan and Petronius.

ACCOUNT OF A SCARCE AND CURIOUS LETTER OF COLUMBUS, LATELY PUBLISHED BY THE CHEVALIER MORELLI, OF THE ROYAL LIBRARY AT VENICE.

Columbus addressed this long letter to the king and queen of Spain on the seventh of July, 1503, at which time he was at Jamaica, where he had arrived on his fourth voyage to the West Indies. It contains an account of the events of his passage. He sailed from Cadiz on the ninth of May, 1502, and, passing the Canaries, arrived at Dominica, at which Isle his misfortunes commenced. "When I reached this island," says he," I addressed a packet of letters to your majesty, in which I earnestly requested a ship and some money; one of the vessels I had with me was no longer sea-worthy. Your majesty knows whether or not my letter reached you; in your majesty's answer you forbid me from remaining on shore, or even from debarking." This news it seems, caused despair amongst the companions of Columbus. "The danger was great (continues he) and I still remembered the night when, the ships having been dispersed, we had nothing to expect but death: each man looked his companion in the face and gave himself up as lost! And who is he, not even excepting Job, who would not have died of despair: when, under my circumstances, I was forbidden to find, for my son, my brother, my friends, and myself, a refuge in that very

land, and in those very ports, where, by divine grace, I had arrived, after unparalleled fatigues? (*Sudanda Sangue.*")

Columbus continued his route towards Jamaica, where he was surprised by the violent currents (occasioned by the trade-winds) and, after eighty-eight days' suffering from storms and tempests, the wind dropped on the 12th of September. But, during these events, Columbus felt as much for the misfortunes of others as for himself, and particularly on account of the terrible experiment made by his son, scarcely thirteen years old, and his own brother, who had unwillingly followed him in his perilous voyages: "For I am so unfortunate (says Columbus) that after twenty years of services and dangers, I have done no good for myself, I have not a single place of shelter in all Castile, nor any other means of procuring food and rest than by living at an inn, and even there I have seldom the means of paying my expenses. I had also another cause for vexation (says he) in the case of my son, Don Diego, whom I left in Spain an orphan, without fortune or employment." On this point it appears Columbus relied on the liberality of the king.

He arrived at a country called Cariac, where he learned that there were gold mines in the province of Ciamba: he took with him two of the natives, who conducted him to another country, named Carambara, the inhabitants of which went naked, and wore from the neck a gold mirror, which they would neither sell nor exchange. They told him, in the language of the country, of many other places, situated on the coast, where there were considerable gold mines: the last of these was Beragna, twenty-five leagues distant; he set off to discover these mines, accompanied by his two guides, who entertained him by talking of the profusion of gold they contained, which was so great, they said, that he ought to be satisfied if he could obtain even the tenth part of it. He verified the truth of their assertions, and returned well satisfied.

He was succesively driven into the ports of Bastimentos, Retrete, and Postogrone, where he procured provisions, and afterwards sailed towards Beragna, where he arrived on the day of the Epiphany; he reconnoitered the island, and, after meeting

with several adventures, he sailed again, and on the thirteenth of May he was off the country of Magna, and by the end of June at Jamaica. On this passage also he was assailed by severe storms, and his ships were no longer fit for sea. "I do not (says he to the king) here mention an hundredth part of my misfortunes, as my companions can testify; if your majesty would be graciously pleased to send to our aid a ship of 64 tons, laden with 200 quintals of biscuit, and other provisions, this would be sufficient to bring us back to Spain. Jamaica is distant from Spagnola only twenty-eight leagues, but I could not proceed there, even were my ships in good trim, after the orders which your majesty has given me."

Columbus then communicates to the king the observations he made on the riches, population, manners, and customs of the people he had seen, and particularly those of the isle of Beragna; he descants on the utility of this island, and the ease with which it may be taken; "There is (says he) more gold to be seen here in two days than can be met with at Spagnola in four years. Gold (continues he) is the most precious of metals; it is gold which fills all treasuries; and he who possesses gold can do what he will in the world! In short, gold serves to send souls into Paradise! The inhabitants of Beragna bury with their dead all the gold they possessed while living: such is their custom. They brought at one time to Solomon as much gold as six hundred and fifty quintals, not including the quantity for the use of the seamen and merchants, and that which it was necessary to send in payment to Arabia, and each of these quintals weighed an hundred and fifty pounds."

Columbus proceeds to exhaust all his eloquence: he quotes Josephus, the Book of Kings, and the Paralipipomenes, in proof that the *Ophir* of Solomon and the *Aurea* of Josephus, were the same as Beragna (*Veragua*) where nothing but gold was to be seen. Columbus, throughout, does not wish to seize upon this treasure by main force, but is only anxious that some means may be found for transporting it to the coffers of the king.

Although entirely occupied with the interests of his sovereign, Columbus is reduced to the necessity of imploring his

clemency and justice. "I asked your majesty (says he) provided I succeeded in discovering these islands and this continent, to give me the government of them in your majesty's name. My request was granted in the most solemn manner. I took the title of viceroy, admiral, and governor-general; and my limits were fixed at a hundred leagues beyond the isles of the *Azori*, and that of Cape Verd.—I remained seven years at your majesty's court, and every day this enterprise was spoken of, which, in the general opinion, could be attended with nothing but misfortune. At present, courtiers and flatterers ask, as a favour, permission to set out on voyages of discovery, and, if your majesty were to comply with their solicitations, they would discover nothing.—At the very time when I expected the ship which I entreated of your majesty to convey me home, that I might do homage to your majesty for my success and my riches, I was forcibly seized, and thrown into a ship with my two brothers, plundered, loaded with irons, and subjected to the most infamous treatment; and all this without having been either heard or condemned! And who would believe that a poor foreigner would have been induced to turn traitor here against your majesty, without any motive, or without the encouragement of any other sovereign. I have served your majesty for the space of twenty-eight years, and have gained nothing but infirmities. —I cannot believe that your majesty has sanctioned the oppression which I have experienced. Let then the authors of it be punished, and give me back my property and my honour.—I came here only to serve your majesty;—I entreat your majesty, if it be God's will that I am to quit these parts, to permit me to go to Rome, and to make other pilgrimages. May the Holy Ghost preserve your life and increase your grandeur. Given in the Indies, at the island of Jamaica, the 7th of July, in the year 1503."

The above is a brief analysis of a letter which contains thirty-two octavo pages, from which the reader may judge of its interest. It was written in Spanish, and, having been translated into Italian, it was printed at Venice by Simon de Lorere, 7th of May, 1505. It is this early translation, with some trifling cor-

rections, that has been republished by the abbé Morelli, a librarian at Venice. He has added various notes, to explain different passages of the text, which would otherwise have been obscure. The dates in this letter will be useful to the historian in describing the events relative to Columbus, particularly those of his last voyage in 1502 and 1503.

NEW DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The new Drury-lane theatre was opened on the 10th of October. The grand entrance is at Bridgestreet, through a spacious hall, leading to the boxes and pit. This hall is supported by fine Doric columns, and illuminated by two large brass lamps: three large doors lead from this hall into the house, and into a rotunda of great beauty and elegance. On each side of the rotunda are passages to the great stairs, which are peculiarly grand and spacious; over them is an ornamented ceiling, with a turret light. The body of the theatre presents nearly three-fourths of a circle from the stage. This circular appearance is partly an optical deception, and has the effect of making the spectator imagine himself nearly close upon the stage, though seated in a centre box. The colour of the interior is gold upon green, and the relief of the boxes is by a rich crimson. There are three circles of boxes, each containing twenty-four boxes, with four rows of seats, and sufficient room between each; there are seven slip boxes on each side, ranging with the first gallery, and the like number of private boxes nearly upon a level with the pit. The boxes will hold 1200 individuals; the pit about 850; the lower gallery 480; and the upper gallery 280; in all, 2,810 persons may be accommodated. The entrance to all the boxes and pit is easy and secure. The theatre is indebted to colonel Congreve for an excellent contrivance, which promises effectually to secure the building from fire. The appearance of the house is brilliant without being gaudy, and elegant without affectation. The fronts of the boxes have all diversified ornaments, which are neatly gilt, and give a variety and relief to the general aspect. We must not omit the just praise which is due to the architect for those arrangements, which exclude the interruption

caused by indecent persons, and, by necessary attractions, draw off the noisy and frivolous part of the audience from the grave and sober hearers. The grand saloon is eighty-six feet long, circular at each extremity, and separated from the box-corridors by the rotunda and grand staircase. It has a richly gilt stove at each corner, over which are finely imitated black and yellow-veined marble slabs as pedestals in the niches. The ceiling is arched, and the general effect of two massy Corinthian columns of verd antique at each end, with ten corresponding pilasters on each side, is grand and pleasing. The rooms for coffee and refreshments at the ends of the saloon, though small, are very neat; they consist of recesses, Corinthian pilasters, four circular arches supporting domes with sky lights, from which glass lamps are suspended. On the north side of the theatre is the wardrobe. The retiring rooms for the stage boxes are decorated with rich crimson carpets, and with deep crimson embossed paper. The private boxes have no anti-chambers.—We have now to notice the pit, orchestra, and stage: there are seventeen rows of seats in the pit, with four short ones, in consequence of the orchestra making two projections into it. The orchestra is about eight feet wide, and extends nearly the whole width of the pit. The stage is about thirty-three feet wide, the proscenium nineteen and a half, and the whole constructed so as to render the circular appearance of the theatre nearly complete. The part usually appropriated to doors, is occupied by two very fine and large lamps, with tripods on triangular pedestals; each lamp contains a circle of small burners, on the principle of Burton's lamps. Over the lamps are two stage boxes on each side, forming an acute angle with the stage, and above them are niches with statues. The space over the side boxes, and ranging with the upper gallery, is left entirely open; hence the more perfect transmission of sound to the remotest parts of the house, where the lowest whisper may be distinctly heard. Between the pedestal lamps and the curtain on each side is a massy Corinthian column of verd antique, with a gilt capital supporting the arch over the stage, in the circle of which are the arms of his majesty. Corresponding with these columns are three pilasters, ornamented

with connected rings entwined with grapes and vine leaves, all richly gilt. Some, perhaps, may object to so much gilding on the stage and front of the boxes, in a house where simplicity and plainness are conspicuous; but it ought to be remembered, that performers still wear embroidered dresses, and consequently require the adjacent objects to be uniform with their costume and character. The pannel which joins the curtain is of a fine lilac colour, and contrasts advantageously with the green column and gilt ornaments. The theatre itself is a master-piece of art, and an ornament of the metropolis. The *coup d'ail* is delightful beyond the power of description. It certainly has no rival in England, or perhaps in the known world, for beauty, completeness, and magnificence. The architect, Mr. WYATT, need envy no other artist, living or dead, after exhibiting this happy specimen of his taste and genius.

INDIAN HERALDRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

ALL of us are apt to set an overweening value on the pursuits to which we are respectively attached, and to underrate the studies to which we have never attended. Some one, talking to Dr. Johnson of the utility of experimental philosophy, was answered thus; "Yes sir, they may have their uses to minds not calculated for higher pursuits: I once amused myself for a short time, by dipping a thermometer into hot water, and seeing it rise; and again into cold water, and observing the mercury fall: sir, I acknowledge if this was a waste, it was, at least, an innocent waste of time: but a waste of time it was, when compared to the investigation of the sources of moral duty, and the incentives to moral conduct; but I do not know, sir, that experiments, as they are called, ought to be dignified with the name of philosophy." Johnson, who was, in many respects, very ignorant and very bigoted, knew not enough even to receive information, how much the hourly comforts of life, how much our pleasures, how much our health, how much the sources of employment, and the consequent increase of the human species, the strength

and the wealth of nations, depend upon experimental philosophy. Had he possessed knowledge enough to understand this, he would not have talked with so much silly contempt of pursuits he was not capable of appreciating.

I was led into this train of reflection by an instance of egregious preference to a favourite study, that, so far as I know, is unexampled. The author of the book, from whence I have taken the following extract, adduces, as an argument of the science of HERALDRY, being founded on the universal propensities of nature, from having seen some American Indians, with their skins tattowed, in stripes parallel and crossed (barrica). Thinking your readers will be amused by it, I send you the extract.

INTRODUCTIO at Latinam Blasoniam. Authore Johanne Gibbono Armorumservulo quem a mantilio dicunt Cæruleo. 1682, London. p. 156.

The book entitled Jews in America, tells you, that the sachem and chief princes of the Nunkyganses, in Newengland, submitted to king Charles I, subscribing their names, and setting their seals, which were A BOW BENT, CHARGED WITH AN ARROW, A T REVERSED, A TOMAHAWK OR HACHET ERECTED, such a one borne BARRYWISE, edge downward, and a FAWN. A great part of Anno 1659, till February, the year following, I lived in Virginia, being most hospitably entertained by the honourable col. R. Lee, sometimes secretary of state there, and who, after the king's martyrdom, hired a Dutch vessel, freighted her himself, and went to *Brussels*, surrendered up sir William Barclaie's old commission (for the government of that Province) and received a new one from his present majesty: (a loyal action, and deserving my commemoration) neither will I omit his arms, being GUL. A FES. CHEQUY, OR, BL BETWEEN EIGHT BILLETS ARG. being descended from the Lees of Shropshire, who sometimes bore eight *billets*, sometimes ten, and sometimes the *Fesse Contercompone* (as I have seen by our office records.) I will blason it thus: *In Clypeo rutilo; Fasciam pluribus quadratis auri et cyani, alterius æquisque spaciis (ducter triplici positis) confectam et inter octo Plinthides argenteas collocatam.* I say, while I lived in VIRGINIA, I saw once a war dance acted by the

natives. The dancers were painted some PARTY PER PALE GAL. ET SAB. from forehead to foot, (some PARTY PER FESSE of the same colours) and carried little ill made shields of bark, also painted of those colours, (for I saw no other) some PARTY PER FESSE, some PER PALE, (and some BARRY) at which I exceedingly wondered, and concluded that heraldry was engrafted naturally into the sense of the human race. If so, it deserves a greater esteem than is now-a-days put upon it.

T. C.

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NOTES OF A DESULTORY READER.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AMONG the modern candidates for fame in the career of Latin poetry, none perhaps attained such felicity of execution, as William Dobson, the translator into Latin verse, of Prior's Solomon. It has been said by doctor Johnson, that Pope had employed him to put into the same language his Essay on Man, but whether it was finished or not, does not appear. The Paradise Lost, however, of Milton, was translated by Dobson, about thirty lines of which are given by doctor Beattie in one of his letters, with great commendation both of the latinity and poetry.

Perhaps no passage could be cited from the Solomon, in which the fidelity as well as elegance of Dobson's version would not, upon a comparison with the original, appear; and therefore, the following, from the second book on Pleasure, is not so much selected for any peculiar beauty in the translation as from its being a pleasing passage in the original. It is hoped the amateurs of the modern school, have not so entirely lost all relish for the earlier, and, in their day, fashionable poets of the nation from which we derive our language and literature, as to avert their eyes from a few lines of Prior.

Not that these arts can here successful prove;
For I am destin'd to another's love.
Beyond the cruel bounds of thy command,
To my dear equal in my native land,
My plighted vow I gave; I his receiv'd:
Each swore with truth, with pleasure each believ'd.

The mutual contract was to heaven convey'd:
In equal scales the busy angels weigh'd
Its solemn force, and clap'd their wings and spread
The lasting roll, recording what we said.

Thus Dobson:

Nil tamen hìc artes poterunt præstare placendi:
Est mihi qui dedùm sibi me devinxit; amores
Abstulit ille meos: nec jussa minæque feroces
Abrumpent fœdus, patriis quod carus in oris
Mecum iniit juvenis; junxit data dextra vicissim
Concordes; neque vana animos fiducia fallet:
Ad superas arces se mutua vota ferebant,
Cœlituumque cohors libratam utrinque bilanci
Spectavere fidem, lætum plaudentibus alis,
Fœderaque æternis servarunt condita fastis.

Milton too, stands high among the writers of Latin poetry. Addison, however, appears to rank above him in this department, in which, he has been said to have furnished several specimens of good Virgilian verse. At any rate, he has infused into some of these poems, the delicate and pleasing vein of humour for which he is so distinguished in his prose writings in his own tongue. His battle of the Cranes and Pigmies, his Puppet Show, and his Bowling Green, are conspicuous instances of this talent. The following description of the turbulent and libertine bully Punch, is truly comic and amusing:

Sed præter reliquos incedit Homuncio rauca
Voce strepens; major subnectit fibula vestem,
Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus;
In ventrem tumet immodicum; pone eminet ingens
A tergo gibbus; Pygmæum territat agmen
Major, et immanem miratur turba Gigantem.
Hic magna fretus mole imparibusque lacertis
Confisus gracili jactat convicia vulgo,
Et crebro solvit, lepidum caput, ora cachinno.
Quanquam res agitur solenni serea pompa,
Spernit solicitum intractabilis ille tumultum
Et visu importunus adest, atque omnia turbat.
Nec raro invadit molles, pictamque protervo
Ore petit nympham, invitoque dat oscula ligno.

Equally diverting and descriptive, is the picture of the bowler, urging on as it were with his motions, the too weakly delivered bowl, and imputing the sluggishness of its course, to the unevenness of the ground; as are also the distortions of him, who having made an infamous throw, excites the laughter of the company, and vents his chagrin in bitter imprecations on the totally regardless bowl and its inordinate bias. Speaking of the first;

jam cautius exit,
Et leviter sese insinuat revolubile lignum.
At si forte globum qui misit spectat inertem
Serpere, et impressum subito languescere motum,
Pone urget sphæræ vestigia, et anxius instat,
Objurgatque moras currentique imminet orbi.
Atque, ut segnis honos dextræ servetur, iniquam
Incusat terram, ac surgentem in marmore nodum.

Of the second;

Nec risus tacuere globus cum volvitur actus
Infami jactu, aut nimium vestigia plumbum
Allicit, et sphærum à recto trahit insita virtus.
Tum qui projecit, strepitus effundit inanes,
Et variam in speciem distorto corpore falsos
Increpat errores, et dat convicia ligno.
Sphæra sed irarum temnens ludibria captum
Pergit iter nullisque movetur surda querelis.

The game of bowls, now unpractised or unknown was once so fashionable, that it was not uncommon for country gentlemen in England, to have bowling greens on their estates. The one at Centre House in the commons of Philadelphia, was a place of much resort some forty or fifty years ago.

—

We are told by doctor Johnson, that Mr. Addison sought the lady Warwick (to whom he was at last united) in a long and anxious courtship; and their union, he adds, was such as to afford but little encouragement to ambitious love. Be that as it might, the following stanzas, addressed to that lady on Mr. Addison's going to Ireland, by his friend Mr. Rowe, appear to me to express with much tenderness and pathos, the fears and soli-

citudes natural on such a separation of the lovers; and there is little doubt, but that they were perused with some interest, in their day. It may be questioned, however, whether they would now be relished, as the poetry is simple, unadorned, and what some would call prosaic; in a style and manner at least, wholly different from that of the modern school, which scarcely suffers an idea to go forth, that is not enveloped in a dense medium of metaphor, imagery, and inversion. For my own part I am so little fastidious in my taste of poetical excellence, as to admit that the verses have pleased me so much, as to induce me to transcribe them entire. Perhaps they may be endured, in that spirit of indulgence which is sometimes granted to the occasional resuscitation of an old and long forgotten song.

Ye gods and nereid nymphs who rule the sea!
Who chain loud storms, and still the raging main!
With care the gentle Lycidas convey,
And bring the faithful lover safe again.

When Albion's shore with cheerless heart he left,
Pensive and sad upon the deck he stood,
Of ev'ry joy in Chloe's eyes bereft
And wept his sorrow in the swelling flood.

Ah fair maid! whom, as I well divine,
The righteous gods his just reward ordain;
For his return thy pious wishes join,
That thou at length, may'st pay him for his pain.

And since his love, does thine alone pursue,
In arts unpractis'd, and unus'd to range;
I charge thee be by his example true,
And shun thy sex's inclination, change.

When crouds of youthful lovers round thee wait,
And tender thoughts in sweetest words impart;
When thou art woo'd by titles, wealth and state;
Then think on Lycidas, and guard thy heart.

When the gay theatre shall charm thy eyes,
When artful wit shall speak thy beauty's praise;
When harmony shall thy soft soul surprise,
Sooth all thy senses, and thy passions raise:

Amidst whatever various joys appear,
Yet breathe one sigh, for one sad minute mourn;

Nor let thy heart know one delight sincere,
Till thy own truest Lycidas return.

—

There appears, time out of mind, to have existed in the literary world, a decree against those persons, who have drawn their swords against the country of their birth. No provocation has been deemed sufficient to justify the act; and Robertson, in conformity to the opinion, aims his censure at the constable Bourbon, whose death, he says (borrowing the sentiment I think from Sallust) would have been glorious, if he had thus fallen in defence of his country, not at the head of its enemies.

Still, must I venture to declare, that I have always fought on the side of Bourbon, and that I have exulted with him in the noble retribution he obtained for his injuries, in the overthrow and captivity of the author of them. I have even sympathized with him in the desperate course which succeeded it; and my feelings have always prompted the wish that he had even survived the unwarrantable sacking of Rome. The general condemnation indeed of Coriolanus and Bourbon, men, whose fortunes were very similar, seems to me to have emanated from a source, rather political, than moral or just: first, from the ferocious patriotism of the ancient Romans, from whom we have received our early historical lessons; and next, from the selfish, national policy of modern times, exalting a blind attachment to our individual community, above a general love and duty to mankind. What tends to show that this opinion is not natural, in the excess at least to which it has been carried, is the indulgence always manifested towards those who have contravened it. Neither in the drama of Shakspeare or Thomson, is Coriolanus an object of detestation, or scarcely of disapprobation; nor, is he otherwise in the allusive poem of Collins.

But who is he whose brows exalted bear
A wrath impatient and a fiercer air.
Awake to all that injur'd wrath can feel,
On his own Rome, he turns the avenging steel.

Awake to the same call, though in an infinitely less degree, prince Eugene bid adieu to France, where he was born, unre-

mittingly and successfully ever after maintaining against her, the interests of the rival house of Austria: nor in history, has he, that I know of, been censured for his conduct. Strong, no doubt, are, and ought to be, the ties of country; and unhappy, if not criminal, is he that severs them. Nevertheless, there are duties, I should presume, of paramount obligation: that for instance of justice; and where protection is withdrawn, and hopeless systematic oppression succeeds, loyalty, to a noble mind, must lose the name of virtue.

—

The popular, though not superlatively sublime aphorism, of "Where liberty dwells, there is my country," has been much hackneyed in America. But while bearing testimony to the inestimable blessing of liberty (a very indefinite term by the by) it would better accord with my notions of political happiness, to parody the line thus—"Where justice reigns, there is my country." Godwin seems to have adopted somewhat of the same idea, in entitling his book, Political Justice; of which, however, I like nothing but the name.

—

Speaking of those who have ventured to exhibit their own portraits to the world, Mr. Gibbon observes, that "the essays of Montaigne, and sir William Temple brings us home to the houses and bosoms of the authors: we smile without contempt at the headstrong passions of Benvenuto Cellini, and the gay follies of Colly Cibber;" and he adds, "the heretic and the churchman are strongly marked in the characters and fortunes of Whiston and bishop Newton."

The latter, indeed, from his own account of himself, prefixed to his Dissertations on the Prophecies, is a conspicuous instance of the comfortable superiority of mediocrity of parts, when united with its usual concomitant discretion, to the highest order of genius, without it. The good bishop succeeds in all his undertakings; and these alone consist in a most assiduous attention to the means of church preferment, the gradual steps of which he notes with most admirable self-complacency,—as much as to say, who would not do the same, if he could? Per-

haps no man that ever lived was more successful in forgetting, or at least seeming to forget, that the plebeian herd of mankind had an equal claim to happiness, with himself. The care of providence, in his eyes, seems alone confined to the royal family of England, and the lords, spiritual and temporal of the realm with their dependencies: and the bishop and his circle being completely easy in their situation and circumstances, he sees no reason why others should be uneasy in theirs. With such a way of thinking, it is scarcely necessary to mention, that during the contest with America, he was a decided ministerialist. This, if he had not told us so, would be deducible from the tenor of his written life, which, by the by, affords a handle to Mr. Gibbon for some sarcastic strokes, in revenge for that his lordship, as he tells us, found "The History of the Decline and Fall, rather tedious, the matter uninteresting, the style affected, the testimonies not to be depended upon," &c. &c. But the extreme peril of an old man, in the simplicity and sincerity of his heart, detailing his life and proceedings to the public, is further exemplified, by the unprovoked gibe of the author of the Pursuits of Literature, at the bishop's motives, as declared by himself, for taking a second wife; or, as the satirist chooses to term it, a wife *en seconde*.

> Prudent as Newton in domestic care,
> With no Scriblerian scruples for an heir,
> He took, not e'en in thought inclin'd to rove,
> A wife for regularity, not love.*

It would be in vain, perhaps, for a man who writes his own life, to attempt to persuade the world, that vanity was not the predominant motive to the undertaking; and it is evidence, without doubt, that he has a strong interest in himself, by whatever name this may be called. But this interest, it may be observed, is the cause of all our virtues, as, under a wrong direction, it is the cause also, of our most pernicious vices. Nothing great, is to be looked for, in a person who has lost all regard and respect for himself, and who is wholly indifferent to the good opinion of the world. There is something generous then, in the interest here spoken of, since, although it centers in self, the grati-

*See the passage, and the very humorous note on it, Page 279, of the Phil. Ed.

fication it seeks is of etherial quality, and altogether foreign to what is meant by the term selfish. Nevertheless, in giving their own biography, writers are always solicitous to hide the appearance of self-love, or vanity. Cæsar is supposed to have been peculiarly happy in this endeavour from the extreme simplicity of the narrative of his campaigns, in the third person; and the great Frederick treading cautiously in his footsteps, might have been equally successful, had he not manifested the vanity of likening himself to Cæsar. The splendid actions, however, of these great men, required not the aid of high colouring, to set them off.

These reflections have been suggested by a perusal of the life of Mr. Murphy, written by himself. This gentleman, it appears, had two models in his eye; the one of Mr. Hume, the other of Mr. Gibbon. He adopts the first as least ostentatious and most simple, and therefore, as he conceives, most modest and becoming, not reflecting that this his preference evinces a presumption, that his character can sustain itself, and that the literary fame of Mr. Murphy is already so well established, as to give sufficient interest to the mere outline of his passage through the world. But certainly, the requisites are very different in a life of a Homer or a Shakspeare from that of an Alexander Selkirk, or a Baron Trenck. In the one, we should take an interest in merely knowing the dates of his birth and his decease; but in the other, these would be matters of utter indifference; and we should expect to be entertained by extraordinary incident and extraneous matter, and it argues no inconsiderable degree of arrogance in an ordinary man to suppose, that his readers will care a farthing, for what happens to him in common with the herd of those of whom to be born and die constitutes the history. Such a one is far from modest then, when he sets the plain dish of his life before the world, without garnish, or a drop of sauce, or a particle of seasoning. He should reflect, that as in a French ragout, the meat is of no account, and that all depends upon the cookery. But whether Mr. Murphy was in this predicament, I undertake not to decide—I only say, that his choice of mode in giving the world his life, was not the most modest of the two presented to him.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The Quarterly Theological Magazine and Religious Repository; conducted principally by Members of the Protestant Episcopal Church. 8vo. pp 240. Allinson, Burlington, N.J. Vol. I. No. 1.

In announcing to the public the commencement of this truly interesting and valuable publication, we must acknowledge the gratification of a high degree of national pride, not only from a conviction of the favourable comparison it would sustain with European publications of a similar nature, but that its editor is a native American.

In the choice of the subjects which constitute this literary miscellany, Dr. Wharton, the reverend and learned editor, has displayed much judgment and taste, combining "with a master's hand," the essential properties of a well regulated periodical journal, entertainment, instruction, religious, literary, and philosophical intelligence, in such a manner, as to arrest the attention and edify both the head and the heart of the accomplished Scholar, and the contemplative and devout Christian. The form which is adopted of a *quarterly* instead of a *monthly* publication, is justly stated by the editor, in a well written prospectus or preface, "to afford more room for ample biographical details, theological discussions, &c. and to present to the reader a full and entire view of many important subjects, which, in monthly publications, must be frequently interrupted, and, of course, lose much of their interest and usefulness."

This number commences with two very interesting pieces of BIOGRAPHY; the life of the pious and learned USHER, archbishop of Armagh, and that of the amiable and eminent archbishop of Cambray, FENELON: in which the most interesting occurrences of their eventful and exemplary lives are recorded. Then follow two of the established HOMILIES; with an intimation, that in every future number of this magazine, one at least of the homilies will be inserted: and "as they contain the opinions of the first reformers of the English church upon all doctrinal points, before any differences arose upon subjects of less importance, it is presumed they will prove acceptable to all pre-

testant churches, and especially to *that* church which formally and explicitly adopts them among its standards." These homilies, not having been in general circulation for many years, will doubtless be acceptable to the orthodox, pious, and inquiring Churchman. An eloquent SERMON, by bishop Horsley; several valuable ESSAYS, DISQUISITIONS, and EXTRACTS, succeed; together with REVIEWS OF NEW PUBLICATIONS; SELECTED POETRY; LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE; a list of NEW PUBLICATIONS; RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE, both FOREIGN and DOMESTIC; and a GENERAL VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS in Europe. The intended statement of DOMESTIC political occurrences, is necessarily omitted, the proposed limits of the magazine having been considerably exceeded by the preceding rich variety of interesting matter: but the editor states it to be his "intention to give such a detail in the next and future numbers of the work, commencing that detail with the first day of the present year, and so to continue furnishing his readers with a retrospect at once concise and lucid, that will assist the memory in referring to the past events of this great and growing empire."

We shall conclude these brief and condensed remarks, by a short comment upon that part of the PROSPECTUS which relates to the Articles of the church of England, adopted by the protestant episcopal church in America. It supposes that the private opinions of the English reformers were Calvanistic, although they did not introduce them into the authoritative institutions of the church. This will be considered by some readers as a mistake; and the proof adduced in support of it, by referring to documents of the reign of queen Elizabeth, irrelevant. If the binding authority of the articles and the liturgy were in question, doubtless they rest at present in England on the thirteenth of that queen, when they were reenacted, after having been set aside in the reign of Mary. But, when a question is raised concerning their sense, and recourse is had to opinions less authoritative, they should be such as are found in *Edward's* reign, and not in Elizabeth's; at which period, those concerned in framing the Articles and Liturgy were no longer living. The writer of this article is of opinion, that if a complete and candid investiga-

tion of the subject from *such* documents were made, it would be found, that far from being framed according to the system of Calvin, they were studiously modled after the *Lutheran* in opposition to the *Romish* tenets of that day; the system of Calvin being then little known and less regarded in England.

SELECTED POETRY.

ROKEBY, A POEM—BY WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

The very rapid glance which we have been able to obtain of a part of this new and beautiful offspring of the muse of Scott, has not qualified us for an examination of its character, or even a description of its features; and we must therefore reserve any details till our next number, when it will have issued from the American press. The poem is founded on a wild story, the scene of which is laid in the north of England, during the civil disturbances in the time of Cromwell, and is embellished with all the incidents of feudal war, of chivalric gallantry, of romantic affection, and of bloody vengeance, on which the genius of Walter Scott has so often dwelt with poetical enthusiasm. It opens with the description of Oswald Wycliffe's anxious suspence, as he was waiting the return of a soldier whom he had bribed to assassinate his kinsman, Philip of Mortham.

The Moon is in her summer glow,
But hoarse and high the breezes blow,
And, racking o'er her face, the cloud
Varies the tincture of her shroud;
On Barnard's towers, and Tees's stream,
She changes as a guilty dream,
When Conscience, with remorse and fear,
Goads sleeping Fancy's wild career.
Her light seem'd now the blush of shame,
Seem'd now fierce anger's darker flame,
Shifting that shade to come and go,
Like apprehension's hurried glow;

Then sorrow's livery dims the air,
And dies in darkness, like despair.
Such varied hues the warder sees
Reflected from the woodland Tees,
Then from old Baliol's tower looks forth,
Sees the clouds mustering in the north,
Hears, upon turret-roof and wall,
By fits the plashing rain-drop fall,
Lists to the breeze's boding sound,
And wraps his shaggy mantle round.

Those towers, which in the changeful gleam
Throw murky shadows on the stream,
Those towers of Barnard hold a guest,
The emotions of whose troubled breast,
In wild and strange confusion driven,
Rival the flitting rack of heaven.
Ere sleep stern Oswald's senses tied,
Oft had he changed his weary side,
Composed his limbs, and vainly sought
By effort strong to banish thought.
Sleep came at length, but with a train
Of feelings real and fancies vain;
Mingling, in wild disorder cast,
The expected future with the past.
Conscience, anticipating time,
Already rues the unacted crime,
And calls her furies forth, to shake
The sounding scourge and hissing snake;
While her poor victim's outward throes
Bear witness to his mental woes,
And show what lesson may be read
Beside a sinner's restless bed.

Thus Oswald's labouring feelings trace
Strange changes in his sleeping face,
Rapid and ominous as these
With which the moon-beams tinge the Tees.
There might be seen, of shame the blush,
There anger's dark and fiercer flush,
While the perturbed sleeper's hand
Seem'd grasping dagger-knife, or brand.

Relaxed that grasp, the heavy sigh,
The tear in the half-opening eye,
The pallid cheek and brow, confessed
That grief was busy in his breast;
Nor paused that mood—a sudden start
Impelled the life-blood from the heart;
Features convulsed, and mutterings dread,
Show terror reigns in sorrow's stead;
That pang the painful slumber broke,
And Oswald with a start awoke.

He woke, and feared again to close
His eye-lids in such dire repose;
He woke,—to watch the lamp, and tell,
From hour to hour the castle-bell,
Or listen to the owlet's cry,
Or the sad breeze that whistles by,
Or catch, by fits, the tuneless rhyme
With which the warder cheats the time,
And envying think, how, when the sun
Bids the poor soldier's watch be done,
Couch'd on his straw, and fancy-free,
He sleeps like careless infancy.

The character of Oswald's son, Wilfrid, an amiable youth, a poet, and the unsuccessful lover of Matilda, contains a lively picture, which none but a poet could have drawn, of the danger of indulging to excess the enthusiastic dreams of poetical sensibility.

But Wilfrid, docile, soft, and mild,
Was Fancy's spoiled and wayward child;
In her bright car she bade him ride,
With one fair form to grace his side,
Or, in some wild and lone retreat,
Flung her high spells around his seat,
Bathed in her dews his languid head,
Her fairy mantle o'er him spread;
For him her opiates gave to flow,
Which he who tastes can ne'er forego,
And placed him in her circle, free
From every stern reality,

Till, to the visionary, seem
Her day-dreams truth, and truth a dream.

Wo to the youth whom Fancy gains,
Winning from Reason's hand the reins,
Pity and wo! for such a mind
Is soft, contemplative, and kind;
And wo to those who train such youth,
And spare to press the rights of truth,
The mind to strengthen and anneal,
While on the stithy glows the steel!
O teach him, while your lessons last,
To judge the present by the past;
Remind him of each wish pursued,
How rich it glowed with promised good;
Remind him of each wish enjoyed,
How soon his hopes possession cloyed!
Tell him, we play unequal game,
Whene'er we shoot by Fancy's aim;
And, ere he strip him for her race,
Show the conditions of the chace.
Two sisters by the goal are set,
Cold Disappointment and Regret;
One disenchants the winner's eyes,
And strips of all its worth the prize,
While one augments its gaudy show,
More to enhance the loser's wo.
The victor sees his fairy gold
Transformed, when won, to drossy mold,
But still the vanquished mourns his loss,
And rues, as gold, that glittering dross.

More wouldst thou know—yon tower survey,
Yon couch unpressed since parting day,
Yon untrimmed lamp, whose yellow gleam
Is mingling with the cold moon-beam,
And yon thin form!—the hectic red
On his pale cheek unequal spread;
The head reclined, the loosened hair,
The limbs relaxed, the mournful air.—
See, he looks up;—a woful smile
Lightens his wo-worn cheek awhile,—

'Tis Fancy wakes some idle thought,
To gild the ruin she has wrought;
For, like the bat of Indian brakes,
Her pinions fan the wound she makes,
And, soothing thus the dreamer's pain,
She drinks his life-blood from the vein.
Now to the lattice turn his eyes,
Vain hope! to see the sun arise.
The moon with clouds is still o'ercast,
Still howls by fits the stormy blast;
Another hour must wear away,
Ere the East kindle into day,
And, hark! to waste that weary hour,
He tries the minstrel's magic power.

The sketch of Matilda, the heiress of Rokeby, is also beautiful, though it may be thought in some respects to approach almost too closely to that of Ellen, in the Lady of the Lake.

Wreathed in its dark-brown rings, her hair
Half hid Matilda's forehead fair,
Half hid and half revealed to view
Her full dark eye of hazel hue.
The rose, with faint and feeble streak,
So slightly tinged the maiden's cheek,
That you had said her hue was pale,
But if she faced the summer gale,
Or spoke, or sung, or quicker moved,
Or heard the praise of those she loved,
Or when of interest was expressed
Aught that waked feeling in her breast,
The mantling blood in ready play
Rivalled the blush of rising day.
There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face,
That suited well the forehead high,
The eye-lash dark and down-cast eye;
The mild expression spoke a mind
In duty firm, composed, resigned;—
'Tis that which Roman art has given,
To mark their maiden Queen of heaven.
In hours of sport, that mood gave way
To Fancy's light and frolic play,

And when the dance, or tale, or song,
In harmless mirth sped time along,
Full oft her doating sire would call
His Maud the merriest of them all.
But days of war, and civil crime,
Allowed but ill such festal time,
And her soft pensiveness of brow
Had deepened into sadness now.
In Marston field her father ta'en,
Her friends dispersed, brave Mortham slain,
While every ill her soul foretold,
From Oswald's thirst of power and gold,
And boding thoughts that she must part
With a soft vision of her heart,—
All lowered around the lovely maid,
To darken her dejection's shade.

We have not space enough left for more than the following, which is in the best style of Scott's lively descriptions of danger. Bertram, the assassin, as he is on his way with Wilfrid through a dark glen, where his superstitious fears are awakened, suddenly starts at seeing a shade before him:—

Bertram sprung forward, shouting high,
"Whate'er thou art, thou now shalt stand!"
And forth he darted, sword in hand.

As bursts the leven in its wrath,
He shot him down the sounding path;
Rock, wood, and stream, rung wildly out,
To his loud step and savage shout.
Seems that the object of his race
Hath scaled the cliffs; his frantic chace
Sidelong he turns, and now 'tis bent
Right up the rock's tall battlement;
Straining each sinue to ascend,
Foot, hand, and knee their aid must lend.
Wilfrid, all dizzy with dismay,
Views from beneath his dreadful way;
Now to the oak's warped roots he clings,
Now trusts his weight to ivy strings;
Now, like the wild goat, must he dare
An unsupported leap in air;

Hid in the shrubby rain-course now,
You mark him by the crashing bough,
And by his corslet's sullen clank,
And by the stones spurned from the bank,
And by the hawk scared from her nest;
And ravens croaking o'er their guest,
Who deem his forfeit limbs shall pay
The tribute of his bold essay.

See, he emerges!—desperate now
All farther course—yon beetling brow,
In craggy nakedness sublime,
What heart or foot shall dare to climb?
It bears no tendril for his clasp,
Presents no angle to his grasp;
Sole stay his foot may rest upon,
Is yon earth-bedded jetting stone.
Balanced on such precarious prop,
He strains his grasp to reach the top.
Just as the dangerous stretch he makes,
By heaven, his faithless footstool shakes!
Beneath his tottering bulk it bends,
It sways, it loosens, it descends!
And downward holds its headlong way,
Crashing o'er rock and copse-wood spray.
Loud thunders shake the echoing dell!—
Fell it alone?—alone it fell.
Just on the very verge of fate,
The hardy Bertram's falling weight
He trusted to his sinewy hands,
And on the top unharmed he stands!

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON LEYRID'S RETIREMENT INTO THE COUNTRY.

Where lofty forests wave their heads,
And flowrets deck the lowly meads;
Where bold Ilyssus rolls along,
In current rapid, clear and strong;
His waves in rich luxuriance rise
When gentle Zephyr breathes its sighs:

Where lavish Nature throws around
Whate'er can charm the fairy ground:
And where bright Hope and Joy are ever seen,
And Peace, and Love, and calm Content with placid mein:

Where summer's suns, with gentle fire
Shine but to warm—and then retire.
To welcome Autumn's fruitful brow
Or Winter's not ungenial snow,
And then with gladness swiftly bring
The verdure of the teeming spring—
Spring—season of the blushing rose,
When the young ivy round it grows,
And woodbines then their curling tendrils join,
In soft and tender union with the wreathing vine:—

There Leyrid lives, remote from noise,
And rural scenes of peace enjoys;
With those whose fond paternal care
Has polished bright the lovely fair;
With those who oft delight to trace
Good nature beaming in her face:
And love to survey in her mind
All the virtues there combin'd—
All that with fond delight the poet feigns
When Love inflames and Fancy thrills his raptur'd strains.

With friends like these how swiftly glide
The current of life's rapid tide!
How do they sweeten each dull hour,
How cheer these hours that often lower,
When pale Misfortune's palsying hand
O'er Joy and Peace waves high her wand.
When Friendship's face, serenely smiles,
We think no more of Treachery's wiles;
It makes past days in swift succession rise
To charm once more the mourner's tear dew'd eyes.

Oh! ye kind gods who ne'er disdain,
To calm our fears and ease our pain,

Oh! listen to my fervent prayer—
From ev'ry harm protect the fair.
May her soft heart ne'er feel how keen
The cruel shaft that strikes unseen—
That strikes and lays its victim low,
Unknown the cause,—unseen the blow.
And may she long avoid pale Envy's flame
And still preserve, with conscience pure, bright Virtue's name.

May Fancy to her favourite child,
Still teach her *native wood-notes wild*,
And Genius crown with fadeless bays,
The maid who weaves her winning lays.
E'en now untaught in Wisdom's years,
Her polish'd numbers please our ears;
What then, when more matur'd by time
Shall be her Muse's riper rhyme?
Did but Prediction's voice to me belong,
Each Muse and every Grace would love to claim her song.

May she with deep-fix'd scorn deride
The weakness of a silly pride:
Ne'er may she hear base Flattery's theme
Nor idly list the soothing dream.
For Flattery, like the poisoned bowl
First soothe and then destroys the soul;
But to avert the feather'd dart
And safely shield a *female* heart,
May Learning grave her studious mind engage,
To pore with eye unwearied o'er the instructive page.

Next shall my feeble pen portray,
In artless numbers of the lay?
Oh! then how fondly would I trace,
The features of a lovely face.
May each fair lineament declare
That native worth is hidden there.
Give to her cheek the tint that glows,
And blushes in the morning rose.

And oh! ye gods exert your happiest art
To give those charms that win and firmly bind the heart.

SEDLEY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE "KISS!" ACKNOWLEDGED.

To her who will understand me.

Kiss, be mine! that fills the soul;
Kiss celestial! soft kiss stole
From scrutiny of common view
Kiss to the favoured lover true!

Could the kiss so common grown
Alike to friend and lover known,
Kiss—mere pressure of the lips!
Content the soul where Cupid dips?

If our rude manners authorize
A kiss which mouth to mouth applies,
From a cousin, friend, or other
Where is the kiss reserved the lover

Mine be—ye kisses of the eyes
Which vulgar sight cannot surmise,
Salute of love, kiss seen by heaven,
Kiss mutual, kiss at parting given!

Fervent the kiss devout I send
The kiss with which my soul I lend
To thee whose eyes of look divine,
Like the creative life ray shine.

The eye-blush'd kiss, reserv'd thy lover
Which nought but eyes that love discover,
Be the sovereign kiss for me,
Kiss of gentle Amadee!

Kiss of love! O joy supreme,
Kiss that fired my vital stream,
That tells my soul, O kiss divine,
Amadee loves me, Kiss be mine!

CAMILLE.

THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.
COWPER.

VOL. I. APRIL 1813. No. 4.

AMERICAN SCENERY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DESCRIPTION OF QUEBEC.

ABOVE the island of Orleans, says Gray, in his "*Letters from Canada*," published in 1809, the St. Lawrence expands, and a basin is formed by the junction of a river called the St. Charles, which takes its course through a plain separated from the great river by a ridge of high land about nine miles in length, and from one to two in breadth, extending from a place called Cape Rouge, to Cape Diamond.

Cape Diamond is a bold promontory advancing into the river St. Lawrence, of an elevation of 350 feet above the river, nearly perpendicular, and the bank the whole way to Cape Rouge is nearly of the same elevation, rising from the river almost perpendicular; the ridge slopes towards the north till it reaches the plain through which the river St. Charles runs. On the northeast or lower end of the peninsula, Quebec is situated, and the line of its fortifications runs from the river St. Charles across to the top of the bank which overlooks the St. Lawrence; the distance is about half a mile, and from the line of fortification to the point of Cape Diamond the distance is about a quarter of a mile; within this space stands the city of Quebec. It consists of an upper and lower town. The upper town may be said to be situated on Cape Diamond, at least upon the side of it which slopes towards the

and separated from it by a line of steep rocks which run from the cape towards the river St. Charles. Formerly the river St. Lawrence, at high water, came up close to these rocks; but as the tide rises and falls here about fifteen feet, it gave an opportunity of taking from the river a considerable space. Wharfs were built at low water mark, and even at some places beyond it, and the intermediate ground filled up to such a height that it remained dry at high water. Upon this situation streets were laid out and houses built. These streets run from the upper side of cape Diamond down to the river St. Charles, a distance of about half a mile; they are of considerable breadth, and the houses are large and commodious, those next the river have attached to them very extensive warehouses (called, in the language of Quebec, hangards) and vessels come close to the wharves to discharge their cargoes; at some of them the vessels remain afloat at low water, at others, which are not carried so far out, or where the river does not deepen so suddenly, the vessels lie dry at low water.

The lower town is not included in the fortifications, but the passes to it are commanded by the batteries in the line of fortification which surrounds the upper town, so that the approach by land to the lower town will hardly be attempted by an enemy. It is true the Americans attempted it in the winter of 1775, but they were repulsed with great slaughter.

The communication from the lower to the upper town is by a winding street, at the top of which is a fortified gate. On entering this gate you find on the right hand a large area in which is situated the house (dignified with the title of a palace) in which the bishop of Quebec formerly resided; at present it is used for public offices, and accommodates the supreme council and house of assembly. On the left is another area, and on the side next the river is the Chateau de St. Louis, in which the governor resides.

Quebec on the north, north-east and south sides, is so strongly fortified by the nature of the ground, that little has been left for the engineer to do. What was necessary however has been done. And as the great river and the river St. Charles, surround in a manner the fortifications in these directions, and in some

places come very near the bottom of the rocks, no enemy, if a common degree of vigilance is observed, can hope to succeed by an attack on these quarters.

The least defensible part of Quebec is towards the south-west, where the line of fortifications extends from one side of the peninsula to the other, enclosing the city and the highest part of Cape Diamond. There a cavalier battery has lately [1806] been erected, which commands the ground to a considerable distance from the walls; at the extent of the range of this battery martello towers are about to be erected which will sweep the plains of Abraham, and prevent, in some measure, an enemy from approaching near enough the walls to make a breach. There is no fosse, so that if a breach were once made, a daring enemy would have no difficulty in entering the city. The ground for a considerable distance to the southwest of the city of Quebec is called the plains of Abraham, famous for the battle in which general Wolfe beat the French. These plains are nearly on a level with the fortifications and widen as you retire from them to the extent of from one to two miles, preserving the level nearly throughout, but sloping a little both ways, particularly towards the river St. Charles on the north. On the side towards the St. Lawrence, the bank is of great height almost perpendicular, and generally covered with wood, where the slope will admit of it, which is not always the case. Notwithstanding the difficulty of ascent, General Wolfe with infinite labour contrived to carry his little army and a few small field pieces to the top of the bank, and took his stand on the plains of Abraham. Instead of remaining within their fortifications, the French came out to meet him, and to this error the English owe the taking of Quebec.

MEMOIRS OF THE LATE REV. JOHN ANTES.

On the appearance of lord Valentia's travels, in which the veracity of Bruce was questioned, a vindication of his character was published by the Rev. John Antes, who had known Bruce in Egypt, and thought more favourably of him, than lord Valentia did. Since the death of Mr. Antes, in 1811, a memoir of his life, partly written by himself, has been published by the so-

ciety to which he belonged, and as it contains the story of a native American, finds an appropriate place in this journal. The biographer is however obviously mistaken in the birth place of Mr. Antes, and if any of our correspondents can rectify the error, or furnish any further particulars of our wandering countryman, we shall be happy to give them an insertion.

John Antes was born March 24, 1740, on one of his father's estates in Frederick town, Philadelphia county, North America. Shortly after his birth his father became acquainted with the church of the Moravian Brethren, and with count Zinzendorf, who visited America, at that time.

"On taking leave of my father, the count desired to see all his children, and on that occasion, placing his hand on my head, in a very solemn manner, commended me to the grace of God our Saviour, praying him to preserve and guide me, throughout my whole life. This circumstance made an indelible impression on my mind."

Mr. A. was baptized in this society when six years of age. He was also educated among them; and was appointed overseer of the boys' school. In January 1764, he was appointed to accompany the Indian congregation from Philadelphia to Newyork. This year he visited Europe, and went to Herrnhut. Here he studied mechanics; and from hence he went to Neuwied to learn watch making. Jan. 16, 1769, he received a call to serve the mission then forming at Grand Cairo, in Egypt. He sailed for Cyprus; where he arrived Nov. 24.

"All the inhabitants of the house were taken ill of the Cyprus fever, an ague of a very malignant kind. I was likewise attacked by it, but the fits left me on the 17th. However, being yet very unwell, Christmas-day was a very heavy day to me. No one being able to help me, I was forgotten, and lay all day without meat or drink, or any refreshment. On the 17th the fits returned; but hearing of a Venetian ship lying at Limasol, bound to Alexandria, I immediately sent a messenger to know whether I could reach it before it sailed. On the very next day the Greek merchant, who acted as English consul, sent a guide to conduct me to Limasol. I was extremely ill; but as the man could not be prevailed on to wait a few days for me, I crept out of bed, packed up my things during the paroxysm, and prayed

the Lord to strengthen me for the journey. As my conductor spoke no language but Greek, the English consul procured me a muleteer, who spoke Italian. He however cautioned me against my very guides, assuring me, that they would kill their own parents if they could get any thing by it.

On the 8th of January, 1770, I left Limasol; and, after an easy voyage, arrived safe at Alexandria, on the 13th. The ague left me at sea, but I was by no means well.

I had a recommendation from the English consul in Cyprus, to an Italian, who acted as consul in Alexandria. At my request, he procured for me a Janissary, who understood Italian, with whom I set off early in the morning of the 16th, in a large open coasting boat, for Rosetta. We had a troublesome passage, and spent the first night at anchor, in the bay of Aboukir. The next morning, the weather being more moderate, we set sail, in company with 65 boats, for Rosetta, were we arrived safe at noon. As to my guide, he could only speak Arabic, and I was quite at a loss how to converse with him. He shifted my things on board another boat, bound to Cairo; and as I had no recommendation to any of the merchants' houses, I addressed an European among the crowd, who, after a few questions, invited me to his lodgings, where he offered me the usual refreshments of coffee, &c. and then left me. Towards evening, I felt greatly fatigued, and therefore went towards my boat, where I had my bedding, to spend the night in it; but meeting with the man at the waterside, he inquired whither I was going? and told me, that he had provided board and lodgings for me in the house of the Friars de Terra Santa. These monks showed me every possible attention, for which may the Lord reward them. At first finding that I was ill, they were apprehensive that I had caught the plague at Alexandria, but were soon convinced of the contrary. Here I had to wait six days, before the boat sailed. My guide had provided plenty of good provisions for the voyage up the river, which is commonly from three to four, or at most, six days. However, the end of my trials was not yet come, for instead of three or four, I was eighteen days on the passage. It often rains very hard in Lower Egypt; and, as the deck was not water tight, the water penetrated into my cabin. My bed grew wet

and mouldy, as likewise my provisions; which, at last, were quite exhausted. I had now to subsist on the rice-bread of the Arabs, which was hardly to be distinguished from black clay. However, this meagre diet saved me from a fit of the ague. We had such contrary and boisterous winds, that we were obliged to lie at anchor before some miserable village, or in the middle of the stream, for four or five days together. At length on the 10th of February, we arrived at Bulac, the harbour of Grand Cairo, where, as if to complete our misfortunes, we stranded on a sand-bank, in the middle of the river. I made signs, and was soon fetched on shore by a boat; when I immediately proceeded with my conductor, to Cairo. Here I was most cordially welcomed by the Brethren, Hocker and Danke. My heart was penetrated with a deep sense of gratitude, for all the mercy and protection experienced during this eventful journey.

My health was far from being re-established; for though the ague had, in appearance, left me, yet I felt it preying upon my constitution during the whole following summer; and in October, when the air grew cool and damp, it attacked me with redoubled violence.

After my recovery, I was never again seriously ill, during the whole time of my residence in Egypt; and my constitution which was naturally strong, suffered no material injury from the hardships which I had undergone.

The plague, which on my arrival at Alexandria, had infected some quarters of that town, afterwards became more general, both there, and at Rosetta; but (except in a very few cases) it did not begin to spread in Cairo, till April, 1771. We were then obliged to shut ourselves up in our house, till the end of June, when it ceased.

In 1773, January 15th, the celebrated Mr. Bruce, who, about four years ago, had gone to Abyssinia, returned safe to Cairo. As the brethren had been sent to Cairo, chiefly with a view to penetrate into Abyssinia, if any prospect should open to serve the cause of the gospel, among those very depraved nominal Christians, the Copts, I immediately waited upon him, and was kindly received. During his stay, I became intimately acquainted with him, which gave me an opportunity to make very minute

inquiries about every circumstance relating to Abyssinia. From his account I soon perceived, that, unless very great alterations should take place in that country, it would be quite impossible to establish a mission there. He reported that the hatred to all Europeans, and particularly to their priests (for which we should be immediately taken) was so great in that country, that as soon as we opened our lips about spiritual things, we should be stoned to death; that, although he had used various means in order to avoid suspicion, yet it was as much as he could do, to escape persecution on account of his religion; and it would have been altogether impracticable, had he not been constantly at court, and protected by the king himself.

These declarations, which were afterwards, confirmed to me by several natives of Abyssinia, destroyed all our hopes of being of any service in that country.

About this time, Europeans could hardly pass through the streets of Cairo without insults, or even blows, of which I received my share. The times were, upon the whole, extremely turbulent. Not only the war with the Russians frequently caused a ferment among the people, but the Beys likewise had many quarrels among themselves, which always had an influence upon the populace.

August 23d, I set off on a visit to Behnesse, to renew our connexion and acquaintance with the few Copts in that place, which our late Brother Danke had begun. The Nile was then high, and after a few days sailing in the channel of the river, we turned from it across the fields. As there are continually a great many boats going up and down the stream, there is at least some sort of security; but now my Arab boatmen showed themselves in their true colours. For they are of such a deceitful disposition, that, though they may be very friendly and submissive as long as they are in town, they become extremely insolent the moment they think themselves out of the reach of control. Thus they likewise behaved to me. Whenever, on account of my dress they could practice that deceit, they gave me out for a Turkish soldier, and thus made use of me as a tool to oppress the country people, and to compel the chiefs of the villages to provide the best provisions, not only for me, but for the whole

company. This they did one evening without my knowledge; but when I found it out, I told them, that I should certainly expose them, if they ever did it again. They however repeated it the very next morning, and moreover gave me a Turkish name, by which I was addressed by the Sheik of the village. As I was entirely in the power of these people, and knew that they would not have scrupled to throw me overboard, if I had offended them, I was obliged to let it pass, and not to contradict them, particularly as the Sheik made no inquiry.

On my return to Cairo, the boat was twice attacked in the night by pilferers, who approach the boat by swimming under water; snatch away whatever happens to be within their reach, and suddenly disappear with their booty; but we kept so good a look out, that they were disappointed.

On the 15th November, 1779, I had the misfortune to fall into the hands of a bey, who, in hopes of extorting a large sum of money from me, treated me in the most cruel manner. Before I relate this event, I must premise, that, during my residence at Grand Cairo, we lived in rather a close and confined part of the city, not far from the great canal, passing through its whole length, and which, from the middle of October to the June following, is very offensive, owing to the quantity of soil and filth thrown into it, from the adjacent houses. As my occupation was chiefly of a sedentary nature, I soon found, that frequent exercise, in the open air, was essential for the preservation of health. For this purpose, I often went into the fields, but the heat of the climate being very enervating, I perceived, that when I had no object to exercise activity upon, I was always inclined to sit down to rest under the shade of a tree, by which my aim was frustrated. In order to remedy this, I sometimes took a fowling-piece with me, particularly in winter, when there are plenty of wild fowl, snipes, wild ducks, geese, curlews, quails, &c. in the marshes and ponds, which the inhabitants, of every description, are at liberty to shoot, the Turks being too indolent to fatigue themselves with shooting. To meet the beys, and other men in power, is not safe, but as they have always a numerous train with them, they may on that account, and from the flatness of the country, be perceived at a considerable dis-

tance. When, therefore, I observed any of them, I generally avoided approaching them, knowing how ready they are, under some pretext or other, to extort money, especially from Europeans, whom they always suppose to be rich. In this way I had avoided falling into their hands, for above nine years. It happened on the above-mentioned day, that walking out with the Venetian consul, as we were returning, about half an hour before sun-set, being near the city gate, we were observed by some Mamelukes, belonging to one Osman Bey. The bey himself, and his train had been near us, though hid from our sight by some hillocks of rubbish, of which there are many lying all round Cairo, some of them high enough to overlook almost the whole city. Two of the Mamelukes immediately came in full gallop towards us, with drawn swords in their hands, followed by some footmen. They immediately stript us of our fur coats, shawls, and whatever else we had about us of any value, demanding 100 maktubs, or Turkish zechins (each in value about seven shillings and sixpence) threatening to take us before their master, unless we immediately gave them the money: I told them, that we had no such sum about us, and taking out my purse, offered it to them. They at first took it, but finding it contained only about twenty-five shillings, in small silver pieces, threw it back with disdain, crying, dahab! *i. e.* gold. Knowing that I had nothing to expect but ill-treatment, I told them that I had no gold with me, but if they would go with me to my house I would give them some. Upon this they cursed me, and ten more of the same gang, on horseback, having joined them, they repeated the same demand of gold, enforced with the same threat of bringing me before the bey if I refused to comply. I again answered that I had none about me, but that I would give them some if they would go with me. At last their chief accosted me, (for the poor Venetian could not speak one word of Arabic) "go you home and fetch your gold, but we will keep your companion here as an hostage, and if you do not soon return cut off his head." When I saw the poor man crying and trembling all over, I could not think of leaving him in the hands of those tygers, and escaping myself. I therefore told him that he might go and fetch the money, and I would stay with them. He had scarcely advanced

a few steps, when the servants fell upon him and stripped him of the few remains of clothing he had left, so that he escaped nearly naked into the town. By this time the sun had set, and it began to grow dark; and as the Mamelukes, durst not stay away from their master till my companion could return, one of them rode up to the bey and told him they had seized an European, from whom something might be got. The man soon returned, with an order that I should be brought before the bey: when, taking me between their horses, they dragged me to the place where he was sitting. When I came near him, I addressed him with the usual phrase: "I am under your protection;" to which, if they are not maliciously inclined, they answer: "You are welcome." But instead of answering at all, he stared furiously at me, and said, "Who are you?" I replied, "I am an Englishman." "What are you doing here in the night! You must be a thief. Aye, aye, most likely the one who did such and such a thing the other day." I proceeded: "I was entering the city-gates half an hour before sunset, when I was taken by your Mamelukes and detained till now, when, indeed, it is dark, but not yet an hour after sun-set, which is the regular time of shutting the gates." Without saying any thing in reply, he pointed to one of his officers, and ordered him to take me to the castle, a building at some distance out of town, situated in an extensive sandy plain, where most of the beys have houses, and exercise their Mamelukes. Every month one of the beys in rotation takes his station there, in order to guard the city by night against the wandering Arabs. This month happened to be the turn of the above-mentioned Osman Bey. Having given his orders for my removal, I wanted to say a few words more, but was prevented by a horde of servants, who are always glad to insult an European. One gave me a kick on one, another on the other side, one spat in my face, while another put a rope about my neck, made of the filaments of the date-tree, which are much rougher than horse-hair. By this rope a fellow in rags was ordered to drag me along, and another on horseback, armed with sword and pistols, to guard me. As we proceeded towards the bey's castle, we passed a gentle slope, with a large garden, surrounded by a mud wall. As the gardens

here consist mostly of irregular plantations of orange, lemon, and other prickly trees, through which no horses, can pass, it occurred to me that I might cut the rope by which I was held, and make my escape over the wall, the place being well known to me; but when I searched for my knife, I found that it was gone. Soon after, my conductor advised me to give the guard money, and he would let me go. The word *money* operated like an electrical shock. The guard gallopped up to me, and asked me if I had any money left? I told him I would give him what I had if he would let me go. Accordingly, I gave him the purse which the Mamelukes had refused. Having looked at it, he put it into his pocket, without saying a word, still driving me forward, till we arrived at the castle. I was then put into a dungeon, half under ground; a large iron chain, with links as large as those of a wagon chain, was put round my neck, secured by a padlock, and the other end fastened to a piece of timber. I was much heated with walking, and very thirsty. The servants, hoping to be rewarded, furnished me with water, but no offer could prevail upon them, either to let me have pen and ink, or to take a letter for me to my friends in town, to inform them of my situation; neither, indeed, durst they have gratified me, without danger to themselves. Being stripped of my upper garments, I was more afraid of taking cold than of any thing else. In about half an hour the bey arrived with his retinue, lighted flambeaus being carried before him. He alighted, went up stairs into a room, sat down in a corner, and all his people pleced themselves in a circle around him. I was then sent for unchained, and led up stairs by two men. On the stairs I heard the instruments used for the bastinado rattle, and guessed what I had to expect. Upon entering, I found a small Persian carpet spread for me. This was a mark of civility only due to a gentleman, for the common people, when about to receive the bastinado, are thrown upon the bare ground. The bey again asked me, "Who I was?" *A.* "An Englishman." *Q.* "What is your business?" *A.* "I live by what God sends?" (a customary Arabic phrase.) He exclaimed, "throw him down." I asked what I had done? "How you dog," answered he, "dare you ask what you have done? Throw him down." The servants then threw

me flat upon my face, and with a strong staff, about six feet long, having a piece of an iron chain fixed to both ends, confined my feet above the ancles; when two men, one on each side, twisting staff and chain together, turned up the soles of the feet and being provided with what they call a corbage (which consists of a strap of the skin of the hippopotamus, about a yard in length, rather thicker than a man's finger, half-cured, and very tough and hard,) waited for their master's orders. When they had placed me in this position, an officer came and whispered into my ear: "Do not suffer yourself to be beaten, give him a thousand dollars, and he will let you go." I reflected that, should I now offer any thing, he would probably send some of his men with me to receive it, and that I should then be obliged to open my strong chest, in which I kept not only my own money, but considerable sums belonging to others, left with me in trust, and that the whole of this would, in all probability, be carried away at the same time. Being therefore determined not to involve others in my misfortunes, I answered, "I have no money to give," upon which he immediately ordered them to begin. This they did at first pretty moderately, but I immediately gave myself up for lost, well knowing that my life depended upon the caprice of an unfeeling tyrant, and after the many examples of unrelenting cruelty which I had heard and seen, not expecting to fare better than others who had been the victims of his barbarity. I had therefore no other refuge but the mercy of my God, and commended my soul to him. I also experienced his support on this trying occasion so powerfully, that all fear of death was taken from me, and I could cheerfully resign my life into his hands. After they had continued beating me for some time, the officer, probably supposing that by this time I might have become more tractable, again whispered into my ear the word *money*, but now the sum was doubled. I again answered, "I have none here." They then laid on more roughly, and every stroke felt like the application of a red hot poker. At last the same officer, thinking that though I had no money I might have some costly goods, once more whispered something to that effect. As I knew that elegant English fire-arms often take their fancy, even more than money, I offered him an elegant

blunderbuss, richly mounted with silver, which I could have got at without opening my strong cheat. The bey observing me speak to the officer, inquired what I said, when the officer lifting up his finger, with a sneer exclaimed, "Bir carabini! *i. e.* only a blunderbuss." Upon which the bey repeated, "Beat the dog!" Now they began to strike with all their might. At first the pain was excruciating, but after some time all sensation ceased; I seriously believed that they meant to beat me to death, and in my own languge commended my soul to Jesus Christ my Saviour. When, at length, the bey saw that no money could be extorted from me, he probably thought that after all I might in reality be a poor man: and as I had done nothing to deserve such punishment he ordered them to let me go. I was now obliged to walk down to my prison, the chain being again put about my neck. Upon my asking the servants the reason of this precaution, since, in the present state of my feet, there was little danger of my running away, their only reply was, "the bey will have it so." In about half an hour a messenger came with orders to bring me up again; the servants then took off the chain, and carried me till I was near the door, when I was told to walk in, or the bey would beat me again. At first I was much in fear, thinking that some one might have told him that with a little more beating money might yet be obtained. There are, indeed, instances of the bastinado having been repeated for three days successively, to the number of 2000 strokes; when the feet are rendered past all cure. Persons of very strong constitutions may yet survive, but generally after about 5 or 600 strokes the blood gushes out of the mouth and nose, and the victim of their revenge dies either under or immediately after the torture.

When I came before the bey, he asked one of his officers, "Is this the man you told me of?" The officer stepping up to me, and staring me in the face, as if narrowly to inspect my features, on a sudden lifted up his hands, and cried out, "By Allah it is! Ah! this is the best man in all Cairo, and my very particular friend! O how sorry am I that I was not here before to tell you so!" with other expressions of the same kind. The bey answered, "Then take him, I give him to you; and if he has lost any thing see to get it restored." I had never in my life

seen the officer, and soon perceived that it was altogether a deceitful way of getting rid of me. Once more I was obliged to walk till out of the bey's sight, when the servants of my pretended friend took me up and carried me to his house, at a considerable distance. Here he offered me something to eat, and made up a tolerably decent bed, which was the more welcome to me, as great part of my clothes had been torn off my back, and I felt very cold. All I got returned was an old cashmire shawl. I asked him whether what had happened to me was a proof of the boasted hospitality of his countrymen to strangers? But I got nothing for answer but "Min Allah! Maktub! Mukkadder! It is from God! It is so written in the book of fate, which cannot be altered!" He however, took nothing amiss, but anointed my feet with some healing balsam, and tied rags about them; I then lay down, and spent a very uncomfortable night, in great pain. In the morning he asked me whether I was acquainted with the master of the customs, and when I informed him that he was my good friend, he offered to bring me to him, and setting me upon an ass, himself mounting a horse, we proceeded towards the city, accompanied by another soldier. On approaching the gate he told me to take off those rags, as it would be a disgrace to me to ride into the town in such a condition. "No disgrace to me:" said I, "but to him who has treated me so shamefully." "Min Allah! Mukkadder!" was the answer. When we arrived at the master of the custom's house, he was shocked to see me in such a condition. I requested him to settle every thing for me with my pretended deliverer, and on summing up the fees, found I had to pay about £20 for this piece of service, the whole farce being intended to play a little money into the hands of the bey's officer. His servants then carried me home and put me to bed. I was confined to my bed for about six weeks before I could walk on crutches, and for full three years after my feet and ancles, which had been much hurt by the twisting of the chain, often swelled.

In August, 1781, I was called to attend the general synod of the Brethren's church, to be held at Bertholsdorf, in Saxony, in the year 1782. Having, by God's blessing, regulated all my outward concerns to satisfaction, I quitted Cairo, Dec. 23; after a residence of twelve years in Egypt.

One thing I must be permitted to add, namely: that I found it not so easy as those who live in a christian country imagine, always boldly to confess the name of Christ before scoffers and reviling Mahometans, and though, when reproached with being a *Christian*, I would answer, "God be praised!" I sometimes felt pride stirring within me, resenting the indignity attached to the name.

On the 26th of December, 1781, I sailed from Alexandria, and after a very dangerous voyage, having encountered a most violent hurricane, in which many vessels were ship-wrecked in the Archipelago, arrived, March 19th, at Leghorn.

May 26, I reached Herrnhutt. In 1783, was appointed warden of the single Brethren's house at Nieuwied, on the Rhine. Having spent two years very happily in this place, I received a call to be warden of the Brethren's congregation at Fulnec, in Yorkshire.

In June, 1786, I married. In 1801 I travelled with my wife by way of Hull and Hamburg, to Herrnhutt, where I attended the general synod of the Brethren's church.

In 1807, I went on a visit to my wife's relations in Dublin. On this journey I was frequently attacked by the gout, chiefly in my left foot, which had suffered most by the bastinado. This makes me think that the cruel treatment I then underwent was, in a great degree, the cause of it.

Having obtained my dismission from my office, in 1808, I chose Bristol for my abode.

Mr. Antes improved considerably in his health after his removal to Bristol. His inventive mind and great skill in mechanics afforded him also much employment and amusement, and time never hung heavy on his hands.

On the 25th of June, 1810, he celebrated the 25th anniversary of his marriage, as a jubilee, with praise and thanksgiving

His disorder was spasms in his breast, which gradually increasing, produced his decease, December 17, 1811.

CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CUM TABULIS ANIMUM CENSORIS SUMET HONESTI.—*Hor.*

Medical Inquiries and Observations upon the Diseases of the Mind. By Benjamin Rush, M. D. Professor of the Institutes and Practice of Medicine, and of Clinical Practice in the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia, 1 vol. pp. 368.

(Concluded from page 239.)

The following excellent observations, which appear to be the result of a thorough knowledge of mental derangement, cannot be too seriously dwelt on by individuals, nor too forcibly inculcated on the minds of a humane, and an enlightened community.

I cannot conclude this part of the subject of these Inquiries, without lamenting the want of some person of prudence and intelligence in all public receptacles of mad people, who should live constantly with them, and have the exclusive direction of their minds. His business should be to divert them from conversing upon all the subjects upon which they had been deranged, to tell them pleasant stories, to read to them select passages from entertaining books, and to oblige them to read to him; to superintend their labours of body and mind: to preside at the table at which they take their meals, to protect them from rudeness and insults from their keepers, to walk and ride with them, to partake with them in their amusements, and to regulate the nature and measure of their punishments. Such a person would do more good to mad people in one month, than the visits, or the accidental company, of the patient's friends would do in a year. But further. We naturally imitate the manners, and gradually acquire the temper of persons with whom we live, provided they are objects of our respect and affection. This has been observed in husbands and wives, who have lived long and happily together, and even in servants, who are strongly attached to their masters, and mistresses. Similar effects might be expected from the constant presence of a person, such as has been described, with mad people, independently of his performing for them any of the services that have been mentioned. We render a limb that has been broken, and bent, straight, only by keeping it in one place by the pressure of splints and bandages. In like manner, by keeping the eyes and ears of mad people under the constant impressions of the countenance, gestures, and conversation of a man of a sound understanding, and correct conduct, we should create a pressure nearly as mechanical upon their minds, that could not fail of having a powerful influence, in conjunction with other remedies, in bringing their shattered and crooked thoughts into their original and natural order.

In reviewing the slender and inadequate means that have been employed for ameliorating the condition of mad people, we are led further to lament the slower progress of humanity in its efforts to relieve them, than any other

class of the afflicted children of men. For many centuries they have been treated like criminals, or shunned like beasts of prey; or, if visited, it has been only for the purpose of inhuman curiosity and amusement. Even the ties of consanguinity have been dissolved by the walls of a mad house, and sons and brothers have sometimes languished or sauntered away their lives within them, without once hearing the accents of a kindred voice. Happily these times of cruelty to this class of our fellow creatures, and insensibility to their sufferings, are now passing away. In Great Britain, a humane revolution, dictated my modern improvements in the science of the mind, as well as of medicine, has taken place in the receptacles of mad people, more especially in those that are of a private nature. A similar change has taken place in the Pennsylvania Hospital, under the direction of its present managers, in the condition of the deranged subjects of their care. The clanking of chains, and the noise of the whip, are no longer heard in their cells. They now taste of the blessings of air, and light and motion, in pleasant and shaded walks in summer, and in spacious entries, warmed by stoves in winter, in both of which the sexes are separated, and alike protected from the eye of the visitors of the hospital. In consequence of these advantages they have recovered the human figure, and, with it, their long forgotten relationship to their friends and the public. Much, however, remains yet to be done for their comfort and relief. To animate us in filling up the measure of kindness which has been solicited for them, let us recollect the greatness of its object. It is not to feed nor clothe the body, nor yet to cure one of its common diseases; it is to restore the disjointed or debilitated faculties of the mind of a fellow creature to their natural order and offices, and to rivive in him the knowledge of himself, his family, and his God.

The following extract from the constant conversation of a young lunatic, of an excellent education and respectable connexions, will not, we flatter ourselves, be unacceptable to our readers. It exhibits a most melancholy and affecting view of the dismal wreck which the intellect sustains under an attack of insanity.

"No man can serve two masters. I am king Philip of Macedonia, lawful son of Mary queen of Scots, born in Philadelphia. I have been happy enough ever since I have seen general Washington with a silk handkerchief in High-street. Money commands sublunary things, and makes the mare go; it will buy salt mackarel, made of ten-penny nails. Enjoyment is the happiness of virtue. Yesterday cannot be recalled. I can only walk in the night time, when I can eat pudding enough. I shall be eight years old to-morrow. They say R. W. is in partnership with J. W. I believe they are about as good as people in common—not better, only on certain occasions, when, for instance, a man wants to buy chincopins, and to import salt to feed pigs.

Tanned leather was imported first by lawyers. Morality with virtue is like vice not corrected. L. B. came into your house and stole a coffee pot, in the twenty-fourth year of his majesty's reign. Plumb-pudding and Irish potatoes make a very good dinner. Nothing in man is comprehensible to it. Born in Philadelphia. Our forefathers were better to us than our children, because they were chosen for their honesty, truth, virtue, and innocence. The queen's broad R originated from a British forty-two pounder, which makes too large a report for me. I have no more to say. I am thankful I am no worse this season, and that I am sound in mind and memory, and could steer a ship to sea, but am afraid of the thiller. ****** ****** son of Mary queen of Scots. Born in Philadelphia. Born in Philadelphia. King of Macedonia."

Of the mental disease denominated *Demence* or *Dissociation*, our author has been so fortunate as to give us an account, which, while it instructs, does not fail no furnish us with amusement. Speaking of this malady, he says,

It consists not in false perceptions, like the worst grade of madness, but of an association of unrelated perceptions, or ideas, from the inability of the mind to perform the operations of judgment and reason. The perceptions are generally excited by sensible objects; but ideas, collected together without order, frequently constitute a paroxysm of the disease. It is always accompanied with great volubility of speech, or with bodily gestures, performed with a kind of convulsive rapidity. We rarely meet with this disease in hospitals; but there is scarcely a city, a village, or a country place, that does not furnish one or more instances of it. Persons who are afflicted with it are good tempered and quarrelsome, malicious and kind, generous and miserly, all in the course of the same day. In a word, the mind in this disease may be considered as floating in a balloon, and at the mercy of every object and thought that acts upon it. It is constant in some people, but it occurs more frequently in paroxysms, and is sometimes succeeded by low spirits. The celebrated Lavater was afflicted with it; and although he wrote with order, yet his conversation was a mass of unconnected ideas, accompanied with bodily gestures, which indicated a degree of madness. I shall insert an account of a visit paid to him at Zurich, by the Rev. Dr. Hunter, an English clergyman, in which he exemplified the state of mind I wish to describe.

"I was detained," says he, "the whole morning by the strange, wild, eccentric Lavater, in various conversations. When once he is set a going, there is no such thing as stopping him till he runs himself out of breath. He starts from subject to subject, flies from book to book, from picture to picture, measures your nose, your eye, your mouth with a pair of compasses; pours forth a torrent of physiognomy upon you; drags you, for a proof of his dogma, to a dozen of closets, and unfolds ten thousand drawings; but will not let you open your lips to propose a difficulty; crams a solution down your throat before you have uttered half a syllable of your objection.

"He is as meagre as the picture of famine; his nose and chin almost meet. I read him in my turn, and found little difficulty in discovering, amidst great genius, unaffected piety, unbounded benevolence, and moderate learning, much caprice and unsteadiness; a mind at once aspiring by nature, and grovelling through necessity; an endless turn to speculation and project; in a word, a clever, flighty, good natured, necessitous man."

In speaking of drunkenness, which the Professor considers as a disease in the will, he gives the following directions in relation to its treatment.

The REMEDIES for this disease have hitherto been religious and moral, and they have sometimes cured it. They would probably have been more successful, had they been combined with such as are of a physical nature. For an account of several of them, the reader is referred to the first volume of the author's Medical Inquiries and Observations, to that account of physical remedies I shall add one more, and that is, the establishment of a hospital in every city and town in the United States, for the exclusive reception of hard drinkers. They are as much objects of public humanity and charity, as mad people. They are indeed more hurtful to society, than most of the deranged patients of a common hospital would be, if they were set at liberty. Who can calculate the extensive influence of a drunken husband or wife upon the property and morals of their families, and of the waste of the former, and corruption of the latter, upon the order and happiness of society? Let it not be said, that confining such persons in a hospital would be an infringement upon personal liberty, incompatible with the freedom of our governments. We do not use this argument when we confine a thief in a jail, and yet, taking the aggregate evil of the greater number of drunkards than thieves into consideration, and the greater evils which the influence of their immoral example and conduct introduce into society than stealing, it must be obvious, that the safety and prosperity of a community will be more promoted by confining them, than a common thief. To prevent injustice or oppression, no person should be sent to the contemplated hospital, or SOBER HOUSE, without being examined and committed by a court, consisting of a physician, and two or three magistrates, or commissioners appointed for that purpose. If the patient possess property, it should be put into the hands of trustees to take care of it. Within this house the patient should be debarred the use of ardent spirits, and drink only, for a while, such substitutes for them, as a physician should direct. Tobacco, one of the provocatives of intemperance in drinking, should likewise be gradually abstracted from them. Their food should be simple, but for a while moderately cordial. They should be employed in their former respective occupations, for their own, or for the public benefit, and all the religious, moral, and physical remedies, to which I have referred, should be employed at the same time, for the complete and radical cure of their disease.

A propensity to believe every report which reaches the ear, whether true or false, probable or improbable, our author denominates a "disease in the principle of faith." Whether our readers will concur in regarding this state of the mind as a real disease or not, they can entertain no doubt as to its existence, nor will they deny that it frequently operates as a public nuisance. The following is an excellent description of it.

Persons affected with this disease in the principle of faith, as far as relates to human testimony, believe and report every thing they hear. They are incapable of comparing dates and circumstances, and tell stories of the most improbable and incongruous nature. Sometimes they propogate stories that are probable, but false; and thus deceive their friends and the public. There is scarcely a village or city, that does not contain one or more persons affected with this disease. Horace describes a man of that character in Rome, of the name of Apella. The predisposition of such persons to believe what is neither true, nor probable, is often sported with by their acquaintances, by which means their stories often gain a currency through whole communities.

It is probable the confinement of persons afflicted with this malady, immediately after they hear any thing new, might cure them. Perhaps ridicule might assit this remedy. I think I once saw it effectual in an old quidnunc during the revolutionary war.

Our author's chapter on "Derangement of the Memory," is replete with curious and interesting matter. We regret that our limits forbid us to enrich the pages of the Port Folio with copious extracts from it. The following brief ones, which we have selected, will furnish our readers with some idea of its character and merit.

There is an oblivion of names and vocables, and a substitution of a word no ways related to them. Thus I knew a gentleman, afflicted with this disease, who, in calling for a knife, asked for a bushel of wheat.

There is an oblivion of the names of substances in a vernacular language, and a facility of calling them by their proper names in a dead, or foreign language. Of this Wepfer relates three instances. They were all Germans, and yet they called the objects around them only by Latin names. Dr. Johnson, when dying, forgot the words of the Lord's prayer in English, but attempted to repeat them in Latin. Delirious persons, from this disease in the memory, often address their physicians in Latin, or in a foreign language.

There is an oblivion of all foreign and acquired languages, and a recollection only of a vernacular language. Dr. Scandella, an ingenious Italian, who visited this country, a few years ago, was master of the Italian, French, and English languages. In the beginning of the yellow fever, which terminated

his life, in the city of Newyork, in the autumn of 1798, he spoke English only; in the middle of his disease, he spoke French only; but on the day of his death, he spoke only in the language of his native country.

There is an oblivion of the *sound* of words, but not of the letters which compose them. I have heard of a clergyman in Newburyport, who, in conversing with his neighbours, made it a practice to spell every word that he employed to convey his ideas to them.

There is an oblivion of the mode of spelling the most familiar words. I once met with it as a premonitory symptom of palsy. It occurs in old people, and extends to an inability, in some instances, to remember any more of their names than their initial letters. I once saw a will subscribed in this manner, by a man in the eightieth year of his age, who, during his life, always wrote a neat and legible hand.

There is an oblivion of the qualities or numbers of the most familiar objects. I know a man in this city, who has never been able to remember the difference between a jug and a pitcher.

Whatever sentiments or precepts have for their object to counteract the infirmities, or to mitigate the evils usually attendant on the evening of life, cannot fail to be received with a most cordial welcome by a benevolent public. Of this description are the observations of our author in relation to *fatuity arising from old age*. While these observations constitute an interesting article in the natural history of the human intellect, they hold forth an important rule of conduct to persons declining into the vale of years. We would deem ourselves unfaithful to our vocation, were we to decline presenting them to the readers of the Port Folio.

Fatuity from old age cannot be cured, but it may be prevented, by employing the mind constantly in reading and conversation, in the evening of life. Dr. Johnson ascribes the fatuity of Dean Swift to two causes; 1, to a resolution he made in his youth, that he would never wear spectacles, from the want of which he was unable to read in the decline of life; and 2, to his avarice, which led him to abscond from visitors, or to deny himself to company, by which means he deprived himself of the only two methods by which new ideas are acquired, or old ones renovated. His mind, from these causes, languished from the want of exercise, and gradually collapsed into idiotism, in which state he spent the close of his life in a hospital founded by himself for persons afflicted with the same disorder; of which he finally died.

Country people, who have no relish for books, when they lose the ability to work, or of going abroad, from age or weakness, are very apt to become fatuitous, especially as they are too often deserted in their old age by the younger branches of their families, in consequence of which their minds be-

come torpid, from the want of society and conversation. Fatuity is more rare in cities than in country places, only because society and conversation can be had in them upon more easy terms; and it is less common among women than men, only because they seldom survive their ability to work, and because their employments are of such a nature, as to admit of their being carried on by their fire sides, and in a sedentary posture.

The illustrious Dr. Franklin exhibited a striking instance of the influence of reading, writing, and conversation, in prolonging a sound and active state of all the faculties of his mind. In his eighty-fourth year he discovered no one mark, in any of them, of the weakness or decay usually observed in the minds of persons at that advanced period of life.

I cannot dismiss this subject without remarking, that the moral faculties, when properly regulated and directed, never partake of the decay of the intellectual faculties in old age, even in persons of uncultivated minds. It would seem as if they were thus placed beyond the influence, not only of time, but often of diseases and accidents, from their exercises being so indispensibly necessary to our happiness, more especially in the evening of life.

The Rev. Dr. Magaw, I said formerly, had lost, with his memory for events, his consciousness of place and time, by a paralytic disease, and yet in this situation he retained, for several years, so high a sense of religious obligation, that he performed his devotions morning and evening, and at his meals, with as much regularity and correctness, as ever he did in the most vigorous and healthy state of his mind.

Dr. Rush illustrates the disease (as he considers it) of Reverie, or absence of mind, by the history of the Rev. George Harvest, late minister of Thames Ditton in England. As this biographical fragment may afford amusement to such of our readers as have not heretofore had an opportunity of perusing it, we shall make no apology for introducing it to their notice.

Mr. George Harvest, minister of Thames Ditton was one of the most absent men of his time; he was a lover of good eating, almost to gluttony; and was further remarkable as a great fisherman; very negligent in his dress, and a believer in ghosts. In his youth he was contracted to a daughter of the bishop of London; but on his wedding day, being gudgeon fishing, he overstaid the canonical hour, and the lady, justly offended at his neglect, broke off the match. He had at that time an estate of 300l. per annum, but, from inattention and absence, suffered his servants to run him in debt so much, that it was soon spent. It is said that his maid frequently gave balls to her friends and fellow servants of the neighbourhood; and persuaded her master that the noise he heard was the effect of wind.

In the latter part of his life no one would lend, or let him a horse, as he frequently lost his beast from under him, or at least out of his hands, it being

his practice to dismount and lead his horse, putting the bridle under his arm, which the horse sometimes shook off, and sometimes it was taken off by the boys, and the parson seen drawing his bridle after him.

Sometimes he would purchase a penny-worth of shrimps, and put them in his waistcoat pocket, among tobacco, worms, gentles for fishing, and other trumpery: these he often carried about him till they stunk so as to make his presence almost insufferable. I once saw such a melange turned out of his pocket, by the dowager lady Pembroke. With all these peculiarities, he was a man of some classical learning, and a deep metaphysician, though generally reckoned a little cracked.

Such was his absence and distraction, that he frequently used to forget the prayer days, and to walk into his church with his gun, to see what could have assembled the people there.

In company he never put the bottle round, but always filled when it stood opposite to him; so that he very often took half a dozen glasses running. That he alone was drunk, and the rest of the company sober, is not therefore, to be wondered at.

One day Mr. Harvest, being in a punt on the river Thames with Mr. Ostow, began to read a beautiful passage in some Greek author, and throwing himself backwards in an ecstasy, fell into the water, whence he was with difficulty fished out.

Once being to preach before the clergy at the visitation, he had three sermons in his pocket: some wags got possession of them; mixed the leaves, and sewed them all up as one: Mr. Harvest began his sermon, and soon lost the thread of his discourse, and got confused, but nevertheless continued, till he had preached out first all the church-wardens, and next the clergy; who thought he was taken mad.

Characters of this description are to be met with in every country. We have ourselves been intimately acquainted with a clergyman of great talents and erudition, the Rev. James Archibald, of North Carolina, who, in absence of mind, was scarcely inferior to the celebrated Mr. Harvest.

This gentleman never, perhaps, in the whole course of his life, dressed himself completely, without some one to act as a monitor and an assistant. His coat, his waistcoat, his cravat, or some other article of clothing was always omitted. On rising in the morning, even during cold weather, he frequently forgot to put on his shoes and stockings, till reminded of it by his wife, or some other member of his family. He oftentimes wore stockings of different colours, such as a blue and a gray, or a black and a white, and went sometimes abroad with a boot on one foot

and a shoe on the other. He lived about six miles from the place where he was accustomed to preach. We have known him frequently to walk that distance, having, through forgetfulness, left his horse standing saddled at his door. At another time he would ride to church and return home on foot, leaving his horse near the place of worship, tied to a bush, or the limb of a tree. By a third act of inadvertency, he would occasionally lead his horse to church and home again, without ever recollecting to mount him.

It was not the custom in the part of the country where this gentleman resided, for the congregation to provide a church-bible. The officiating clergyman always brought his bible along with him. This custom proved a source of no little inconvenience to Mr. Archibald. Frequently on his arrival at church, sometimes even after ascending the pulpit, he found himself without a bible, and was obliged to despatch a messenger to a house in the neighbourhood to borrow one. We once witnessed a scene at a baptismal ceremony, under the direction of this gentleman, of so ludicrous a nature, as to discompose the gravity of the whole congregation. The water to be used on the occasion was handed to him in a pewter bason, containing certainly not less than a quart. Instead of dipping his hand into the water, and sprinkling the face of the infant, he suddenly emptied on it the whole contents of the vessel, to the great annoyance of its clothes, and the no small danger of strangulation.

When warmed with preaching, we have frequently seen him, with a view to cool himself, pull off, first his coat, then his waistcoat, and lastly his cravat. These articles of clothing he would lay down in the pulpit, and, unless reminded of it, seldom think of putting them on again when the service was finished.

When riding through the country to visit his parishioners, to preach to a neighbouring congregation, or for any other purpose, his reveries were productive of great inconvenience and loss of time. On halting at the house of a friend to breakfast, dine, or pass the night, he would frequently, on setting out again, give his horse's head a wrong direction, and never discover his error, till made sensible of it by his arrival at his own door. When on these tours he always rode the same horse, a very sagacious

animal, to which he had given the name of *Old Dun*. This beast had an excellent memory, and seldom passed a stable at which he had been formerly fed, without paying it a visit. But his master was as forgetful as he was retentive of places and favours. This discrepancy of character between the horse and his rider was oftentimes a source of ludicrous occurrences, and once of an accident somewhat serious. When Old Dun would halt at the stable, his master supposing him to be still pursuing his journey, frequently retained his seat, sometimes even in the midst of rain, until discovered by the ostler or some other person, and requested to dismount. On one occasion, the horse finding the stable door open, entered without ceremony, and struck his rider's head with such force against the wall, as brought him with considerable injury to the ground. When setting out from a tavern, where several travellers had halted as well as himself, he once mounted, by mistake, another gentleman's horse instead of his own, and was pursued and actually arrested for felony. As soon, however, as recognised, he was set at liberty, for no man sustained a more spotless reputation.

This gentleman being an excellent scholar, taught, for a while a very respectable grammar school, at which we were ourselves in the number of his pupils. When plunged in a reverie, we once recited to him an entire lesson in Horace, giving him, in the meantime, a Homer to look over, without his being at all sensible of the trick. When at table, he ate voraciously of whatever dish stood immediately before him, seldom even looking at any thing else. At his own table, unless reminded of his duty by his wife, he rarely paid any attention to his guests, but, wrapt within himself, allowed them to shift entirely for themselves. If a plate were handed to him to be passed to a third person, he would frequently set it down and, if not prevented, hastily devour its whole contents.

Many other instances might be mentioned of the inadvertency and blunders of this singular character. His absence of mind proved ultimately fatal to him. Travelling in the western part of South Carolina, he came to a stream, a branch, we believe, of Broad River, fordable in common times, but swollen then by a fall of rain. Unconscious of the change, although he had frequently

crossed the stream before, he plunged in, was swept from his horse, and drowned.

The last quotation we shall lay before our readers, sets forth our author's sentiments as to the best method of extinguishing, or at least, of mitigating the force of inordinate envy, malice, and hatred.

I once thought that medicine had not a single remedy in all its stores, that could subdue or even palliate the diseases induced by the baneful passions that have been described (*envy*, *malice*, and *hatred*) and that an antidote to them was to be found only in religion; but I have since recollected one, and heard of another physical remedy, that will at least palliate them. The first is, frequent convivial society between persons who are hostile to each other. It never fails to soften resentments, and sometimes to produce reconciliation, and friendship. The reader will be surprised when I add, that the second physical remedy was suggested to me by a madman in the Pennsylvania Hospital. In conversing with him, he produced a large collection of papers, which he said contained his journal. "Here (said he) I write down every thing that passes in my mind, and particularly malice and revenge. In recording the latter, I feel my mind emptied of something disagreeable to it, just as a vomit empties the stomach of bile. When I look at what I have written a day or two afterwards, I feel ashamed and disgusted with it, and wish to throw it into the fire." I have no doubt of the utility of this remedy for envy, malice, and hatred, from its salutary effects in a similar case. A gentlemen in this city informed me, that after writing an attack for the press upon a person who had offended him, he was so struck with its malignity, upon reading it, that he instantly destroyed it. The French nobility sometimes cover the walls and ceiling of a room in their houses with looking-glasses. The room thus furnished, is called a Boudoir. Did ill-natured people imitate the practice of the madman and gentleman I have mentioned, by putting their envious, malicious, and revengeful thoughts upon paper, it would form a mirror, that would serve the same purpose of pointing out, and remedying the evil dispositions of the mind, that the boudoirs in France serves, in discovering and remedying the defects in the attitudes and dress of the body.

To persons who are not ashamed, nor disgusted with the first sight of their malevolent effusions upon paper, the same advice may be given, that Dr. Franklin gave to a gentleman, who read part of a humorous satyre which he had written upon the person and character of a respectable citizen of Philadelphia. After he had finished reading it, he asked the doctor what he thought of his publishing it? "Keep it by you, said the Doctor, for one year, and then ask me that question." The gentleman felt the force of this answer, and went immediately to the printer, who had composed the first page of it, took it from him, and consigned the whole manuscript to oblivion.

In works of a professional character, as well as in those devoted to science, mere style has never been regarded as other than a matter of secondary consideration. Provided obscure expressions and ambiguous terms be cautiously avoided, and the meaning of the author be clear and definite, a want of all the higher qualities of style is usually considered as a venial fault. To this sentiment as a general truth, we have no hesitation in giving our assent. We cannot, however, so far adopt it, as not to admit that it is liable to exceptions. It should, in no case, be so far extended; it was never designed to be prostituted to a purpose so signally injurious, as to serve as a cloak for slovenliness and neglect. An author who is capable, without any unusual effort or consumption of time, of clothing his ideas with classical elegance, should be considered as under an obligation to do so, whether his subject appertain to science, history, or polite literature. Respect for the public, and the still higher consideration of the influence of example, impose this on him as an indispensible duty.

It will not be denied that these remarks apply with peculiar fitness to Dr. Rush. In him, to write with the chasteness and elegance of a scholar, as well as with the force of a man of genius, is nothing but the exercise of a common capacity. Standing therefore, as he does, at the head of the medical writers of his country, and conscious as he must be, that the influence of his example will be weighty and lasting, he is without excuse, should he ever descend to loose composition, and colloquial phraseology. That he has thus descended, and that repeatedly, is a charge against him which might be amply substantiated by innumerable extracts from the volume before us. In a second edition of this interesting work, which will, no doubt, be eagerly called for by the public, we hope that a careful revision will render the style, in all respects, worthy of the matter it contains.

C.

Poems, by the late Dr. John Shaw. To which is prefixed a Biographical Sketch of the Author. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 252. Published at Philadelphia and Baltimore, 1810.

Although this volume has been for some time before the public, yet as its merits are not, we think, sufficiently known,

our inclination, as well as our duty, induce us to contribute to its more extensive circulation. We are the more willing to notice these poems, not merely from the interest which they are so naturally calculated to excite, but because we fear that too many of our countrymen are indifferent to the value of productions of this class. With them, poetry is only an agreeable trifle, which it is loss of time to read, and waste of talent to compose. They can find no visible advantage, no immediate and tangible return for such an exercise of mind, and are content to think that what is thus unprofitable is useless. For our own part, however, we have no clearer conviction than that of all the proofs of national prosperity there is none more unequivocal than its literary advancement; and that to this country there will be much of individual and national glory wanting until letters add their most splendid and durable renown. We, therefore, hail, with peculiar pleasure, every literary exertion of our countrymen; and shall always render our highest homage to those who will withdraw themselves from the immediate passions and interests of the hour, and devote their talents to objects of more exalted pursuit.

The author, as we are informed in the biography prefixed to the poems, was born at Annapolis, on the 4th of May, 1778. He was educated in St. John's college at that place, where he was early distinguished for his attainments, and more particularly for the poetical enthusiasm of his character, of which his first juvenile poem, the Voice of Freedom, published at the age of seventeen, is a very honourable testimony. After graduating in the year 1795, he commenced the study of medicine at Annapolis, and in November 1798, removed to Philadelphia for the purpose of attending the medical lectures of the University. Here, however, he remained but a very short time. It happened that there was at this time fitting out at Philadelphia a small fleet of four vessels, three of which were destined as presents from the United States to the dey of Algiers, and the fourth carried to Tunis and Tripoli the consuls of the American government. The appearance of this squadron seems to have excited or increased his natural disposition for rambling; and finding that the place of surgeon to the fleet was vacant he procured the appointment and abruptly finished his medical studies. This sudden deter-

mination seems, however, to have occasioned him no little regret when he had opportunity of reflection. "Without consulting any body," as he frankly confesses in his journal, "in whose judgment I might have trusted, without the knowledge of my father, and in spite of the remonstrances of some few who honestly wished my welfare; in a mad moment I relinquished my true interest, for the gratification of a childish whim." Yet he had ultimately no reason to lament a decision, which, though premature and unadvised, became the means of introducing him into a new world, of enlarging his knowledge, and of visiting those regions most calculated to inspire the imagination of a poet. He sailed on the 4th of January, 1799, from Portpenn, and reached Algiers on the 9th of February following. From this place they soon afterwards went to Tunis, where they arrived on the 17th March, and proceeded to execute their commission, which was to negociate a treaty with the bey. The account of their first diplomatic visit is worth transcribing.

"While the bashaw was thus employed, we went up to the chamber of Mustapha Coggea, the prime minister. On entering the chamber of the bey or of either of his ministers, all persons are obliged to take off their shoes. With this custom we accordingly complied. Persons, therefore, whose business calls them to the palace, are provided with a double pair of shoes made for the purpose, one of which may be retained when they enter the room. The custom is said to have originated from a fear of their elegant carpets being spoiled; but it has now become a matter of etiquette, for when the consuls first went to Bardo, accompanied by captains Geddes and Penrose, the whole company, not expecting this ceremony, went in boots; but they were obliged to take them off, the bey saying that he had no objection to the naval officers wearing boots, but that the consuls, as diplomatic characters, must conform to the ceremony.

"Mustapha Coggea has the character of being a sensible old man, with great goodness of heart. He had been somewhat piqued at his present being so inferior to that of the sapatappa, but on the consuls' apologizing and assuring him that it was from misinformation, he appeared to be satisfied, saying that the presents were the perquisites of his people, that, thank God! he had enough, and that with or without presents, he was always a friend to the English and Americans.

"After being served with coffee, we retired to the room of the sapatappa. His chamber is adorned with several clocks of costly workmanship, and on a shelf on one side are a number of guns, pistols, and Turkish swords,

mounted in gold. One end is furnished with cushions, where the sapatappa sat with two or three principal Turks, while others were seated on a floor at the other end of the room.

"The conversation turning upon shooting, he ordered some of his guns to be brought to look at. Some of them were of European manufacture and others Turkish. The latter are of a very heavy and clumsy construction. They are all long and calculated for shooting a great distance; he, as he observed, generally shooting at a mark at the distance of two, four, five hundred, or a thousand paces. The sapatappa and the prime minister are Georgians by birth. The former was carried to Constantinople when he was very young, and there he embraced the Mahomedan faith.

"I learned that twenty years ago not more than a dozen cruizers went out annually. At present, it is not uncommon to have ninety or a hundred.

"In my inquiries respecting poetry and literature, I was surprised to find that they have in Tunis a translation of the well known song of Marlborough. This simple melancholy air is said to please all nations that are in a state of nature. An instance of it is given in Cooke's voyages, and captain Geddes assured me that he had seen it have the effect of engaging the earnest attention of the natives of Madagascar when all other tunes failed in exciting any emotion. The Moors have a number of songs, chiefly on love, which they sing to a music that is wild and cheerful.

"The frequency of sore eyes in this country is attributed by some to the reflection of the rays of the sun from the white walls of the houses. But in Algiers, where the houses are all white, you do not find so many blind people as in this place, where most are of a dirty mud colour. May it not proceed from some other cause peculiar to the climate? A goat which we brought with us from America turned blind in two or three days after being put on shore. May it not proceed from excess in vegetable food? Rice is vulgarly said to produce blindness in those who feed upon it, as the negroes in Georgia."

Having begun their negociations, Dr. Shaw was left at Tunis as secretary of the consul, general Eaton; a place which he accepted in hopes of adding to his small salary by the practice of physic, as there appeared to be a prospect of his advancing himself in that way. In the course of the negociation, however, demands were advanced by the bey, to which the American consul could not possibly accede, and he was accordingly ordered to leave the kingdom. This order was soon revoked; but the bey still threatened to make war on the United States, and to send general Eaton to the castle unless his demands were complied with. In this state of things, Dr. Shaw was despatched to the American minister in London, to ask his instructions

and advice. But the untoward circumstances of head winds and bad weather seem to have prevented the accomplishment of this journey; and after being driven about the Mediterranean, he stopped finally at Gibraltar. His journal during these wanderings contain very clear and lively representations of the various objects which he saw, and proves that he had a mind very capable of good and useful observation. From among these we select the following account of the straits of Messina:

"Proceeding towards the entrance of the Pharos, I began to revolve the poetical stories of Scylla and Charybdis. Already I fancied that I heard the hollow roarings of the rocks, the dashing of the waves, and the howling of the sea dogs. I pictured the form of Scylla fair above, and death below; and seemed to behold the enormous gulfs that swallowed the waters and again threw them out to the heavens. But, instead of all this, I beheld on the Calabrian shore a large rock, and on the other hand a low sandy point, between which two the waters flowed very peaceably, without the least ripple or dimple on its surface.

"Scylla is a large rock on the northern side of the entrance adjacent to the shore, and has a few small rocks before it in the water. On the beach, around the foot of it and on the hill behind it, is built the modern town of Sciglio, and on the rock itself is the citadel of the place. From this to the point of the Pharos (formerly Pelorus) on the opposite side is about two miles. Within this point is the site of Charybdis; but we could perceive nothing like a whirlpool in the place. When however the current sets strongly through the strait, this place is full of eddies which would swallow up small boats and even give a great deal of trouble to large ships. This was the case with the Strombolo bomb ship, which, as I was informed by her officers in Malta, was seized by one of them while under full sail, and whirled quite round. It is indeed to be expected that they must be strong when the current sets through fast from the westward, for all the water that is heaped up by the winds between Sicily and Italy has to take its course through here; and being interrupted in its passage by the long point of the Pharos, which projects directly across the channel, it naturally occasions those whirlpools which so perplex those who keep on this side the strait.

"The danger, on the other side, arises from the current which sets strongly upon the Calabrian shore; and those vessels, that to avoid the whirlpools of Carybdis keep too much on the other side, will run a risk of being lost upon Scylla or other rocks upon that coast.

"In moderate weather there is not the least danger for the smallest boat to venture in any part of it; and a knowledge of the currents enables the moderns to pass it in safety at any time.

"We passed through with fair weather, and calm water, and entered the strait that divides Italy from Sicily. The country on either side is charmingly beautiful. It rises in a gradual manner from the sea to the summits of the mountains, and is adorned with palaces, country houses, and woods,

'And hamlets gray, and dim discovered spires;'

and, on either shore, the towns of Messina and Regio. The surface of the water was without an inequality, and was full of boats fishing for the pisci spada or sword fish, which is struck with a harpoon. Ahead of us was a large shoal of the moraca or finner; a fish of the cetaceous kind, which, by constantly leaping up and spouting up the water, covered the sea all around with foam.

"About twilight we entered the harbour of Messina."

From Gibraltar, Dr. Shaw returned home to Annapolis, but soon put in execution his design of completing his medical education at Edinburg, for which he embarked in July 1801. Of his studies, or his mode of life, at the University, we have no intelligence; but as some of his poems are written there, and contain allusions to his situation, his medical pursuits do not seem to have absorbed his attention. In the spring of 1803, lord Selkirk left Scotland for the purpose of forming a settlement on St. John's island, in Upper Canada; and Dr. Shaw, having now completed his medical course, accompanied his lordship as physician and travelling companion. On their arrival at the new establishment, they found that many of the settlers were afflicted with an infectious fever, which was rendered more dangerous from the ignorance of the resident physician, whom Dr. Shaw now superceded,—and, by his great care and attention, succeeded in restoring health to the whole settlement. Lord Selkirk has since published an account of this little colony, in which he mentions the conduct and character of Dr. Shaw in terms of the highest encomium. From this wild spot, he was not, we may presume, displeased to return; and accordingly, in the early part of 1805, he arrived at Annapolis, where he commenced the practice of physic in connexion with his former preceptor, Dr. Shaaf. In the month of February, 1807, he married Miss Jane Selby, a lady to whom he had been long attached; and as this union obliged him to seek some more lucrative

sphere of employment than Annapolis could afford, he removed to Baltimore. He here meditated, in conjunction with a literary friend, a translation of St. Chrysostom, a project which was, however, soon laid aside for pursuits of more immediate urgency; for his practice, as well as his reputation, gradually enlarged, and he was soon named one of the physicians to the dispensary, and professor of chemistry in the new college. This last appointment proved a fatal mark of distinction; for early in the year 1808, while engaged in making some chemical experiments, he was seized with a violent cold, which terminated in a pulmonary complaint. From this he hoped to derive relief in a more southern climate, and therefore embarked for Charleston, in the autumn of 1808. But the fatal disorder still pursued him. He again attempted to arrest it by a voyage to the Bahama islands. But he died on the passage thither, from Charleston, on the 10th of January, 1809.

Of the private character of this amiable man, his biographer speaks with a warmth and sincerity of affection which no common worth could inspire: and his various acquirements are represented to have equalled the goodness of his heart. These have however passed, with the existence of him who owned them, and Dr. Shaw is now to be judged by the country as a poet. To his merits in that capacity—and they are the only parts of his character with which we are acquainted—we bear our sincere though humble testimony. We think that the poetical genius of Dr. Shaw was of a very dinstinguished order; and, had he lived to mature his talents and direct them to some great and national subject, there would have been few if any poetical names of higher reputation among us. Even in their present state,—many of them juvenile poems only, and others imperfect fragments which had not received the final corrections of their author, we consider them as evidences of strong poetical genius, and as forming by much the most interesting collection of original poetry, which has for a long time appeared on this side of the Atlantic. His biographer says,

> The species of poetry in which Shaw chiefly delighted and excelled, is that which reflects more honour on the heart than the head; which displays the warmth and tenderness of feeling, and all those amiable qualities of the

mind, which excite in the reader not merely approbation of the verse, but affection for the author.

There is indeed a strain of peculiar tenderness and sentiment pervading some of his more finished productions, which is equal evidence of his feeling and his genius. As a specimen of his powers, it will be only necessary to quote the following, which is, we believe, the longest poem in the volume. It was written while the author was at Edinburgh, and originally published there in a miscellaneous collection of poems by the brightest wits of Great Britain, from which Dr. Shaw's production might not shrink in comparison. This poem raised him into considerable reputation at Edinburgh, and indeed we should not envy the taste of that reader of poetry who would be insensible to the delicate beauty of this address, or could deny to its author all the attributes of a true poet. A young American, distant from his country, and addressing the moon, whose western career will soon bring her in the presence of the friends and the fair from whom he is separated, is itself a conception highly poetical, and is sustained throughout with a vigour of thought and a melody of numbers which leaves little either to the heart or the ear to desire.

TO THE NEW MOON.

Ah, stay awhile thy silver horn!
That hastens now so fast away,
Adown the western pathway borne,
Closing the rear of parting day!

Sweet queen of heaven! thou canst not find,
In all thy daily circled course,
One who more feels within his mind
Thy soft persuasive beauty's force.

Thou canst not find in all thy way
One who more loves thee in his soul:
Then why dost thou so quick away
From me thy silver crescent roll!

Thou goest o'er the lonely deep,
To waste thy beams upon the tide,
Where only sea-born monsters sweep,
Unheeding of thy radiant pride:

Or on some woody mountain's head,
Canadian wilds shall drink thy ray,
Where savage panthers prowling tread,
And savage men more fierce than they:

Or on the long Atlantic shore,
The realm of trade thy view shall greet,
Where busy Labour plies the oar,
And jostles in the crowded street.

Unhonoured and unnoticed there
Thou shalt illume the pallid sky:—
Then why to these dull sons of care,
Bright queen! dost thou so quickly fly?

Do these allure thee to the west?
Dost thou prefer these scenes to me?
Nor can a poet's wo-fraught breast
Claim any privilege from thee?

The idlest of the idle train,
The meanest too with heart forlorn,
He pours to thee his lonely strain,
And gazes on thy parting horn.

He hails thee as a well known friend,
A friend of past and better days;
To thee his fond affections tend;
His sad heart lightens in thy rays.

But not for man's weak plaints, her laws
Shall constant nature e'er suspend,
Nor stop the unintermitting cause
Whence planets in their orbits tend.

Ah no!—Though once a hero's tongue
Bade thee on Ajalon stand still,
No wandering poet's feeble song
Can stay thee on thy western hill.

Unmindful of his ardent prayer,
Thou shalt thy steady course pursue,
And to each clime alike shalt bear
Of life and joy proportion due.

Oh could I mount and soar with thee
Far, far above this world of care!
And sailing with thee o'er the sea,
Look down upon the nether air!

Enfranchised from its earthly load,
My raptured spirit should aspire,
And in thy pure serene abode
Forget each fear and each desire.

Then, as upon the mimic sphere,
We'd trace each river's waving line,
Each gloomy wood, or desert drear,
Each long-drawn mountain's craggy spine;

And view where Europe rolled beneath,
Her plains to despot power resigned,
Her streams so late distained with death
Nor sigh to leave the scene behind;

And where old Ocean rolled below
In billowy pride his wide expanse,
Mark how his swelling waters glow,
While mellow moonbeams o'er them dance.

Or there, perhaps, we shall survey,
While o'er their bark the sea-spray flies,
Unhappy men who long for day,—
But day on them shall never rise!

Still westward in our course we glide,
And to our view the land appears,
Once the loved source of swelling pride,
Still loved—but ah! the source of tears.

That land whence order slow retires,
And headlong Faction rears her claim;
Where Freedom kindled patriot fires,
But Commerce quenched the rising flame.

Yet though the land of trade it be,
No farther would I wish to roam;
It still has many charms for me,
For 'tis my country—'tis my home.

And liberal Nature there has spread,
To sooth the feeling mind, her stores:
Green groves there nod the lofty head,
And winding waters wash the shores.

And there, more worth than groves or streams,
The living life of beauty shines:
From many an eye its lustre beams,
And many a heart its force refines.

There, midst the rest, one maid is found,
For whom, with joy, I'd quit the skies—
She whom my heart to love is bound;
Whom reason and affection prize.

And though with thee secure I range
Along the blue star-sprinkled plain,
'Tis Beauty bids me wish to change,
And lures me back to earth again.

But ah! I dream!—No starry plain
My weary wandering footsteps tread—
No native land appears again
Beneath, in varied prospects spread.

No once loved beauty cheers my sight—
But while I cast my eyes around,
Yon castle on the rocky height
T' ells me I tread on Scottish ground.—

Go, then!—and from this troubled breast
Its vain regrets, its wishes bear—
Go! give thy glories to the west!
Go!—while the Wanderer tarries here.

And thou wilt find one little spot,
Where busy trade does not intrude,
By pompous art almost forgot,
But loved by musing solitude.

When o'er that spot thy rays shalt stream,
Roll not unheeding through the sky!
Steal gently down one brighter beam;
And let it glance on *Delia's* eye!

That eye, responsive to thy light,
Shall tremble with a brighter ray;
For well she loves to woo the night,
When thou thy crescent dost display.

And often, when the young and gay
Crowded the lustre-lighted room,
She, not unmarked, has hied away
To hail the twilight's dusky gloom.

And often shall she thus be seen,
When thou shalt in the west be found,
And by the wonted pillar lean,
Where twines the honeysuckle round.

Let then no clouds obscure thy face,
When she shall to thy sight appear,
But one mild blue the welkin grace,
And silence rest upon the air.—

For, while to lonely musing given,
Her thoughts to former days may flee;
And, 'mid the pleasures of the even,
Perhaps—that she may think of me.

Then, could the skies a message bear,
Each wandering fire that rolls above
Should whisper to her listening ear
The truth that still *I love! I love!*—

But how shouldst thou my Delia know?
And who is she, the maid so dear,
For whom I bid my numbers flow,
And weary evening with my prayer?—

Oh! thou wilt know her, shouldst thou spy
A maid that meekly moves along,
And shrinks from the obtrusive eye,
Nor mingles with the giddy throng.

But though unconscious of her power,
None with my Delia may compare;
For she is sweet as Spring's first flower,
And 'midst the fairest she is fair.—

And thou wilt know her—for thou oft
Hast seen me fondly by her side,
With stolen sighs and whispers soft,
A suitor to her virgin pride.

Oft when thy rays illumed the dome
That near her mansion rose to view,
With secret step I left my home
To meet my love so fair, so true.

To tell my tale of love I came:
Nor she disdained to hear me speak;
But sometimes owned a mutual flame,
While night half hid her blushing cheek.

And when above the southern tree
Orion's starry baldrick shone,
With sweet reproof she chid my stay,
And gently warned me to be gone.—

These times are past,—and prospects drear
And dark, and sad, before me lie,—
And though Orion rises here,
Orion glides unheeded by.

For now ten times thy radiant horn
Has glittered on eve's forehead high;
Ten times, to full perfection borne,
Thy orb has waned in the sky,

Since, far from Delia, far from love,
Far from my native Severn's strand,
Lonely and comfortless I rove,—
An exile in a foreign land.—

Go! then—and from this troubled breast
Its vain regrets, its wishes bear!—
Go!—give thy glories to the west!
Forlorn, and sad, I tarry here.—

Of the same pensive cast are the following lines:

THE GRAVEYARD.

Slow waves the willow o'er the stone
That points where sleeps a mother dear;
Oft have I sought the spot alone
To shed at ease the filial tear.
There, too, a brother's ashes lie;
And there *Horatio claims a sigh.
Though time has brought a slow relief
To the most poignant pangs of grief,
Though many a year has ceased to flow
Since first my sad soul tasted wo,
Yet still, unaltered by their course,
Remembrance has not lost her force,
But leads me oft at eve, alone,
Where waves the willow o'er the stone.

Slow waves the willow o'er the stone,
The setting sun sinks far away;
Around the graves with grass o'ergrown
The cooling summer breezes play.
The sportive swallows wheel their flight
Around the green hill's lonely height;
Scared from the shore, the plovers scream,
And skim along the dimpling stream;

* *Horatio Clarke.*

While from the mid-wood oak afar
The locust echoes through the air.
These scenes Affection oft shalt view,
And pay the debt to Memory due;
Oft bid me seek at eve, alone,
The willow waving o'er the stone.

"The Autumnal Flower," written in the island of Malta, is too long for insertion, but contains some very beautiful lines. The poet sees, in the month of November, a flower blooming, and rebukes it for thus venturing forth its beauties at such a season.

Ah why, when all the scene around
Has told approaching Winter nigh,
When dark November's gloom has frowned
And saddened all the sickly sky;

Ah why, soft flow'ret, dost thou dare
Upon this bleak ascent to bloom?
Thou com'st amid the dying year
To waste, untimely, thy perfume.

Thou shouldst have hailed the vernal tide,
When first the green bud clothed the plain;
Or sought the breezy valley's side
When Summer held his golden reign.

Then many a morning's sunny sheen
Had waked thee with soft magic spells,
And many a dewy eve had seen
Thee close, unhurt, thy tender bells.

Soft fostering gales had made their care
To chace each nipping frost away,
And murmuring wild bees lingered near
Thy odours, all the joyful day.

But Summer's golden reign is o'er,
And genial Spring, long since, has flown;
The wild bees murmur here no more,
And every tepid gale is gone.

Already, o'er the sea-girt hill,
The blasts that lead the tempest blow;
And lo! the frightened billows swell,
And whiten all the shore below.

Soft flower, thy fate the Wanderer mourns,
Who o'er these rocky summits strays,
While eve with chilling damps returns
And dims the sun's departing rays.

Poor flower! before those rays once more
Shall kindle up the tardy day,
Thy life, thy fragrance shall be o'er,
Thy simple beauties die away.

No sunny morn shall call thee forth,
Nor evening smile on thy repose;
For dark and cold the coming North
Bids all thy shrinking flow'rets close.

The Flower answers that his fears are vain; for the Autumn of Malta is milder than that of his own country, and that he must not expect to find his "own November here." He acknowledges that the cause of his error was the thought of his country, and adds:—

'Tis hence those fond ideas spring
That bring my soul into my eyes;
And now that thou hast touched the string,
I feel them in my bosom rise.

In vain the radiant step of Spring
Awakes the year ere Autumn close;
No vernal joys now spread the wing:—
No—give me to my native snows!

To these I go.—Farewell, sweet flower!
Thou rocky, sea-girt isle, farewell!
Where hostile strangers strive for power,
And fear and superstition dwell.

Yon vessel in the bay below
To-morrow bears me o'er the foam;
And some returning morn shall show
A land of freedom and a home.

He said, and from the lonely height
He turned, and downward bent his way;
And sought, while darker grew the night,
The ship at anchor in the bay.

But many a sun shall seek the sea,
And many a long, long night be o'er,
Ere morn returning smile to see
The Wanderer on his native shore.

We have room only for the following

SONG.

Who has robb'd the ocean cave,
To tinge thy lips with coral hue?
Who from India's distant wave,
For thee those pearly treasures drew?
Who, from yonder orient sky,
Stole the morning of thine eye?

Thousand charms, thy form to deck,
From sea, and earth, and air are torn;
Roses bloom upon thy cheek,
On thy breath their fragrance borne.
Guard thy bosom from the day,
Lest thy snows should melt away.

But one charm remains behind,
Which mute earth can ne'er impart;
Nor in ocean wilt thou find,
Nor in the circling air a heart.
Fairest! would'st thou perfect be,
Take, oh take that heart from me.

Our limits constrain us to stop here, and to refer those of our readers who may be desirous of perusing other pieces of a similar cast, and some of a more lively description, to the volume itself. The biography of Dr. Shaw is written in a style of general correctness and elegance, and is very happily modelled after the manner of Mason, by interweaving the letters and other illustrations of the author's character in the body of the narrative. The only faults with which we are inclined to reproach the biographer are some allusions to temporary and party politics which his work contains. Good poetry is calculated to survive our political contests so long, that its career should not be checked by such burdensome appendages. E.

TRAVELS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTER FROM PORTUGAL.

Lisbon, 1811.

My dear F——

From Madeira to this place our passage was sixteen days, but by no means a tedious one, I assure you, in consequence of the agreeable society of some charming ladies: in the company of these polished females, time flew with rapidity, and the sight of the rock of Lisbon was infinitely less welcome, than it would otherwise have been.

I will now proceed to gratify you, in delineating some of the beauties and deformities of this truly romantic city, and (according to the Portuguese proverb) this paradise of the world. *They* say, "Què não tem visto Lisboa, não tem visto cousa boa;"* and I am almost tempted to pardon them, when they speak of it with such enthusiasm and delight: its view from the river and the villages on its opposite banks, being uncommonly striking.

Lisbon is about five miles in length, and it greatest breadth not more than two miles.—This wide, extended city, adorning an amphitheatre of hills, that lie contiguous to the river, together with a crowd of churches, cultivated heights, covered with country houses, monasteries, churches, gardens and olive-trees, are certainly an extraordinary assemblage of uncommon beauties.

The most beautiful part of the town is the valley, the buildings in which were totally destroyed by the earthquake in 1755, but rebuilt by the minister Pombal, and is the only level part of Lisbon.—The houses are constructed of white free-stone, are from five to eight stories in height, and form a solid block, with intersections at right angles. The streets are wide, and in this portion of the city only, are there elevated foot-paths, flagged, and guarded by white marble posts, which add much to their beauty. The Praça do Commerçio, or the Exchange square, from which these streets emanate, lies contiguous to the river. The buildings on it are very fine, and spacious, particularly the India House, which is supposed to be one of the most exten-

* He who has not seen Lisbon, has seen nothing handsome.

sive commercial structures in Europe; the vacant ground is six hundred and ten feet by five hundred and fifty, in the centre of which is the equestrian statue of Don Joseph, in bronze, and a pedestal of marble, with a variety of symbolic ornaments.—The head of the marquez de Pombal was on one of the sides of the pedestal, but was obliterated after his fall, and in its place is substituted a medallion of two ships. Connected with the two last mentioned ornaments, is related a circumstance, truly emblematical of the superstitious character of the Portuguese—it is said that some years ago, at a time of great distress in Lisbon, at the apprehension of a famine, two vessels, the originals of those represented on the pedestal, were miraculously brought into port by a *crow*, who perched himself alternately on the rudder of each vessel, and directed its course.—This is religiously credited by many of the more respectable order of the Portuguese, and altogether so by the mass of the people.—The crow had accordingly divine honours paid him, and is said to form part of the device on the pedestal, but whether it was ever there, I cannot pretend to say, I have never been able to distinguish it; and although I find from my daily experience, I must make great allowances for the credulity and superstition of the inhabitants, yet I cannot think it should be attached to *such* characters, as had the direction of *such* a work: the artist was Joaquim Machado de Castro.

The quays of this square are on an immense design, and far excel those of London, and are scenes of great business and bustle. The interior of the Exchange presents a vast assemblage of traders from almost every part of the world, and you find yourself suddenly translated from your lodgings, into the company of the Christian, Jew, Turk, and Infidel, with all their variety of costume.—From what distance will not interest, that grand cement of life, attract mankind to each other; and here we find them, not disputing about their modes of faith, but courteous in their demeanor, anxious only in the exchange of their several and various commodities.

On the eastern declivity of one of the highest hills stands the Royal Opera of San Carlos, an immense stone building, and near it is the residence of Baron Quintella, the most wealthy

merchant in Lisbon, and a great monopolist; having had for several years, the exclusive trade in tobacco, diamonds, salt, &c.

The Praça do Roçio, or the great Inquisition square, is immediately behind this, it is used as a parade ground, and has on it it many fine buildings. In one of the rows of the square is the regency house, where that body transacts their business, and from this square you view the surrounding heights, covered with ancient castles and ruined monasteries, which impart much interest to the scenery.

One of the most prominent features in this view, on a commanding eminence, is the ancient convent of the Carmelites, now in ruins—fifteen hundred souls, whilst performing their orisons, were involved in its destruction, and two friars were burnt to death in the awful calamity that succeeded that most dreadful earthquake. I conversed with an old priest, who with a few of his order, still inhabited the ruins, and inquired of him, why they did not proceed in those repairs already commenced. He told me, whilst the tears rolled down his reverend cheeks, the ruffian French invaders had robbed them of their last moidore, but that they would still cling to their ruins as faithful and affectionate children to a parent, who for so many years, had kindly fostered and protected them. I often find myself lingering among the many melancholy ruins of Lisbon, and imbibing the gloom that reigns throughout them. I delight in frequenting those spots, where the illustrious are entombed, and where orders of society, distinguished for their sanctity and benevolence have flourished; the mind partakes of the sadness of the scene, and awakens, strengthened by the contemplation of the viscissitudes of life.

The highest hill in the city of Lisbon begins at the western limit of the town, and extends to the Rua de San Bento. It is celebrated for its salubrious air, whence the name of Buenos-Ayres is given to one of its streets, meaning, in Spanish, good airs. Here there are many handsome houses, and foreigners generally live here, the situation being so very fine and agreeable. The streets are, however (as is the case in many other parts of Lisbon) in some places so steep, that the labour in walking them is very great, and during the heavy rains, the waters rush down the hills with such violence, that they are often rendered impassable, and instances have occurred, of men and

horses being carried away by the torrent, and precipitated into the river. There is, however, one very great advantage growing out of this evil; the streets are well cleansed of the filth which is continually collecting, and of which nature is the only scavenger. On this hill stands the new convent, O Convento novo, built by the queen, and dedicated to the *Heart of Jesus;* it has a commanding appearance, and can be seen at a considerable distance. It is constructed of white free-stone, but is overloaded with ornaments. Accompanied by a Portuguese gentleman, I spent an hour in this church, examining its beauties. I there saw the tomb that had been made for the queen by her own command. It is of fine black marble, highly polished, and inlaid with golden letters; and, as the queen expects to breath her last in Rio Janeiro, the artist is to have the honour of being entombed in this gloomy and doleful looking receptacle.

The church and convent of San Pedro d'Alcantara form an extensive mass of building, and contain a vast number of friars. Above the door of one of the apartments is a curious allegorical painting of a friar; over his eyes there is a bandage, indicating that he should be blind to the allurements of vice; a padlock on his mouth and heart, that nothing impure should enter or proceed from them; in one hand, a torch to light him into the path of truth; in the other a cord with which to punish himself, and lastly, manacles around the ancles to prevent him straying where he should not. This, I should presume, would have a much better effect in impressing their minds with a lively image of virtue and decorum than any lectures could possibly have. In the same convent is a group of friars, as large as life, carved in wood, by one of the order. There are seven figures represented in their accustomed dresses, bewailing over the dead body of St. Francis; the whole group is admirably executed, and their several countenances are expressive of the most poignant anguish.

I have been this morning in the church of St. Roque viewing those justly celebrated mosaic pieces, with also the splendid altar of St. John; the whole from Rome: but I must defer a description of them to another opportunity—in the interim and ever,

I am yours sincerely, B.

NOTICE OF MR. CLYMER.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

At a meeting of the directors and members of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, on Monday evening, March 8th, the president, Joseph Hopkinson, Esquire, delivered the following Address, on the occasion of the death of *George Clymer, Esq.* the late president.

GENTLEMEN,

The reputation of every man must, eventually depend on the conduct of his life, and not on what friendship or envy may proclaim of him after his death. Yet, either as a decent homage to departed worth, or as an impressive lesson to those who survive, custom has established, perhaps not unwisely, a practice of making some particular notice of the life and services of distinguished men, when they have finished their earthly career, and the book of their good and evil deeds is closed. In compliance with a custom, so respectable by its antiquity, and so grateful in its observance, as well as in the indulgence of a sincere affection and respect for the late president of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, the directors of that institution have desired to offer some testimonial of their sense of the worth of that excellent man, and of the loss they have sustained by his death. It is for this purpose, and in obedience to a resolution of the board of directors, I now address you.

It is neither my intention nor the wish of those whose will I execute, to pronounce a laboured or extravagant eulogium on the deceased. Such exhibitions do no honour to the sincerity of those who make them, and still less to the object of the panegyric. Honest praise best suits an honest reputation; and virtue is never commended by fulsome flattery. It is the food of vanity which the pure and upright heart disdains. It insults the understanding of the wise, and nauseates the appetite of the good. We will speak then of our departed president, with that simplicity which was a marked feature of his character, and that integrity which governed every action of his life. As this notice of him is intended only for this place, and the members of this institution, we shall contemplate the private rather than the public man, and give our attention to the qualities which displayed themselves in his intercourse with us, rather than those

which connected him with his country and the world. With this view of the subject it is obvious my duty is a circumscribed one, and the performance of it requires but a brief attention.

The establishment of an academy for the fine arts in this city was a design so entirely new, that it had never presented itself even to the imagination of our citizens; and, when first proposed, many were at a loss to conjecture its object and uses. While public improvements of various descriptions were rapidly advancing; while establishments for the promotion of the useful arts were rising daily, the erection of an institution for the cultivation of the fine arts seems to have been wholly overlooked. It is true that many years since an ill-digested attempt at something of this kind was made, but it was a mere abortion, and disappeared even before its existence was generally known. In the year 1805 the design was resuscitated on a plan more liberal and enlarged, and not exposed to the causes which produced the failure of the former effort. A number of gentlemen embarked zealously in the undertaking, which was soon supported by a liberal public patronage. Still the practicability of the scheme was denied by some, and doubted by many. In order to ensure its success it was necessary to obtain the confidence of our fellow citizens, not only in the usefulness, but in the feasibility of the project. We well know that the mass of any people, however intelligent and enlightened, have neither the time, the inclination, nor perhaps the ability, to decide for themselves upon matters not in the course of their ordinary inquiries and pursuits. If every man well understands and diligently attends to his own peculiar business it is as much as can usually be expected, or ought to be required. When, therefore, a subject is presented for their approbation and aid, which is altogether beside their customary occupations and reflections, it derogates nothing from their independence or self-respect that they should refer their opinion to others who have attended to the thing more particularly, and in whose judgment and integrity they have a just and merited confidence. It is, for this reason, of the utmost importance, that in the commencement of a novel institution, which calls upon the public for support, it should be countenanced and recommended by men on whom the

public have an entire reliance; on whose judgment they may properly hang their faith, and on whose recommendation they may prudently afford their money. With such impressions and views Mr. Clymer at once presented himself to the founders of this academy as a person eminently qualified and entitled to be placed at its head. The experiment justified the choice. He had received, and for many years enjoyed, the most important and unequivocal testimonies of confidence and respect. At different periods of our national history, from the first bold step which was taken in the march of independence, to its full and perfect consummation in the establishment of a wise and effective system of government, whenever the virtue and talents of our country were put in requition, Mr. Clymer was found with the selected few to whom our rights and destinies were committed. When posterity shall ponder on the declaration of July, 1776, and admire, with deep amazement and veneration, the courage and patriotism, the virtue and self-devotion of the deed, they will find the name of *Clymer* there. When the strength and splendour of this empire shall hereafter be displayed in the fulness of maturity (heaven grant we reach it) and the future politician shall look at that scheme of government by which the whole resources of a nation have been thus brought into action; by which power has been maintained, and liberty not overthrown; by which the people have been governed and directed, but not enslaved or oppressed, they will find that *Clymer* was one of the fathers of the country from whose wisdom and experience the system emanated. Nor was the confidence which had grown out of his political life and services, his only claim to the station which he held in this institution. Although his modest unassuming spirit never sought public displays of his merit, but rather withdrew him from the praise that was his due; yet he could not conceal from his friends nor his friends from the world the extraordinary improvement of his mind. Retired, studious, contemplative, he was ever adding something to his knowledge, and endeavouring to make that knowledge useful. His predominant passion was to promote every scheme for the improvement of his country, whether in science, agriculture, polite education, the useful or the fine arts. Accordingly we find

his name in every association for these purposes; and wherever we find him we also find his usefulness. Possessed of all that sensibility and delicacy, essential to taste, he had of course a peculiar fondness for the fine arts, elegant literature and the refined pursuits of a cultivated genius. It was in the social circle of friendship that his acquirements were displayed and appreciated, and although their action was communicated from this circle to a wider sphere, it was with an enfeebled force. His intellects were strong by nature, and made more so by culture and study; but he was diffident and retired.—Capable of teaching he seemed only anxious to learn. Firm, but not obstinate; independent, but not arrogant; communicative, but not obtrusive, he was at once the amiable and instructive companion. His researches had been various, and, if not always profound, they were competent to his purposes, and beyond his pretensions. Science, literature and the arts, had all a share of his attention, and it was only by a frequent intercourse with him, we discovered how much he knew of each. The members of this board have all witnessed the kindness and urbanity of his manners. Sufficiently fixed in his own opinions, he gave a liberal toleration to others, assuming no offensive or unreasonable control over the conduct of those with whom he was associated.

Let the philosopher inquire, and if he can, determine, why it is, that while military and political eminence impress the world with a profound respect, nay, with a sort of reverential affection, the virtues which endear a man to friendship, which are the sources of domestic happiness, which elevate, purify and adorn our nature; which flow in a constant, but tranquil, stream of general utility, obtain but a feeble applause and reluctant praise. The destroyer of the human race erects for himself a reputation extensive, lasting, splendid; and, if no sinister misfortune arrests his career; if he prosecutes his sanguinary course to the end without stumbling, he becomes a hero by universal consent, and his life is gazed at as a blaze of glory—*and this from man;* from the very beings he has tormented. If devils were the dispensers of fame, we would not wonder that murderers should stand first on the list; but that man should decree honour to the destroyer of men, is a caprice in our nature not easily explained. It is

at least peculiar to our race; and in the search that has been made for a decisive distinguishing line between the human and brute creation, it might have been resorted to, and man defined to be an animal which worships his destroyer. In the enumeration I have made of the estimable qualities of our late president, there is one omitted not less useful and even more rare than those mentioned—I mean his scrupulous and punctual attention to what may be termed the minor or secondary duties of life. I know of no error, short of absolute crimes, which is more productive of mischief in society, than an inattention to engagements which, being merely voluntary, are too often considered as of no moral or binding force. A man whose integrity would shrink from the idea of putting another to the least inconvenience in a matter of business; who will perform contracts of that sort to the letter and minute, even when no injurious consequences would follow a less strict observance, will, without the least remorse or uneasiness, or consciousness of wrong, disregard or neglect engagements, deliberately made, on which the comfort of individuals, as well as the usefulness of public institutions essentially depend. If such a one makes an office or coffee-house engagement, of little or more importance, or perhaps of no importance at all, he holds it in careful recollection, and performs it with scrupulous certainty. Yet this same man will accept the compliment of a station in some public body; he will know that his presence and services are relied on for all its operations and usefulness; that it cannot proceed one step, or adopt a measure, but by the instrumentality of those who have assumed its superintendance; and this duty, so important, for great public benefits depend on it; so exclusive, for it cannot be performed by another, will be attended or not, as humour, caprice, or pleasure may dictate, for something or nothing; the merest call of idle amusement is preferred to it, and it is only when such a man does not know what else to do, that he gives himself to obligations of this description. He is, however, in the breach of a social, if not a moral obligation, from which very injurious consequences may ensue. That his pride may have no gratification in the indulgence of this vicious habit, he should remember that the greatest men have been most

free from it. The engagement, it is true, is voluntary, but, being made, the performance of it is no longer so. He should further consider the injustice he does to those who are associated with him in the trust, and attend to discharge their duty. The absence of one may frustrate the attention of several, and thus is their time sacrificed, as well as the interests of the institution they are bound to preserve and promote. When we reflect that great affairs are of rare occurrence and take care of themselves or compel an attention to them; that generally the business of life is made up of small things, we shall conclude that an habitual inattention to them will make, in a few years, a deplorable mass of deficiency. We attend to large concerns for our own sakes; we should attend to lesser ones for others. He who justly estimates the value of the punctual performance of a promise, will not without very good reason, disregard it, whether it be to sign a contract or walk with a friend; to pay a debt, or present a toy to a child. In this most useful virtue, Mr. Clymer was preeminent. During the seven years he held the presidency of this academy, his attention to the duties of the station were without remission. He excused himself from nothing that belonged to his office; he neglected nothing. He never once omitted to attend a meeting of the directors, unless prevented by sickness or absence from the city; and these exceptions were of very rare occurrence. He was indeed the first to come; so that the board never waited a moment for their president. With other public bodies to which he was attached, I understand, he observed the same punctual and conscientious discharge of his duty. It is thus that men make themselves useful, and evince that they do not occupy places of this kind merely as empty and undeserved compliments, but for the purpose of rendering all the services which the place requires of them.

Gentlemen—In concluding this unfinished sketch of the character of our late president, I must apologise for having so imperfectly expressed your sentiments and executed your wishes. Suffer me also to use this occasion to thank you for the honour conferred on me by placing me in the chair so lately filled by a gentleman much more worthy of it.

LIST OF BOROUGHS IN ENGLAND.

An abridged Historical Detail of all the Boroughs in England, the number of voters in each, the patron, proprietor, or predominating interest. Collected for the year 1807.

(*Concluded.*)

Dorsetshire sends twenty members to Parliament: two for the county—the remainder for the following boroughs.

Dorchester sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, Recorder, two Bailiffs, six Aldermen, six Capital Burgesses, and twenty-four Common Councilmen. Right of election, in the inhabitants paying Scot and Lot. Number of voters, 200. Returning officer, the Mayor. Patrons, the Earl of Shaftesbury, and Earl of Dorchester.

Lyme Regis sends two. Right of Election, in the Freeholders. Corporation in a Recorder and fifteen Burgesses. Number of voters, 31. Proprietor, the earl of Westmoreland.

Wymouth and Melcomb Regis sends four. Right of Election, in the Corporation, and Freeholders, not receiving alms. Number of voters have been as low as 200, and as high as 600. Returning officer, the Mayor. Patron, Sir James Pulteney.

Bridport. Corporation, in thirteen Burgesses and two Bailiffs. Right of Election in the Commonalty. Number of voters, 160. Returning officers, the Bailiffs. Proprietor, Charles Sturt, Esq.

Shaftesbury sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, and twelve Aldermen, Right of Election in the inhabitants paying Scot and Lot. Number of Voters, 292. Returning officer, the Mayor. Patron, Paul Benfield, Esq.

Wareham sends two. Right of Election, in the Mayor, and Magistrates of the Borough, in the inhabitants paying Scot and Lot, and in the Freeholders of Lands and Tenements who have held possession one year previous to the election. Number of voters, 120. Returning officer, the Mayor. Proprietor, John Calcraft, Esq.

Corfe Castle sends two. Right of Election, in the inhabitants paying Scot and Lot. Number of voters, fourteen resident, and about thirty non-resident. Proprietors, Henry Banks, Esq. and John Bond. Esq.

Poole sends two. Right of Election, in the Mayor, Bailiffs, and Burgesses. Number of voters, 100. Returning officer, the Sheriff. Patrons, Mr. Lister, and Mr. Jeffery

Durham sends four Members to Parliament.

Durham City sends two. Right of Election, in the Corporation and Freemen. Number of voters, 1200. Returning officer, ———

Essex sends four Members to Parliament. The Boroughs are Colchester, Maldon, and Harwich.

Colchester sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, High Steward, Recorder, eleven Aldermen, Chamberlain, Town Clerk, eighteen Assistants, and eighteen Common Council. Right of Election, in the Mayor, Aldermen, Common Council, and Free Burgesses not receiving alms. Number of voters, 1400. Returning officer, the Mayor. Patron, none.

Malden sends two. Corporation, two Bailiffs, eight Aldermen, a Steward, Recorder, and eighteen Capital Burgesses. Number of voters, 195. Returning officers, the two Bailiffs. Patrons, Mr. Strut and Mr. Western.

Hardwich sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, Recorder, and twenty-four Capital Burgesses. Right of Election, in the Mayor, Aldermen, and Capital Burgesses, residing within the said Borough. Number of voters, 32. Returning officer, the Mayor. Patron, John Robinson, Esq.

Gloucestershire sends eight Members to Parliament. The Boroughs are Cirencester and Tewkesbury.

Gloucester sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, twelve Aldermen, a Recorder, two Sheriffs, 26 Common Council, Town Clerk, Sword Bearer, and four Serjeants at Mace. Right of Election, in the Inhabitants and Freemen. Returning officers, the Sheriffs. Patrons, none.

Cirencester sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, and two Constables. Right of Election, in the Inhabitants. Number of voters, 600. Returning officer, the Steward. Patron, Earl of Bathurst.

Tewkesbury sends two. Corporation, twenty-four Burgesses and two Bailiffs. Right of Election, in the Magistrates and Inhabitants paying Scot and Lot. Number of voters, supposed to be about 500. Returning officers, the Bailiffs.

Hampshire sends twenty-two Members to Parliament. The Boroughs are Portsmouth, Southampton, Stockbridge, Christchurch, Lymington, Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, Newton, Newport, and Andover.

Portsmouth sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, Recorder, twelve Aldermen, and an indefinite number of Burgesses. Right of Election, in the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses. Number of voters, 60. Returning officer, the Mayor. Patron, Sir John Carter.

Southampton sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, Recorder, Sheriff, and two Bailiffs. Right of Election, in the Inhabitants paying Scot and Lot. Number of voters, about 600. Returning officers, the Mayor and Bailiffs.

Stockbridge sends two. Corporation, none. Right of Election, is in all the Inhabitants paying Scot and Lot. Returning officer, a Bailiff. Patron, I. Foster Barham, Esq.

Christchurch sends two. Right of Election, in the Inhabitants paying Scot and Lot. Corporation, a Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, Bailiffs, and Common Council. Number of voters, 24. Returning officer, the Mayor. Patrons, Lord Malmesbury, and George Rose, Esq.

Lymington sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses. Right of Election, in the Mayor and Burgesses. Number of voters, 18. Returning officer, the Mayor.

Yarmouth, Isle of Wight sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, and twelve Burgesses. Right of Election, in the Burgesses. Number of voters, 21. Returning officer, the Mayor.

Newtown sends two. Corporation, none. Right of Election, in the Mayor and Burgesses. Number of voters, 39. Returning officer, the Mayor.

Newport sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, eleven Aldermen, and twelve Burgesses. Right of Election, in the Mayor, eleven Aldermen, and twelve Burgesses. Number of voters, 24. Returning officer, the Mayor. Patron, the Rev. Leonard Troughear Holmes.

Winchester sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, Recorder, six Aldermen, two Bailiffs, and twenty-four Common Councilmen. Right of Election, in the Corporation. Number of voters, 60. Returning officers, the Bailiffs. Patrons, Henry Penton, Esq. and Richard Gamon, Esq.

Andover sends two. Corporation, a Bailiff, Steward, Recorder, two Justices, nine capital Burgesses, and twelve Assistants. Right of Election, in the Bailiff and Burgesses. Number of voters, 24. Returning officer, the Bailiff. Patrons, Earl of Portsmouth, and Joshua Tremongar, Esq.

Whitchurch sends two. Corporation, none. Right of Election, in the Freeholders. Number of voters, 70. Returning officer, the Mayor. Patrons, Lord Sidney, and Lord Viscount Middleton,

Peterefield sends two. Right of Election, in the Freeholders. Number of voters, 154. Returning officer, the Mayor. Patron, William Joliffe, Esq.

Herefordshire sends eight Members to Parliament. Its Boroughs are Leominster and Weobley.

Hereford sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, twelve Aldermen, High Steward, Deputy Steward, Recorder, and Town Clerk, with thirty-one Common Councilmen. Right of Election, in the Freemen. Number of voters, above 1200. Returning Officer, the Mayor. Patron, the Duke of Norfolk.

Leominster sends two. Corporation, a High Steward, Bailiff, Recorder, and twelve Capital Burgesses. Right of Election, in the Bailiffs, Capital Burgesses, and inhabitants, paying Scot and Lot. Number of voters. 500. Returning officers, the Bailiffs. Patron, the Duke of Norfolk.

Weobley sends two. Right of Election, in the Inhabitants paying Scot and Lot. Number of voters, 45. Returning officers, the Constables. Patron, the Marquis of Bath.

Hertfordshire sends six Members to Parliament. Its Boroughs are Hertford and St. Albans.

Hertford sends two. Right of Election, in the Freemen and Householders not receiving Alms. Number of voters, 570. Returning officer, the Mayor. Patron, Baron Dimsdale.

St. Albans sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, High Steward, Recorder, and twelve Aldermen, Town Clerk, and twenty-four Assistants. Right of Election, in the Mayor, Aldermen, Freemen, and Householders, paying Scot and Lot. Number of voters, uncertain. Returning officer, the Mayor. Patrons, Earl Spencer and Lord Grimstone.

Huntingdonshire sends four Members to Parliament. Its Borough is Huntingdon.

Huntingdon sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, Recorder, and twelve Aldermen. Right of Election, in the Inhabitants and Freemen. Number of voters, 200. Returning officer, the Mayor. Patron, the earl of Sandwich.

Kent sends ten Members to Parliament. Two for the County; two for Rochester, and two for Canterbury. Its Boroughs are Maidstone and Queenborough.

Rochester sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, Recorder, eleven Aldermen and twelve Common Councilmen, Town Clerk, three Sergeants at Mace, and a Water Bailiff. Right of Election, in the Freemen. Number of voters, 630. Returning officer, the Mayor.

Canterbury sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, Recorder, twelve Aldermen, Sheriff, twenty-four Common Council, Sword Bearer, and four Sergents at Mace. Right of Election, in the Freemen. Number of voters, 1000. Returning officer, the Sheriff.

Maidstone sends two. Right of Election, in the Freemen not receiving Alms. Number of voters, 600. Returning officer, the Mayor.

Queenborough sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, four Jurats, and two Bailiffs, Constable, Town Sergeant, and Water Bailiff. Right of Election, in the Mayor, Jurats, Bailiffs, and Burgesses. Number of voters, 134.

Lancashire sends fourteen Members to Parliament. Its Boroughs are Lancaster, Preston, Liverpool, Clitherto, Wigan, and Newton.

Lancaster sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, Recorder, twelve Aldermen, two Bailiffs, twelve Capital Burgesses, twelve Common Burgesses, a Town Clerk, and two Sergeants at Mace. Right of Election, in the Freemen. Number of Voters, 1800. Returning Officer, the Mayor and two Bailiffs.

Preston sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, four Under Aldermen, seventeen Common Councilmen, and a Town Clerk. Right of Election, in the Inhabitants. Number of voters, 600. Returning officer, the Mayor and two Bailiffs. Patron, the earl of Derby.

Liverpool sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, Recorder, and forty-one Common Councilmen, including the Mayor, Recorder, and Town Clerk. Right of Election, in the Mayor, Bailiffs, and Freemen of the Borough not receiving Alms. Number of voters, 2300. Returning officers, the Mayor and two Bailiffs.

Clitheroe sends two. Right of Election, in the Freeholders. Number of voters, 42. Returning officers, two Bailiffs. Proprietors, Thomas Lister, Esq. and Ashton Curzon, Esq.

Wigan sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, Recorder, twelve Aldermen, two Bailiffs, and a Sword and Mace Bearer. Right of Election, in the Free Burgesses. Number of voters, 200. Returning officer, the Mayor. Patrons, Duke of Portland and Sir H. Bridgeman.

Newton sends two. Corporation, a Steward, Bailiffs, and Burgesses. Right of Election, in the Free Burgesses. Number of voters, 36 Returning officers, the Lord of the Manor and the Bailiff. Proprietor, T. P. Leigh, Esq.

Leicestershire sends four Members to Parliament: two for the County, and two for Leicester.

Leicester sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, Recorder, Steward, Bailiff, twenty-four Aldermen, forty-eight Common Councilmen, Town Clerk, and other officers. Right of Election, in the Freemen and inhabitants paying Scot and Lot. Number of voters, uncertain. Returning officer, the Mayor.

Lincolnshire sends twelve Members to Parliament; two for the County, and two for the City. The Boroughs are Grantham, Stamford, Great Grimsby and Boston.

Lincoln sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, twelve Aldermen, two Sheriffs, Recorder, four Chamberlains, Sword Bearer, Coroner, and forty-eight Common Councilmen. Right of Election, in the Freemen. Number of voters, 1100. Returning officers, the Mayor and Sheriffs.

Grantham sends two. Corporation, an Alderman, Recorder, twelve Common Burgesses, a Coroner, an Escheator, and twelve Constables. Right of Election, in the Freemen not receiving Charity. Number of voters, 400. Returning officer, the Alderman. Patrons, duke of Rutland and lord Brownlow.

Stamford sends two. Corporation, a Mayor, Recorder, twelve Aldermen, Town Clerk, twenty-four Burgesses, and two Sergeants at Mace. Right of Election, in the Inhabitants paying Scot and Lot, and not receiving alms.

NOTICE OF THE LATE MR. DENNIE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The following eloquent and affectionate tribute of respect to the memory of one of the most amiable and excellent of men has been but recently known to us, and we now anxiously transfer it to our pages, as equally honourable to the orator, and to his subject. The ardent imagination of the young enthusiast has not too lavishly praised the estimable qualities of our lamented friend, and no one indeed could be better qualified to describe them; for never in the history of literature—it is an honourable testimony to benevolence which it were fastidious to suppress—never did lettered worth and unfortunate genius find a kinder

welcome and a warmer shelter than under the roof of this young orator. We hope to announce ere long some more permanent and substantial memorial to the literary reputation of Mr. Dennie, but in the interval this short extract will serve to revive the remembrance of a man, whom to name, is to recall many a soothing recollection of departed excellence.

Extract from a valedictory oration, pronounced by William Morris Meredith, on the 2d. July 1812, at a commencement held for conferring degrees in the arts by the University of Pennsylvania.

"I forbear to enumerate the long list of distinguished men, some of them slumbering in the tomb, many of them yet living, whose talents have given splendour to our country, and shed glory round her name. Yet there is one over whose recent grave kind Nature has yet scarcely thrown her verdant mantle, whom to omit could hardly be pardoned by this assembly.—Can I forget the inimitable Dennie? Forget him? no—never—never, "while memory holds a seat in this distracted globe!" can I forget thee, most amiable of men; the early object of my infant affections; the constant subject of my childish prattle and of my youthful admiration and respect, the mild monitor of my boyish days, who, descending from the superiority of thy years and the lofty elevation of thy talents, made thyself the friend, the playful companion of my heart, whose temples my fond, sanguine fancy was employed in binding with never fading laurels and bays, when death summoned us to scatter cypress on thy bier,—to part with thee—forever!—Fain would I speak, and tell you what a man he was,—how kind!—how gentle!—how tender!—how disinterested!—how affectionate!—how destitute of gall and envy!—how free from dogmatism!—how entirely exempted from all the misanthropical feelings incident to our nature!—You all have witnessed the brilliancy of his genius, the extent of his capacity and knowledge,—the charms of his imagination,—the lustre of his style; but you cannot have witnessed, as I have, incessantly from my first perception to the day that *tore* him from us, the secret workings of that ever-living plenteous spring of benevolence, his heart!

"Quis desideris sit Pudor aut Modus
"Tam cari capitis!"

"Pardon this effusion of youthful sensibility!—Farewell, thou kind, indulgent, and affectionate patron of my boyish days,—in whom I fondly hoped to have a friend and guide, to conduct me through the groves of Science, and to instruct me to cull the fairest flowers, and to gather the richest and most delicious fruits in the garden of Literature! But alas, thou art gone.—"Thy spirit hath flown up to the stars whence it came."—Closed are those eyes in which genius and imagination were wont to sparkle,—silent is that tongue once so distinguished in the sweet fluency of words,—cold as the clod of the valley is that heart which unceasingly glowed with the most fervent charity!—"

NOTICE OF FISHER AMES.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Oldschool,

Your life of Ames in a late number, induces me to send you an extract from the journal of a young traveller who made a tour through the Eastern States in the fall of 1805. I have not considered myself at liberty to amend the journal either in its language or sentiment. I know it is too diffuse and some may think too enthusiastic. It has, however, the merit of having been written on the spur of the occasion; and what emendation might add to its correctness, would, probably, be so much detracted from its spirit. Should this meet with approbation, I may send you some more sketches by the same hand. G.

Boston, October 1805.

Dear M——

I went this day in company with governor Strong, &c. to view a prison which had just been completed in Charlestown. You would derive but little satisfaction from a description of bars and bolts. Let me then hasten to Mr. —— where a large party was assembled, consisting of some of the most distinguished characters of Boston. To my eye, the chief objects of attention were gov. Strong and Mr. Ames. Gov. Strong possessed no qualities, to elevate him, in the view of a casual spectator, above the common standard of men. He appeared to be a man of caution,—slow of speech—of an easy politeness of manners—and throughout, of that politic deportment, which well

became an elective governor of a republican people. But of Ames,—how shall I speak? Himself has said, that it required a Hamilton to delineate the virtues of a Hamilton. Alas then for the virtues of Ames! The finest talents my country can produce will be unable to transmit to posterity any adequate conception of that brilliancy of genius,—that affluence of language—that prodigality of metaphor,—that rich vein of sentiment, of wisdom, and of wit,—and that chivalric gayety of demeanor, with which he enlightened and fascinated every mind within the reach of his influence.

He is a man of a figure above the middle size, of a thin habit of body; and of that sallow complexion, which is an indication, at once, of severe thought, and of nervous complaints. Indeed, I heard him say that he was afflicted with disease. But genius appears more interesting where it gleams through the infirmities of the body. Disease robs it of its imposing and authoritative mien,—it approaches you with so meek and amiable a deportment, that it wins your heart by awakening your compassion. His complaints were hypochondriacal; and his spirits depended on the winds and the clouds. This evening, however, his kindest planet was ascendant. He talked much, for he had much to communicate. His principal topics were politics, and the influence of France upon the concerns of our government: but religion, morals, literature and the characters of eminent men shared largely in his discourse. To me he addressed a most ingenious and poetic dissertation on the distinction between genius and taste. After discussing it metaphysically till the animation of discourse had lent a fire to his fancy, he burst forth into a strain of language and imagery of which it is given to but few men to produce, and to but few men to hear. Where all is sensation there is but little memory. The feelings he occasioned are present to my mind; but distinctness of recollection as it respects language is vanished. One metaphor, however, remains. "Genius," he said, "was a spider which generated her web from her own bowels; Taste was a bee which sipped her sweets from every flower." His quick conception of the poetic resemblances between objects,—his power of producing an ideal presence of the subjects he described,—and the

dignity as well as the animation of his manner, touched me with that hallowed pleasure and veneration which one may fancy he should feel in the presence of an angel. It has been said, that the poetry of the Arabians participates of the warmth and luxuriancy of their climate. The language of Ames was the poetry of Arabia,—it breathed with the rich perfumes of that country;—and the flowers of his rhetoric appeared like the brilliant creations of an Indian sun.

Chatham said of Burke, that he was the only man since Cicero, who wrote and spoke with equal elegance. The talents of writing and conversation are vastly different. So much depends upon the look,—the manner,—the inflection of the voice, that what is luminous and affecting when spoken would be obscure and spiritless if written. Besides a man may have accumulated stores of knowledge, and possess a fertility of fancy, but be destitute of that readiness of conception and that fluency of speech which the sudden turns of conversation require.—These two almost incompatible accomplishments of writing and speaking were, however, eminently blended in this wonderful man. His written compositions are some of the finest in the language; and of his colloquial productions, I will say of them what Raynal says of the compositions of the Indians, they possessed a grace, a softness, and a refinement both of expression and of sentiment. His speech was a sort of music so touching, it was a murmur so sweet, his comparisons were so gay and striking, that the language which he spoke in this world to his friends, appeared to be that, which he will speak in the next to the gods.* In fine, when Ames dies, he deserves the same honour which was paid by the Athenians to Isocrates: he should have a column raised on his tomb, and on the top, there should be placed an image of a siren as the symbol of his eloquence. And when he does die (excuse my enthusiasm) some man should devote his time and his talents in holding forth to the public, the example of a character accomplished with every talent of a statesman and a scholar. He could perform no more essential service to his own and to every other age, than by dif-

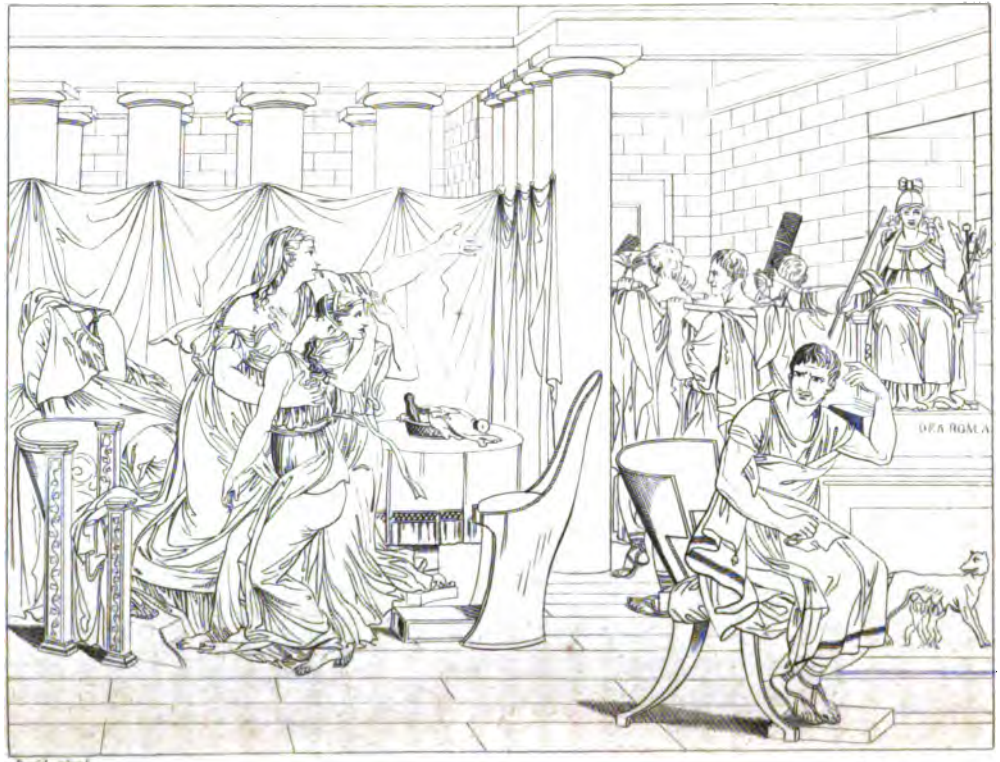
* La langue qu 'ils parlent dans ce monde a leur maîtresse, semble être celle qu' ils parleront dans l' autre à leurs houris."

fusing an admiration of the character of Ames. We naturally imitate what we admire, and it is not possible to imitate Ames, without exalting human nature; and refining to perfection the love of virtue, of liberty, our country and mankind.

THE FINE ARTS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE MODERN FRENCH SCHOOL.—LIFE OF DAVID.

The name of David stands in the French school preeminent alike for genius and for crime. When the revolutionary tempest desolated the loyalty of France, he forsook his pencil and became one of the directing demons of the storm. Amongst the number of that ferocious band who, by their suffrages, doomed their sovereign to death, we find the name of this painter. Unsatiated with the murder of his king, he became the ferocious confederate and adviser of the sanguinary Robespierre and Marat. His character may be collected from the following anecdote. He was once asked how many victims had fallen in one day to the frenzy which then pervaded France? and he replied, one hundred and twenty, *only*, and further added, that the heads of twenty thousand more must fall before the great work of philosophy could be accomplished. He would attend at the guillotine, and with perfect composure, catch the last agonies in the countenance of the expiring victim, and rejoice in the opportunity so afforded of imparting such horrible energy to his canvass. There is no fear, therefore, but that the name of David will descend to posterity. During the sanguinary scenes of the revolution he remained true to his party; but the republican David now finds in a monarchy that protection he denied in a republic. He is now the favourite painter of Buonaparte, and by a singular revolution of fortune, having assisted in the murder of one sovereign, becomes the flatterer of the next. Fortunate would it be for him if the works of his pencil were the only memorials of his name. But whatever his actions may have been, they cannot impair the splendid memorials of his genius. He is considered the most illustrious painter in France now living, and his



BRUTUS on his RETURN HOME after CONDEMNING his SONS.

historical pieces are executed with a boldness and sublimity which nothing but genius can inspire.

This painter possesses all that rigid devotion to antique so characteristic of the French school, to which he superadds all the charms of the most exquisite colouring. He seems formed to create a new era in the annals of French painting, for he unites the charms of Titian's colouring to the classical design of Poussin. His draperies are cast in the most graceful manner, and all his attitudes betoken elegance and grace. With a knowledge of antique he combines a genius so bold and inventive, that however ordinary may be the subject which is touched by his pencil, he immediately, as by a talisman, communicates some new and heretofore undiscovered charm.

From his numerous works we have selected for the present number, the picture of Brutus on his return home after the condemnation of his children, in which the artist has endeavoured to portray the triumphs of the public duties over the private feelings of a magistrate. He has just performed the highest and most generous sacrifice which the interests of his country demanded. But on returning to the bosom of his family, he is met by the reproaches of his despairing wife, and the agonies of his wretched daughters. He is no longer a magistrate, no more a Roman citizen—but a man and a father—one moment is given to parental tenderness, but with the next revives the inflexible integrity of the judge. He retires into a corner of his apartment, and there, enveloped in his mantle, and in obscurity, at the feet of that Rome whose liberties he has saved, and holding in his hands the fatal letter of his sons to Tarquin, the evidence at once of their guilt and his justice, listens in silent horror to the cries of his family, as the lictors are returning from the execution of his children.

INTERESTING PARTICULARS RELATING TO THE BARON DE MONTESQUIEU—BY LORD CHARLEMONT.

In travelling through France I happened, luckily for me, to get acquainted with Mr. Elliot,* a gentleman of Cornwall, whose

* Edward, afterwards lord Elliott.

excellent understanding, cultivated and improved by the best education, and animated by a mind of the most pleasing cast, rendered him the most agreeable of companions. We travelled together for some time, and finding ourselves not very far from Bourdeaux, we determined not to miss the opportunity of going there, not so much prompted thereto by the beauty of the town, and the adjacent country, as by our ardent desire of seeing, and of knowing, the president Montesquieu. Arrived at Bourdeaux, our first inquiry was concerning the principal object of our journey; but how great was our disappointment, when we found he had left the city, and was gone to reside at a country seat, four or five hours distant. To leave our longing unsatisfied was truly mortifying to us; and yet what could be done? At length, after a long deliberation, we determined to strike a bold stroke; and, getting the better of all timidity, perhaps propriety, we sat down and wrote a joint letter, in which we candidly told the president our reasons for visiting Bourdeaux, our sad disappointment, our eager wishes for the honour of his acquaintance, which, as English subjects, we most particularly desired, concluding by begging pardon for our presumption, and leave to wait on him at his villa. Neither did we languish long for an answer; it quickly arrived, in every respect as we would have wished, and consisted of modest acknowledgments for the honour we did him, assertions of the high esteem in which he held our country, and the most hearty and pressing invitation to come to him as soon as our occasions would permit. The first appointment with a favourite mistress could not have rendered our night more restless; and the next morning we set out so early that we arrived at his villa before he was risen. The servant showed us into his library, where the first object of curiosity that presented itself was a table, at which he had apparently been reading the night before, a book lying upon it open, turned down, and a lamp extinguished. Eager to know the nocturnal studies of this great philosopher, we immediately flew to the book; it was a volume of Ovid's works, containing his elegies, and open at one of the most gallant poems of that master of love. Before we could overcome our surprise, it was greatly increased by the

entrance of the president, whose appearance and manner was totally opposite to the idea which we had formed to ourselves of him; instead of a gravè, austere philosopher, whose presence might strike with awe such boys as we were, the person who now addressed us, was a gay, polite, sprightly Frenchman; who, after a thousand genteel compliments, and a thousand thanks for the honour we had done him, desired to know whether we would not breakfast, and, upon our declining the offer, having already eaten at on inn not far from the house, "Come then," says he, "let us walk, the day is fine, and I long to show you my villa, as I have endeavored to form it according to the English taste, and to cultivate and dress it in the English manner." Following him into the farm, we soon arrived at the skirts of a beautiful wood, cut into walks, and paled round, the entrance to which was barricadoed with a movable bar, about three feet high, fastened with a padlock. "Come," said he, searching in his pocket, "it is not worth our while to wait for the key; you, I am sure, can leap as well as I can, and this bar shall not stop me." So saying, he ran at the bar, and fairly jumped over it, while we followed him with amazement, though not without delight, to see the philosopher likely to become our playfellow. This behaviour had exactly the effect which he meant it should have. He had observed our awkward timidity at his first accosting us, and was determined to rid us of it; all that awe with which, notwithstanding his appearance, his character had inspired us, and that consequent bashfulness, which it must have occasioned, was now taken off; his age and awful character disappeared; and our conversation was just as free and as easy as if we had been his equal in years, as in every other respectable qualification. Our discourse now turned on matters of taste and learning. He asked us the extent of our travels, and, as I had visited the Levant, he fixed himself particularly on me, and inquired into several circumstances relative to the countries where I had been, in many of which I had the good fortune to satisfy him. He lamented his own fate, which had prevented his seeing those curious regions, and descanted with great ability on the advantages and pleasures of travel. "However," said he, "I, too, have been a traveller, and have seen the country in the world which is most

worthy our curiosity—I mean England." He then gave us an account of his abode there, the many civilities he had received, and the delight he felt in thinking of the time he had spent there. "However," continued he, "though there is no country under Heaven which produced so many great and shining characters as England, it must be confessed, that it also produces many singular ones, which renders it the more worthy our curiosity, and indeed, the more entertaining. You are too young to have known the duke of Montagu:* that was one of the most extraordinary characters I ever met with: endowed with the most excellent sense, his singularity knew no bounds. Only think! at my first acquaintance with him, having invited me to his country seat, before I had leisure to get into any sort of intimacy, he practised on me that whimsical trick which undoubtedly you have either experienced, or heard of; under the idea of playing the play of an introduction of ambassadors, he soused me over head and ears into a tub of cold water. I thought it odd, to be sure, but a traveller, as you well know, must take the world as it goes, and, indeed, his great goodness to me, and his incomparable understanding, far overpaid me for all the inconveniences of my ducking. Liberty, however, is the glorious cause! that it is which gives human nature fair play, and allows every singularity to show itself, and which, for one less agreeable oddity it may bring to light, gives to the world ten thousand great and useful examples."

With this, and a great deal more conversation, every word of which I would wish to remember, we finished our walk, and having viewed every part of the villa, which was, as he had told us, altogether imitated from the English style of gardening, we returned to the house, were shown into the drawing-room, and were most politely received by Madame La Baronne, and her daughter. Madame de Montesquieu was an heiress of the reformed religion, which she still continued to profess. She was an elderly woman, and, apparently, had never been handsome.

* John, duke of Montagu, married to one of the daughters of the duke of Marlborough. From every account, his grace was just as Montesquieu has represented him; but his eccentricity was, in this instance, carried very far indeed.

Mademoiselle was a sprightly, affable, good-humoured girl, rather plain, but, at the same time, pleasing; these, with the president's secretary, whom we afterwards found to be an Irishman, formed our society. The secretary spoke nothing but French, and had it been possible that Elliott and I, in our private conversation, could have uttered any thing to the disadvantage of our hosts, we might have been disagreeably trapped by our ignorance of his country, but nothing of that kind could possibly happen; every thing we said was to the praise of the president, and the politeness shown us by his family. Our dinner was plain and plentiful; and when, after having dined, we made an offer to depart, the president insisted upon our stay; nor did he suffer us to leave him for three days, during which time his conversation was as sprightly as instructive, and as entertaining as possible. At length we took our leave, and returned to Bourdeaux, whither we were escorted by the secretary, who now, to our great surprise, spoke English, and declared himself my countryman.

The baron, though still styled president, had lately resigned that office on the following occasion: The intendant of the province, a man whose ideas were far more magnificent than merciful, had taken it into his head that he would make Bourdeaux the finest city in France, and, for that purpose, had caused to be delineated on paper, the plan of a new quarter, where the streets were laid out in the most sumptuous manner, of great breadth, and in lines directly strait. This plan, with the approbation of the court, he had now began to execute, and that without the least consideration that the streets which he was laying out, not only cut through gardens, vineyards, and the houses of citizens and gentlemen, which, if they happened to stand in the way, were instantly levelled with the ground without any determined indemnification to the owner. The president saw this tyranny, detested, and resisted it; and by his influence and authority, for a while suspended the execution. Both parties appealed to Versailles, where the affair was examined into, and where the good president made use of all his influence in behalf of his countrymen, he himself not being in the smallest degree interested. But the intendant prevailed; and orders were issued that, at all

events, the plan should be pursued. The president, justly discontented, obtained leave to part with his office, and Bourdeaux is now the most magnificent city in France, built on the ruins of hundreds. Consider this, ye degenerate Englishmen, who talk without abhorrence of arbitrary power!

Having remained at Bourdeaux a competent time, Elliott and I parted, and I set out for Paris, where I was no sooner arrived, than Monsieur de Montesquieu, who had been there some days before me, most kindly came to see me, and during the time of my abode in that metropolis, we saw each other frequently, and every interview increased my esteem and affection for him.

I have frequently met him in company with ladies, and have been as often astonished at the politeness, the gallantry, and sprightliness of his behaviour. In a word, the most accomplished, the most refined *petit-mâitre* of Paris, could not have been more amusing, from the liveliness of his chat, nor could have been more inexhaustible in that sort of discourse which is best suited to women, than this venerable philosopher of seventy years old. But at this we shall not be surprised, when we reflect, that the profound author of L'Esprit des Loix, was also author of the Persian Letters, and of the truly gallant Temple de Gnide.

He had, however, to a great degree, though not among women, one quality which is not uncommon with abstracted men; I mean absence of mind. I remember dining in company with him at our ambassador's, lord Albemarle, where, during the time of dinner, being engaged in a warm dispute, he gave away to the servant, who stood behind him, seven clean plates, supposing that he had used them all. But this was only in the heat of controversy, and when he was actuated by that lively and impetuous earnestness, to which, though it never carried him beyond the bounds of good breeding, he was as liable as any man I ever knew. At all other times he was perfectly collected, nor did he ever seem to think of any thing out of the scope of the present conversation.

In the course of our conversations, Ireland, and its interests, have often been the topic; and, upon these occasions, I have always found him an advocate for an union between that country

and England. "Were I an Irishman," said he, "I should certainly wish for it; and, as a general lover of liberty, I sincerely desire it; and for this plain reason, that an inferior country, connected with one much her superior in force, can never be certain of the permanent enjoyment of constitutional freedom, unless she has, by her representatives, a proportional share in the legislature of the superior kingdom."

A few days before I left Paris to return home this great man fell sick, and, though I did not imagine, from the nature of his complaint, that it was likely to be fatal, I quitted him, however, with the utmost regret, and with that sort of foreboding which sometimes precedes misfortunes. Scarcely was I arrived in England, when I received a letter from one whom I had desired to send me the most particular accounts of him, communicating to me the melancholy news of his death, and assuring me, what I never doubted, that he had died as he lived, like a real philosopher; and what is more, with true christian resignation. What his real sentiments, with regard to religion, were, I cannot exactly say. He certainly was not a Papist; but I have no reason to believe that he was not a Christian; in all our conversations, which were perfectly free, I never heard him utter the slightest hint, the least word, which savoured of prophaneness, but, on the contrary, whenever it came in his way to mention christianity, he always spoke of its doctrine and of its precepts, with the utmost respect and reverence; so that, did I not know that he had too much wisdom and goodness to wish to depreciate the ruling religion, from his general manner of expressing himself, I should make no scruple freely to declare him a perfect Christian. At his death the priests, as usual, tormented him, and he bore their exhortations with the greatest patience, good humour, and decency; till at length fatigued, by their obstinate and tiresome pertinacity, he told them that he was much obliged for their comfort, but that, having now a very short time to live, he wished to have those few minutes to himself, as he had lived long enough to know how to die. A day or two before his death an unlucky circumstance happened, by which the world has sustained an irreparable loss. He had written the history of Louis the eleventh, including the transactions of Europe during the

very important and interesting period of that prince's reign. The work was long and laborious, and some, who had seen parts of it, have assured me, that it was superior even to his other writings. Recollecting that he had two manuscripts of it, one of them perfect, and the other extremely mutilated, and fearing that this imperfect copy might fall into the hands of some ignorant and avaricious bookseller, he gave his valet-de-chambre the key of his escrutoir, and desired him to burn that manuscript which he described to him. The unlucky valet burned the fair copy, and left that from which it was impossible to print.

There is nothing more uncommon than to see, in the same man, the most ardent glow of genius, the utmost liveliness of fancy, united with the highest degree of assiduity and of laboriousness. The powers of the mind seem in this to resemble those of the body. The nice and ingenious hand of the oculist was never made to heave the sledge, or till the ground. In Montesquieu, however, both these talents were eminently conspicuous. No man ever possessed a more lively, a more fanciful genius. No man was ever more laborious. His Esprit des Loix is, perhaps, the result of more reading than any treatise ever yet composed. M. de Secondat, son to the president, has now in his possession forty folio volumes in his father's handwriting, which are nothing more than the common-place books, from whence this admirable work was extracted. Montesquieu, indeed, seems to have possessed the difficult art of contracting matter into a small compass, without rendering it obscure, more perfectly than any man who ever wrote. His Grandeur et Decadence des Romains is a rare instance of this talent, a book in which there is more matter than was ever before crammed together in so small a space. One circumstance, with regard to this last-mentioned treatise, has often struck me, as a sort of criterion by which to judge of the materialness of a book. The index contains nearly as many pages as the work itself.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Oldschool,

Pleased as I am persuaded you are, to cooperate in every enterprize which has for its object to promote the interest of literature and science in the United States, or to augment, in any way, the intellectual resources of our country, you will not, I trust, refuse a place, in your excellent journal, to a few observations which relate to an undertaking of that description.

An attempt is now on foot by Eastburn, Kirk and Co. of the city of Newyork, to procure an increase of subscription to the republication in this country of the Edinburg and Quartely Reviews, so as to render the extent of public patronage equal to the magnitude and weight of the engagement. This is an enterprize to which every American, who is qualified duly to appreciate its nature and tendency, must wish the most ample and unqualified success. In a note, like the present, it were vain to pretend to analyse the character and do justice to the merit of journals so extensive in their plan, so rich and diversified in their matter, and so masterly in their style and manner of execution. Of such exalted and multifarious excellence even a miniature representation must not be attempted. These periodical publications exhibit a resplendent epitome of all that the loftiest and most cultivated talents, fortified by the soundest morality and chastened by the most refined taste, of the British empire, are able to achieve in literature and science. Giving rise, as they certainly have, to a new epoch in the intellectual productions of England, not to say of all Europe, their diffusion among the people of the United States could not be unaccompanied by the most important results. During the present period, in particular, when the operations of war are interposing, like another Atlantic, between us and the progress of knowledge in the old word, these distinguished Journals would serve, perhaps, as the best of all possible substitutes for the uninterrupted intercourse of peaceful times.

Ample as are our means of improvement at home, fertile as our country unquestionably is, in genius and talents, and distinguished as are many characters among us by a laudable ambition in literary pursuits, still it cannot be denied, that our richest and most delightful resources, as to intellectual cultivation,

are derived from abroad. Nor is it less indubitably true, that one of the most valuable and abundant of these resources may be found in the Edinburg and Quarterly Reviews. To the conductors of those Journals it is but justice to declare, that no similar publications heretofore established in any age or country, have sketched in lines so bold, comprehensive and perfectly correct, the march of science, literature and truth.

To the people of the United States it is not the lowest recommendation of these Journals, that they are in a state of militancy in relation to each other. *Audi alteram partem*, is a precept which should be fresh in the mind of every individual who is desirous of attaining correct views as to controverted subjects. Although sophistry may puzzle, and perverted ingenuity occasionally mislead, it is through the means of sound argument and able discussion, that error is most readily unmasked, and truth rendered most certainly triumphant.

On topics in relation to which the writers happen to differ in opinion, it is no petty contest that exists between the Edinburg and the Quarterly Review. The warfare is waged on a scale equal in extent, and conducted by means corresponding in vigour, to the talents and attainments of the mighty combatants. In a collision of intellect so potent and skilful, lights the most brilliant are sure to be elicited. Hence it is that with regard to all important subjects which are discussed in these productions, every source of argument is generally exhausted. The reader has presented to him, as in a masterly chart, the reasons and objections on each side of the question. His only business, therefore, is to exercise his judgment and decide for himself.

Nor is it only in force of argument and profundity of research that the Edinburg and Quarterly Reviews are preeminent. They are models of eloquence and standards of taste. In splendour of imagination too, richness of fancy, keenness of satire, and brilliancy of wit, they are, if not unrivalled, at least unsurpassed.

Such as they are, replete with whatever is most eminently calculated to delight and refine, amuse and ameliorate, chasten and instruct, their republication among an enlightened and a liberal people, cannot fail of abundant patronage.

C.

EMPORIUM OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.

We announce with great pleasure the following literary project, which from the ample resources, and the versatile genius of the accomplished editor, cannot fail to add largely to the stock of public instruction.

PROSPECTUS OF THE EMPORIUM OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.
(NEW SERIES.)

THE Emporium hitherto published, having been relinquished by its editor and publisher, I have undertaken to continue it under the same title; and the public will of course expect that I should give some account of the plan on which it is meant hereafter to be conducted.

I do not see, at present, any material objection to the plan originally proposed by Dr. Coxe: for what more useful work could the public expect, than one which should contain a judicious selection of practical papers on manufactures and the arts, from the more scarce and voluminous among the foreign publications, and a repository for original papers of the same description, furnished by men of research in our country?

I had prepared a volume of papers on manufacturing processes, which the publishers of the present work were to have published separately, had not the new series of the Emporium been undertaken. The matter I had meant for that work, I shall now employ upon this; and I will make, if I can, the Emporium a repository of papers on manufactures, that shall be worth preserving. They will consist of a series of essays drawn up and arranged by myself, but with the assistance of every thing I can find to the purpose in foreign publications. I have long been anxious to compose and to compile a work of this description, that shall remain a classic book on the subject, and I will endeavour to do it now.

In treating of the various subjects, it will be fair to give notice, that I will not condescend to make this a work of mere amusement, for the purpose of sale—one that shall suffice merely, under the show of science, to enable the reader to trifle away an hour, and to skim the surface of a great many subjects for the purpose of superficial and conversation knowledge. Many pages of this work to a general reader will be very dull; but it will be my fault if they are not useful to those who read for improvement.

I do not propose in the manufacturing papers I shall present, whether of my own or of others, greatly to instruct a manufacturer—a man who knows his business; or, by a sudden miracle, to form a skilful manufacturer by the perusal of a few theoretical pages. I know too well, from my own experience, that this cannot be done; and, I can easily conceive, with what contempt a practical man must read a great portion of the papers that pretend to give knowledge of real processes, among the French and English publications of this description. What innumerable instructions on the art of dying, for instance! yet I can venture to say, that hardly one paper in fifty contains either the processes of practice, or any kind of applicable information. Still the collectors of these facts are of great use in society: if they fail, it is because they are not themselves manufacturers; and because all manufacturers are secret-mongers, who live by their processes, and who do not choose to expose them to all the world. But many hints of importance are thus thrown out to those whose previous knowledge enables them to convert such hints to useful purposes: many lights are thus thrown on the rationale of manufacturing processes, which will enable a practical man better to understand the nature and effect of the processes he has been accustomed to use, and to correct and vary them without depending upon chance whether he is wrong or right.

Moreover, there is hardly a manufacture that is not capable, in some way or other, of improving and throwing light upon some other manufacture, in appearance widely different. The art of the watchmaker has very greatly contributed to the perfection of the cotton machines. Scheele's discovery of the oxy-muriatic acid, has added one fourth to the capital of all the bleachers and callico-printers of Great Britain; the theory of Lavoisier gave rise to D'Argand's lamp; the experiments on the distillation of pit coal for coal tar, promise fair to furnish a better, a brighter, a safer, a cheaper light, than any other known combustible; the barometer has greatly improved the steam engine, and the water blast of the British iron works; the application of steam has, in England, changed the face of the dye house, the distillery, and the soap manufactory; it has improved the cooking apparatus of the kitchen, it has warmed the public buildings, it has

been converted into a medicinal application of great importance, —while the steam engine itself has given incalculable force and facility to the manufactures of the kingdom, nearly without exception.

In almost all this knowledge, and in this application of it, as in a thousand similar instances that might be added to this short list, our own country is yet behindhand, and has yet to learn.

Moreover, papers that would be considered as of no great moment in that manufacturing country, will be of use in this. In the infancy of our manufacturing establishments, the conductors of them have to feel their path, to tread cautiously, to reflect anxiously, and lights become important in the midst of darkness that would be unseen or unnoticed in the blaze of day.

Having been much occupied in chemical pursuits, and much conversant with manufactures and manufacturers, I feel myself as well qualified as most men, to select such information as in some way or other will be worth attention, but which also will require, as I hope it will generally repay, attention. Making this a stock book for papers of value on the manufactures and the arts, I must be greatly indebted to other publications, and frequently to publications well known: frequently too, I shall have to republish in pursuit of my plan, what may have been already published by myself or others. If I make this work, as I mean to do, *the repository* for this kind of information, I must do so. No man can pretend to be original throughout a work on this extensive plan; it will be well conducted if he select judiciously.

Whether it be worth while to *encourage* manufactures in this country, or to turn aside a part of the capital from the immediate employment of agriculture, is a question of great moment. All bounties and protecting duties, are taxes upon the rest of the community, in support of that employment of capital which, without them, would be injudicious and unproductive. While so much land remains uncultivated, there can be no want of opportunities of employing capital in America. Generally speaking also, the interference of government is sadly misplaced, when it attempts to direct the capitalist what he shall do with his money. *Laissez nous faire*, is the proper reply. Still, there are conside-

rations of great weight with me, in opposition to this general reasoning, that I have never seen urged.

1st. Our population is becoming scattered over such an extent of territory, that the nation is really weakened by it; defence is more difficult and expensive; active hostility almost impossible; the communication of society, and of course of knowledge, is greatly retarded; many of our citizens are tempted to live in a half savage state; and even the administration of law, and the maintenance of order and necessary subordination, is rendered imperfect, tardy, and expensive.

2dly. Our agriculturists want a *home* market: manufactures would supply it. Agriculture at great distances from seaports, languishes for want of this. Great Britain exhibits an instance of unexampled power and wealth, by means of an agriculture greatly dependent on a system of manufacture: and her agriculture, thus situated, is the best in the world, though still capable of great improvement.

3dly. We are too much dependent upon Great Britain for articles that habit has converted into necessaries. A state of war demands privations that a large portion of our citizens reluctantly submit to. Home manufactures would greatly lessen the evil.

4thly. By means of debts incurred for foreign manufactures, we are almost again become colonists: we are too much under the influence, indirectly, of British merchants and British agents: we are not an independent people. Manufactures among us would tend to correct this, and give a stronger tone of nationality at home. I greatly value the intercourse with that country, of preeminent knowledge and energy, but our dependence upon it is often so great, as to be oppressive to ourselves.

5thly. The state of agriculture would improve with the improvement of manufactures, by means of the general spirit of energy and exertion which no where exists in so high a degree as in a manufacturing country; and by the general improvement of machinery, and the demand of raw materials.

6thly. The introduction of manufactures would extend knowledge of all kinds, particularly scientifical. The elements of natural philosophy and of chemistry, now form an indispensable branch of education among the manufacturers of England. They

cannot get on without it. They cannot understand or keep pace with the daily improvements of manufacture without scientific knowledge: and scientific knowledge is not insulated; it must rest upon previous learning. The tradesmen of Great Britain, at this day, can furnish more profound thinkers on philosophical subjects, more acute and accurate experimenters, more real philosophers thrice told, than all Europe could furnish a century ago. I wish that were the case here; but it is not so. I fear it is not true, that we are the most enlightened people upon the face of the earth; unless the facility of political declamation be the sole criterion of decision, and the universal test of talent. We should greatly improve, in my opinion, by a little more attention to mathematical and physical science; I would therefore encourage whatever would introduce a general taste for such pursuits.

For these reasons, I think it would be expedient so far to aid the introduction of manufactures in this country; by protecting duties, as to afford a reasonable prospect of safety to the prudent investment of capital, and the industrious pursuit of business, but no bounty to wild speculation, or negligent workmanship.

But I must not forget, that for a book to be useful, it must be saleable. However desirous, therefore, I may be of making this a stock book for papers on the arts and manufactures, I shall not so crowd it with dry detail, and with matter but partially interesting, as to leave no room for miscellaneous information of a more general nature. I shall be glad to introduce notices of our own inventions and improvements, and descriptions of our own rising manufactures. I shall be very glad to receive and insert articles of this kind, and generally any original paper which I may deem worthy of the public eye. Communications of this description, post paid, to myself or the publishers, Kimber and Richardson, of Philadelphia, will be honestly attended to.

THOMAS COOPER.

Carlisle, February, 1813.

Lately published at Baltimore, No. 1. second series, of "The American Law Journal, and Miscellaneous Repertory," by John E. Hall, pp. 188, price 125 cents.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE ADVERSARIA; OR, EVENING RECREATIONS.—No. VI.

To read what books and see what friends I please. POPE.

LOCAL ATTACHMENT

THERE is a silent chronicle of past hours in the inanimate things, amidst which they have been spent, that gives us back the affections, the regrets of our former days, that returns their joys without tumult, their griefs without poignancy: and produces equally from both, a pensive pleasure, which men, who have retired from the world, or whom particular circumstances have somewhat estranged from it, will be peculiarly fond of indulging. There is a certain attachment to place and things, by which the town, the house, the room, in which we live have a powerful influence over us. He must be a very dull or a very dissipated man, who, after a month's absence, can open his own door without emotion, even although there be no friend or relation to welcome his return. It has been observed, that this attachment to inanimate objects discovering itself in a sort of silent converse with an old accustomed chair, or any other piece of furniture is characteristically British: but the *Sirmio* of Catullus seems to prove that the old Romans had hearts to feel the same domestic sympathies.

Catullus saw, once more, the lucid tide,
Around the green banks of his Sirmio roll,
And hail'd his tranquil home, now dim descry'd;
Happy, at length, his labours laid aside,
Amid his oliv'd island to repose!
"Here on my old couch," the master cry'd,
"Shall I dismiss a train of wakeful woes;
"Here, in delicious sleep, my heavy eye lids close."

FRENCH GALLANTRY.

In the fair and courteous days of France, when a gay and half romantic gallantry was the universal taste of the young and the old, the lofty and the humble, *Madame la Mareschal de Mirepoix*, already in the winter of her days, but with more wit and warmth of imagination than most of the youngest and gayest ladies of

the court, sent to her old admirer *M. le duc de Nivernois*, a lock of her gray hair, accompanied by some very elegant verses, descriptive of the regard she felt for him, which age could neither extinguish nor diminish. The duke's reply is one of the sweetest specimens of tenderness and gayety, that I ever remember to have met with.

Quoi! vous parlez de cheveux blancs!
Laissons, laissons courir le tems:
Que nous importe son ravage?
Les tendres cœurs en sont exempts,
Les amours sont toujours enfants,
Et les graces sont de tout age.

Pour moi, Themire, je le sens,
Je suis toujours en mon printems,
Quand je vous offre mon hommage.
Si je n' avois que dix-huit ans,
Je pouvois aimer plus long tems
Mais non pas aimer d'avantage.

For the consolation of those *mere English ladies*, who like M. M. de Mirepoix, are growing gray, and to assure them that the aged themselves, though not likely to make new conquests, have, at least, the power of retaining the admirers of their youth, I venture to insert this rude copy of a beautiful original.

Talk not of snowy locks—have done;
Time runs the same and let him run;
To us what boots the tyrant's rage?
He knows not tender hearts to sever,
The little Loves are infants ever,
The Graces are of every age,

To thee, Themira, when I bow,
Forever in my spring I glow,
And more in years approve thee.
Could I to gay sixteen return,
With longer ardour I might burn,
But, dearer, could not love thee.

—

POLITICAL SARCASMS.

In the British house of commons, the opposition argued that the expedition to the Scheldt was impolitic and disgraceful;

but the conclusion upon which they insisted was, that therefore the ministry ought to be displaced, and they themselves be appointed to succeed them; and they who agreed with them most entirely on the first part of the proposition, would have regarded the second as a worse evil than the expedition itself. The temper and views with which this party called for a vote of censure, were exposed by Mr. Stephen in a singularly felicitous allusion.

The public, he said, were led to expect a redress of grievances and a punishment of delinquents; but the gentlemen on the opposition bench had the more substantial game in view, of obtaining possession of the government; and this was the true cause of their impatience. They reminded him of the squire of the valorous knight of La Mancha. The knight, like the people of England in this case, was intent on generous purposes, though with mistaken views; but Sancho had always his eye to the main chance; and as soon as an adventure was achieved by his master, he conceived, like these right honourable gentlemen, that his own end was attained; and said, "I do beseech you, sir, give me immediately that same government."

—

CRITICISM.

"And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep."—*Shakspeare, Hen. IV.*

Mr. Malone says this is a strange image; but I believe it will be deemed more strange that he and Mr. Steevens should either be slow to perceive or to admit the justness of Dr. Warburton's applause of it; "sleep crowned on his eye-lids," *is sleep seated there in the supremacy of delight.*"

> Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
> Making such difference between sleep and wake,
> As is the difference betwixt day and night.

Mr. Sheridan seems to have thought of this passage when he was writing the Duenna, and has sweetly improved it:

> Tell me, my lute, can thy fond strain
> So gently speak thy master's pain;
> So softly breathe, so humbly sigh,
> That though my sleeping love may know
> Who sings, who sighs below,
> Her rosy slumbers shall not fly.

MUSIC.

Every being presently discovers those faculties with which nature has endowed it. The least elevation or depression of voice must have, necessarily, made the first race of men perceive that their organs were capable of producing other sounds than those of speech, and that singing was as natural to them as speaking. A little more experience must have shown them, that metals and all other bodies, when struck, and disposed in a certain manner, produced also sounds. Lastly, it must have required some considerable time to discover that the intestines, when dried and properly prepared, were also sonorous. The present musical instruments, have, therefore, been successively invented. And who knows how many others may hereafter be produced! The tones that are drawn from china, glass, wood, and even straw, were almost unknown till the present age.

Most of the pleasurable diversons have a tendency, when pursued with ardour, not only to relax but to enervate the mind. They indispose for manly virtue, and introduce a tenderness ill suited to encounter the usual asperities of life. But the study of music, while it sweetly sooths the sense of hearing, touches the soul, and elevates and refines its nature. Conducted by philosophy, it is able to inspire the noblest thoughts, to urge the most animated action, to calm the ruffled spirits, and to eradicate every malignant propensity.

THE GREEKS.

The salubrity of their climate, by its effects upon the imagination, marked their character with enthusiasm and sensibility. Liberty exalted their minds. The equality of their citizens made them set a high value upon the opinion of each other; and, as each individual might aspire after the highest offices of the state, this flattered their self-love, and made them entertain a favourable opinion of themselves. The public games and exercises brought them frequently together, and made them well acquainted with each other's characters. The great number of petty states excited a spirit of emulation in each. In a word, great interests and victories gave them those elevated sentiments which aspire after renown. Upon returning from the combat,

in which thousands of Persians were defeated by a handful of freemen, was there a Greek whose soul did not feel itself exalted and warmed with the love of glory. Add to all this, the particular institutions of each city; the public festivals, the funeral games, the assemblies of all the states, the races and combats on the banks of the Alpheus; the prizes bestowed upon superior strength, address, talents, and genius; kings mingling with the combatants; heralds proclaiming the victory; fathers embracing their victorious sons with transports of joy; and the country which gave birth to such citizens distinguished by peculiar honours.

Such was the ardent sensibility of the Greeks for glory; and this principle was cultivated with great care by the several states. No rewards were bestowed that could debase the soul or give it a narrow and contracted turn. Talents and virtues were never so far degraded as to be rewarded with gold; glory, and not interest was the universal pursuit. Crowns, inscriptions, vases, statues; these were the rewards of superior merit; these produced heroes. In Greece, which way soever the eye was directed, it beheld monuments of glory. The streets, the temples, the galleries, the porticos, conveyed useful instructions to every citizen, and were schools for public virtue. In such a country, therefore, it is not surprising that panegyrics were common. The Greeks, like the Egyptians, had funeral eulogiums, but they applied them in a different manner. In Egypt, where policy and religion were closely connected, the principal view was to promote and encourage morality among all ranks of people: in Greece, which was composed of free and warlike republics, their chief study was to exalt the soul and inspire it with a contempt of danger and death. Accordingly, funeral eulogiums were only granted in the name of the state, to those who lost their lives in its service.

If we consider the various pursuits in which men are engaged; *state* how the most active are employed; and *sum up* their different merits, this conclusion may be made: that, take them in general, they are seldom so much, and never so nobly and innocently employed, as the man who passes his life in literary ease, and is by the world called idle. Trade debases the mind. Its only recommendation is, that it furnishes the means of subsis-

tence. Men are always discontented, and one who has spent all his days in literature, may, through ignorance, wish, at a late period of existence, that he had followed some business: but no man, who has seen what business is, and abandons it for literature, will, at any time of life, desire to return to it.

—

GROTIUS.

When this excellent man was confined by the prince of Orange, in the castle of Louvestein, with his friend Barneveldt, on the suspicion of favouring the sect of the Armenians, he obtained permission to have his books sent to him. After some time the guards neglected to examine the boxes as they came in and were sent out. His wife placed Grotius in one of the empty boxes that was going out, and he was safely, in this manner, extricated from his confinement. Some soldiers, whilst they were carrying the chest, observed, that it was as heavy as if an Armenian had been in it.—Grotius, however, after much apprehension, escaped. The following verses were made to commemorate so fortunate an elopement.—The arca, or chest, in which he was concealed, is alluded to by the author:

Hæc ea, quæ domini solita est portare libellos
Grotiadæ fuerat pondere facta gravis!
Mutatum neque sensit onus, quod enim illa ferebat,
Id quoque, sed spirans bibliotheca, fuit.

Or thus, *done into English.*

This chest, which to its master did convey
Full many a massy volume every day,
Unconscious now of greater weight and cares
A living library in Grotius bears.

Grotius related this circumstance to M. Menage. It happened in the year 1662.

—

PIRON.

A bishop, not generally suspected of writing his own sermons, accosted Piron, with, "Well, Piron, have you read my charge to the clergy." "No my lord; have you?" was the *reply* of the poet.

PUNNING SERMON.

During Cromwell's government, one Slater, a broken apothecary of Birmingham, got possession of the rectory of St. Martin's, in opposition to one Jennings, owner of Aston furnace; one Smallbroke, a wealthy inhabitant; and Sir Thomas Holt, who wished for it.

In his first sermon he told his people, the Lord had carried him through many troubles, for he had passed, like Shadrach, Mesach, and Abednego, through the fiery *furnace;* and as the Lord had enabled the children of Israel to pass over the Red Sea, so he had assisted him in passing over the *Small brooke*, and to overcome the strong *Holte* of sin and Satan. J. E. H.

SELECTED POETRY.

PORTUGUESE HYMN TO THE VIRGIN MARY.

"The Star of the Sea."—By John Leyden.

Star of the wide and pathless sea,
Who lovest on mariners to shine,
Those votive garments, wet to thee
We hang, within thy holy shrine;
When o'er us flashed the surging brine,
Amid the warring waters tost,
We called no other name but thine,
And hoped when other hope was lost.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the vast and howling main,
When dark and lone is all the sky,
And mountain-waves o'er Ocean's plain,
Erect their stormy heads on high:
When virgins for their true loves sigh,
They raise their weeping eyes to thee;
The Star of Ocean heeds their cry,
And saves the foundering bark at sea.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the dark and stormy sea,
When wrecking tempests round us rave,
Thy gentle virgin form we see
Bright rising o'er the hoary wave.
The howling storm that seems to crave
Their victims, sink in music sweet;
The surging seas recede to pave
The path beneath thy glistening feet.
Ave Maria Stella!

Star of the desart waters wild,
Who pitying hears the seaman's cry,
The God of mercy, as a child,
On that chaste bosom loves to lie;
While soft the chorus of the sky
Their hymns of tender mercy sing,
And angel voices name on high,
The mother of the heavenly King.
Ave Maria Stella.

Star of the deep! at that blest name
The waves sleep silent round the keel,
The tempest wild their fury tame
That made the deep's foundations reel:
The soft celestial accents steal
So soothing through the realms of wo,
The newly damned a respite feel
From torture, in the depths below.
Ave Maria Stella!

Star of the mild and placid seas,
Whom rainbow rays of mercy crown,
Whose name thy faithful Portuguese,
O'er all that to the depths go down,
With hymns of grateful transport own:
When gathering clouds obscure their light,
And heaven assumes an awful frown,
The Star of Ocean glitters bright.
Ave Maria Stella!

Star of the deep! when angel lyres
To hymn thy holy name essay,
In vain a mortal harp aspires
To mingle in the mighty lay!
Mother of God! one living ray
Of hope our grateful bosoms fires,
When storms and tempests pass away,
To join the bright immortal choirs.
Ave Maris Stella!

Mr. Oldschool,

I send you, for publication in the Port Folio, a Persian Ode of Hafiz, translated by the late Sir William Jones. The translator, who was as much distinguished for good taste, as he was for great learning and extensive research, observes—"The wildness and simplicity of this Persian song pleased me so much, that I have attempted to translate it in verse: the reader will excuse the singularity of the measure which I have used, if he considers the difficulty of bringing so many eastern proper names into our stanzas.

I have endeavoured, as far as I was able, to give my translation the easy turn of the original; and I have, as nearly as possible, imitated the cadence and accent of the Persian measure; from which every reader, who understands music, will perceive that the Asiatic numbers are capable of as regular a melody as any are in Metastasio."

As many of your readers are not versed in Persian literature, nor familiar with all the works of our learned translator, I presume this elegant little piece will not be an unacceptable present. Yours, &c.

J. C.

A PERSIAN SONG.

Sweet maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck infold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bakhára's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon* liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
What'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Roenabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosselláy.

Oh! when these fair perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow;
Can all our tears, can all our sighs
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks where living roses blow,
Where Nature spreads her richest dies,
Require the borrowed gloss of art?

Speak not of fate—ah! change the theme,
And talk of odours, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream:
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom:

Beauty has such resistless power,
That e'en the chaste Egyptian dame†
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy:
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth‡ so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear;
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage)
While music charms the ravished ear,
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay; and scorn the frowns of age.

* A *melted ruby* is a common periphrasis for wine in the Persian poetry. See Hafiz, ode 22. † Zoleikha, Potiphar's wife. ‡ Joseph.

What cruel answer have I heard!
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient peals at random strung;
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say,
But, oh, far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom those notes are sung!

It is known to most of our readers that when the prize for an address on the opening of Drury-lane theatre, was awarded to lord Byron, the town was for a long time amused by the complaints of disappointed candidates, and the raillery of all the wits of London. Among the latter were two young lawyers by the name of Smith, who imagined the plan of parodying the manner of all the distinguished poets of England, in a collection of addresses supposed to have been rejected. From this merry volume, we select the following parody of Walter Scott, which is much superior to Colman's, and indeed bears more the character of Scott's style than any of the burlesque imitations of him. After an introduction in the ancient manner, and a description of the night, for which we have not room, the poet proceeds to the burning of the theatre.

THE BURNING.

As chaos which, by heavenly doom,
Had slept in everlasting gloom,
Started with terror and surprise,
When light first flash'd upon her eyes:
So London's sons in nightcap woke,
In bedgown woke her dames,
For shouts were heard mid fire and smoke,
And twice ten hundred voices spoke,
"The Playhouse is in flames."
And lo! where Catherine Street extends,
A fiery tale its lustre lends
To every window pane:

Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,
And Barbican, moth eaten fort,
And Covent Garden kennel sport,
A bright ensanguin'd drain:
Meux's new brewhouse shows the light,
Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height
Where patent shot they sell:
The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,
Partakes the ray, with Surgeons' Hall,
The ticket porters' house of call,
Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,
Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal,
And Richardson's Hotel.

Nor these alone, but far and wide
Across the Thames's gleaming tide,
To distant fields the blaze was borne,
And daisy white and hoary thorn
In borrow'd lustre seem'd to sham
The rose or red sweet-Wil-li-am.
To those who on the hills around
Beheld the flames from Drury's mound,
As from a lofty altar rise;
It seem'd that nations did conspire,
To offer to the god of fire
Some vast stupendous sacrifice!
The summon'd firemen woke at call,
And hied them to their stations all.
Starting from short and broken snoose,
Each sought his pond'rous hobnail'd shoes,
But first his worsted hosen plied,
Plush breeches next in crimson died,
His nether bulk embraced,
Then jacket thick of red or blue,
Whose massy shoulder gave to view
The badge of each respective crew,
In tin or copper traced.

The engines thunder'd through the street,
Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,
And torches glared, and clattering feet
Along the pavements paced.

And one, the leader of the band,
From Charing Cross along the Strand,
Like stag by beagles hunted hard,
Ran till he stopp'd at Vin'gar Yard.
The burning badge his shoulder bore,
The belt and oil-skin hat he wore,
The cane he had his men to bang,
Show'd foreman of the British gang.
His name was Higginbottom; now
'Tis meet that I should tell you how
The others came in view:
The Hand in Hand the race begun,
Then came the Phœnix and the Sun,
Th' Exchange, where old insurers run,
The Eagle, where the new;
With these came Rumford, Bumford, Cole,
Robins from Hockley in the Hole,
Lawson and Dawson, cheek by jowl,
Crump from St. Giles's Pound:
Whitford and Mitford join'd the train,
Huggins and Muggins from Chick Lane,
And Clutterbuck, who got a sprain
Before the plug was found.
Hobson and Jobson did not sleep,
But ah! no trophy could they reap,
For both were in the Donjon Keep
Of Bridewell's gloomy mound!

E'en Higginbottom now was posed,
For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed;
Without, within, in hideous show,
Devouring flames resistless glow,
And blazing rafters downward go,
And never hallo "heads below!"

Nor notice give at all:
The firemen, terrified, are slow
To bid the pumping torrent flow,
For fear the roof should fall.
Back, Robins! Crump, stand aloof!
Whitford, keep near the walls!
Huggins, regard your own behoof,
For lo! the blazing rocking roof
Down, down in thunder falls!

An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
Conceal'd them from th' astonish'd crowd.
At length the mist awhile was clear'd,
When lo! amid the wreck uprear'd
Gradual a moving head appear'd
An eagle firemen knew
'Twas Joseph Muggins, name rever'd,
The foreman of their crew.
Loud shouted all in sight of wo!
"A Muggins to the rescue, ho!"
And pour'd the hissing tide:
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
And strove and struggled all in vain,
For rallying but to fall again,
He totter'd, sunk and died!

Did none attempt, before he fell,
To succour one they lov'd so well?
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire
(His fireman's soul was all on fire)
His brother chief to save;
But ah! his reckless generous ire
Serv'd but to share his grave!
Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
Through fire and smoke he dauntless broke,
Where Muggins broke before,

But sulphury stench and boiling drench
Destroying sight, o'erwhelm'd him quite,
He sunk to rise no more.
Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,
His whizzing water-pipe he waved;
"Whitford and Mitford ply your pumps,
"You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps,
"Why are you in such doleful dumps?
"A fireman and afraid of bumps!
"What are they fear'd on? fools! 'od rot 'em!"
Were the last words of Higginbottom.

THE REVIVAL.

Peace to his soul! new prospects bloom,
And toil rebuilds what fires consume!
Eat we and drink we, be our ditty,
"Joy to the managing committee."
Eat we and drink we, join to rum
Roast beef and pudding of the plum;
Forth from thy nook John Horner come,
With bread of ginger brown thy thumb,
For this is Drury's gay day:
Roll, roll thy hoop, and twirl thy tops,
And buy, to glad thy smiling chops,
Crisp parliament with lollypops,
And fingers of the Lady.

Didst mark, how toil'd the busy train
From morn to eve, till Drury Lane
Leap'd like a roebuck from the plain?
Ropes rose and sunk, and rose again,
And nimble workmen trod;
To realize bold Wyatt's plan
Rush'd many a howling Irishman,
Loud clatter'd many a porter can,
And many a ragamuffin clan,
With trowel and with hod.

Drury revives! her rounded pate
Is blue, is heavenly blue with slate;
She "wings the midway air" elate,
As magpie, crow, or chough;
White paint the modish visage smears,
Yellow and pointed are her ears,
No pendent portico appears
Dangling beneath, for Whitebread's shears
Have cut the bauble off.

Yes, she exalts her stately head,
And but that solid bulk outspread
Oppos'd you on your onward tread,
And posts and pillars warranted
That all was true that Wyatt said,
You might have deem'd her walls so thick,
Were not compos'd of stone or brick,
But all a phantom, all a trick,
Of brain disturb'd and fancy sick,
So high she soars, so vast, so quick.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MY FIRST VALENTINE.—1813.

Amadea, mine! my being's queen!
O dost thou heed
This day of love!
When beauty's meed
The homage secret, veiled, unseen
Of the full year!
Expression which all good hearts prove
Is wont to be conveyed
To every pleasing, pretty maid.

Angelic maid! O dost thou know
The birds now sing
This day of love!
The new born Spring
Smiles from its magic bed of snow,
The yacinths rise,

The parted birds no longer rove,
But sprightly now in every grove.
Respond the cheerful voice of love.

Sweet child of love! O dost thou see
All nature smiles
This day of love.
The playful wiles,
The billing kiss on every tree
The peach flowers come.
Gay winds the budding leaflets move,
The pretty birds now woo and pair,
And sing of love and hope, my fair!

Thou most beloved! O may'st thou feel
Within thy breast
This day of love!
To thee confess'd
The warmth, the passion I reveal
My love, my hope!
Upon thy thought my fate is wove;
Spring and Aurora smile for me
Only as smiles my Amadee!

Camildhu.

MARIA.

I will not say the maid I love
Is fairer than the evening star,
When beautiful o'er hill and grove,
Through falling dews, it gleams afar.

But, O! her goodness, I will say,
Is sweeter for its soothing powers,
Than twilight zephyrs when they play
Through arboured walk of breathing flowers.

I will not call her soul more bright
Than open noon, in summer tide,
Repulsive in its blaze of light,
That dazzles sense on every side.

But, O, her heart as bland I call
As sweet, and all as clear from stain,
As the soft moonlight beams that fall
And melt along the moving main.

The love of such a heart would be
Like a bright heavenly cloud sublime,
That should around encompass me
And shut out worldly wo and crime.

Yet, O, can e'er I wish her mine,
My frailties and my griefs to prove!—
I can but wish I were divine,
To love her with an angel's love.

J. M—y.

Mr. Oldschool,

Should the following poetic tribute to the memory of a worthy minister of the Society of Friends be deemed eligible to a place in your invaluable Port Folio, the insertion of it, I doubt not, will gratify no small portion of your readers. It is the production of a lady of this city; and is offered you in its original dress. S.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY MUCH ESTEEMED FRIEND, DANIEL STANTON, WHO EXCHANGED THIS LIFE FOR A BETTER, JUNE 28th, 1770.

Know ye that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day, in Israel. 2 Sam. iii. 38.

If I be not an apostle to others, yet doubtless I am to you, for the seal of mine apostleship are ye in the Lord. 1 Cor. ix. 2.

I need invoke no fabled Muse, to mourn
Or pour feigned sorrow o'er the prophet's urn;
For, Oh! too deep my soul partakes the wo!
Our Zion feels on such a piercing blow;
Since, in this stroke, no common stroke is found,
A public loss! a painful, bleeding wound;
For know, this day, removed from earth's abode,
A prince, a priest, and prophet to his God;
A faithful labourer in his Master's cause;
A firm asserter of Messiah's laws.
A steady watchman, careful to alarm
And rouse the camp to action and to arm,——

To arm the soul against its mortal foe,
Who well maintained the holy war below.
Laid not his heavenly armour in the dust
To soil its beauty and contract a rust,
But kept its lustre undefiled and clean,
A spotless image of his soul within;
For, few perhaps, the lot of life endure
With hearts less guilty, or with hands more pure;
Anxious each call of duty to attend,
A powerful teacher and a Christian friend;
While with a cherub's love and seraph's zeal
He taught to know and do his Master's will;
With heaven's acceptance blessed, his favoured mind
Grew daily more enlightened and refined;
Weaned from the earth, sublimed by ardent love;
He panted for the converse known above;
Oft winged his flight amidst his kindred blest;
And held communion with the saints released;
For oh, in him conspicuously were joined
The humble Christian watchful and resigned.
For us his painful labours he bestowed:
For us his prayer ascended to his God;
For us he wept, he watched, he led the way,
And oh! to us, the apostle of our day!
Where shall we meet with such a kindred mind?
Where now our interceding Moses find,
To judge aright,—for heaven the flock to guide,
And turn, by prayer, the thunder-bolt aside;
How would his soul in supplication rise
On angel pinions to his native skies!
Implore the mercy, deprecate the rod;
And breathe his soul, enraptured, to his God!
Till glowing with such zeal and love divine
As Heaven approves, and saints perfected join,
His mounting spirit pierced the world unknown,
And gained sweet access to his Father's throne,
And, thus advancing on the Gospel plan,
He glowed with love to God and love to man.

Still pressing forward with a heart resigned,
To heaven devoted, and from earth refined,
The Master called, bade all his labours cease,
And closed his evening in the calm of peace.
The softest touches of Death's awful rod,
Drew back the veil, and winged the saint to God.
There, 'midst the grand assemby held above,
He shares the fulness of Messiah's love.
Not for thy sake, but oh! for ours I mourn,
Friend of my heart! around thy spotless urn.
Nor shall thy memory from my bosom stray,
Till death admits me to your happier day.
There shall my soul, released, unite with thine,
And in your raptured chorus, joyful join.

MORTUARY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Died, on the 13th of Jan. Mrs. Abigail Englesby, in the 28th year of her age, wife of E. J. Englesby, Esq. It is our melancholy duty to record the death of but few, who possessed so much and such intrinsic worth as Mrs. Englesby. As a companion, she was amiable and interesting; as a friend, sincere and constant, and as a parent faithful and affectionate. She possessed all those excellent qualities, which render the lovely female endearing to her friends, and useful to society. She sustained her several relations in life with much propriety; and was one of the brightest ornaments of the little circle, which composes the society of this village. She possessed

> "A mind in wisdom old, in lenience young,
> From fervent truth where every virtue sprung;
> Where all was real, modest, plain, sincere,
> Worth above show, and goodness unsevere."

In her early death, her friends have sustained an irreparable loss, and a vacancy is made in this place which will not soon be filled. But we mourn, not as those who are destitute of hope. Our religion mitigates our sorrows, and points to brighter worlds.

"A friend, when dead, is but removed from sight,
Sunk in the lustre of eternal light;
And when the parting storms of life are o'er
May yet rejoin us on a happier shore."

Burlington, January 20, 1813.

Died on board the U. S. frigate Constitution at sea, 28th January, of wounds received in the action with the Java, Lieut. John Cushing Aylwin, of the U. S. navy. He entered the service about the time war was declared, as a sailing master, and was promoted to a lieutenancy for his gallant conduct in the action with the Guerriere. He was an officer of great merit, much esteemed by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. In his death, our country has suffered a great loss; his friends a painful deprivation. He had seen much of the world, and improved his opportunities of observation—possessed a strong mind, with great benevolence of disposition.

In the action with the Guerriere he stood on an elevated situation by the side of his brave comrades Morris and Bush, at the time the two vessels came in contact, and was wounded in the left shoulder with a musket ball. In the late action he commanded the forecastle division, and his bravery, and marked coolness throughout the contest, gained him the admiration of his commander, and all who had an opportunity of witnessing him. When boarders were called to repel boarders, he mounted the quarter deck hammock cloths, and, in the act of firing his pistols at the enemy, he received a ball through the same shoulder. Notwithstanding the serious nature of his wound, he continued at his post until the enemy had struck; and even then did not make known to the surgeon his own situation, nor until all the wounded had been dressed. His zeal and courage did not forsake him in his last moments: for a few days after the action, although labouring under considerable debility, and the most excruciating pain, he left his state room, and repaired to quarters, when an engagement was expected with a ship, which afterwards proved to be the Hornet. He bore his pain with great and unusual fortitude, and expired without a groan.

"A dauntless soul erect, who smiled on death."

JOHN ANDREWS D.D.

Provost of the University of Pennsylvania.

THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.
COWPER.

VOL. I. MAY 1813. No. 5.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF THE LATE REV. JOHN ANDREWS, D. D. PROVOST OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE extravagance of posthumous panegyric has been for ages proverbial. When the heart is softened and the sensibility excited by the last sad ceremony of closing the grave over the mortal remains of a man long loved and venerated, it would be a violation of the affections implanted by nature, if surviving friends did not indulge in the recollection of the virtues and talents which had attracted their love and excited their admiration; or if, in portraying his character, they did not throw his imperfections into shadow, and give to his excellencies the boldest relief and the brightest colouring. Possibly this natural and apparently instinctive disposition of our species, (which immortalizes virtue, while it fixes the seal of mortality to error and vice even in this world) is wisely intended to withdraw bad example from the view of mankind; and to fortify virtue by the continual accumulation of that which is good. Were the faults and the errors even of good men handed down by tradition, they might, it is to be feared, present a mass of evil, which, with the sanction of their names, would endanger the religion and impair

the morality of society. By recording and remembering their virtues only, models are presented, even the imperfect imitation of which will evince no inconsiderable degree of excellence. And with respect to the individual who is panegyrized, let it be remembered, that whatever may have been his merits, whether they be real or imaginary, the praise is still given to virtue; so that he who is ambitious of the reward, will endeavour, in some degree, to qualify himself as a candidate for it. Nor indeed shall we find much reason to apprehend that the fame of an individual, whose life has been occupied in the less conspicuous walks of life, will much transcend his real deserts. The splendid achievements of the soldier, and the glittering services of a statesman, may dazzle the multitude; but the character of a virtuous citizen, occupied in the performance of the mere relative and social duties, is surrounded by a milder lustre, which conceals nothing, yet imparts little brilliancy to his most meritorious exertions! The world too is sufficiently incredulous of perfection which rests upon the evidence afforded by the partiality of friendship, or the fondness of natural affection.

The writer of this rapid narrative, imperfect no less from the feebleness of his pen, than the haste in which circumstances require it to be composed, has more reason to fear that he will fall short, than that he will pass beyond the limits of just eulogium, if indeed any thing he may say can deserve that name. Callous and ungrateful would he be, however, were he to withhold his poor efforts to commemorate a man, to whom he is proud to acknowledge a weight of obligation, and to have been united by ties of the most sacred and endearing nature.

Dr. Andrews was born in Cecil county, Maryland, about six miles from the head of Elk, on the 4th of April, 1746. His father was a man of singular piety, and to the influence of his examples and precepts may be attributed the serious impressions which stamped the character and fixed the profession of his son. Although not wealthy, it is believed that his circumstances were sufficiently independent; and, wisely appreciating the value of a good education, he placed his child at the age of seven years, at the Elk school, then under the direction of the Newcastle presbytery, where he was instructed in the rudiments of a classical educa-

tion. At the age of seventeen he was removed to the college and academy of Philadelphia, where, in 1764, he completed his classical and philosophical studies with distinguished reputation. In consequence of the absence of Dr. Smith, the provost, no commencement was held in the college for this year; but in May, 1765, he graduated Bachelor of Arts, having previously entered as a tutor in the grammar school, then under the direction of Mr. Beveridge. The eminent attainments of this gentleman in scholarship, and his skill and fidelity as an instructor, had acquired the highest reputation. Some of his pupils are yet living, and it will not be thought too great a compliment to them or to him to remark, that as Latin and Greek scholars they are not excelled, and have rarely been equalled by the alumni of any institution in this country.

In this situation Dr. Andrews continued about one year, when, on the warm recommendation of Dr. William Smith, provost of the college, he was induced by Dr. Kuhn and George Ross, esq. to take charge of a classical school at Lancaster. Having formed an early intention of devoting himself to the christian ministry in the episcopal church, he pursued his theological studies there with the advice and assistance of the Rev. Mr. Barton for a little more than twelve months. He then embarked in company with the late Dr. Magaw, for London, for the purpose of receiving holy orders. In February, 1767, he was ordained a deacon by Dr. Terrick, bishop of London,* and was admitted into priest's orders a few days afterwards.† Being appointed by the society for propagating the gospel in foreign parts, a missionary to Lewistown, in Delaware, he soon took on himself the duties of that station. After remaining there about three years, finding that the climate was injurious to his health, he removed to Yorktown, in this state, where he succeeded the Rev. Mr. Thom-

* After the examination of Dr. Andrews and Dr. Magaw for orders, the bishop of London happening to meet at court, the proprietary, Mr. Thomas Penn, expressed to him the satisfaction which he had received from the examination of those two gentlemen, from the province of Pennsylvania.

† While he was in England, the degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him by his alma mater; and he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Washington college, in Maryland, a short time before he removed to Philadelphia.

son as missionary to York and Carlisle. Here, in 1772, he married a daughter of captain Robert Callender, a woman of great domestic worth, and a faithful and affectionate wife.* The salary which Dr. Andrews received as missionary to this place, proving inadequate to the support of his family, he accepted an invitation to Queen Anne's county, Maryland, and carried with him thither the affectionate regret of his parishioners and neighbours, to whom he had endeared himself by a faithful discharge of his pastoral duties, and by the urbanity and benevolence which characterized his intercourse with the world. He was appointed by the governor of the then province of Maryland rector of St. John's parish, Queen Anne's, and resided there in that capacity until some time after the declaration of independence. At the beginning of the important contest which led to this measure, Dr. Andrews was among those who thought and declared that the right of taxation assumed by Great Britain could not be defended on constitutional principles, and this opinion he uniformly maintained. A conscientious abhorrence of civil war, however, and a distrust of the ability of this country to engage in hostilities, on such apparently unequal terms, with a reasonable prospect of success, induced Dr. Andrews, with some of the best men of those times, to endeavour to confine opposition within the limits of constitutional allegiance. In this they erred, perhaps, but it was on the side of prudence, and consistently with their views of the welfare and happiness of their country, however, in this instance they may have been mistaken. Dr. Andrews always set his face against faction and turbulence, and was at all times opposed to political persecution; but no man was a warmer friend to genuine liberty, or a more strenuous supporter and asserter of the independence of his country and her just rights, against the encroachments of every nation.†

* Mrs. Andrews died on the 22d. of February, 1798. Her death was occasioned by the shock which her affection suffered in the death of a son, caused by fire, and her consequent grief. Dr. Andrews suffered much from the recollection of this sad event. He often spoke of it, and never without tears.

† In his lectures on politics, he has recommended and illustrated with great force and ability, the Federal Constitution, of which, and the administration of it by general Washington, he was a sincere and ardent admirer.

For the reasons just mentioned, he delayed for some time to take the oath of abjuration until he found there was a determined resolution and an ability to maintain the independence which had been declared; and even afterwards he warmly disapproved of the severity with which the loyalists were treated, and of many of the public measures. His residence in Maryland being rendered unpleasant by the heat of party spirit, he returned to Yorktown, and opened a Greek and Latin school there. His known talents and acquirements soon attracted a sufficient number of scholars, most of whom were the children and wards of his former parishioners and neighbours in Queen Anne's. Such were their affection and respect for the man, notwithstanding the political differences which had induced him to withdraw from them. His school flourished, and many of his scholars rose afterward to distinction; some of them to eminence in life: all of them have ever spoken of him with the greatest reverence and affection.* He was little disposed to conceal, still less to disguise his opinions in relation to the manner of conducting the pending controversy, and they were consequently generally known. Yet such were the ingenuousness and integrity of his character, and so great the respect in which he was held, that he was never molested by popular violence and persecution at a season when others experienced them in all their bitterness. He was at this time a member of a literary club, in which he associated with many gentlemen who took an active and conspicuous part in the war against Great Britain; but his intercourse with them was intimate and harmonious. During his residence at York, the unfortunate major Andre having been captured, was ordered thither on his parole, and remained a prisoner of war until he was exchanged. Dr. Andrews soon became acquainted with his amiableness and accomplishments, and delighted to dwell on

* Among others, may be mentioned Dr. Benjamin Smith Barton, the professor of Natural History and of Botany, and of Materia Medica, in the University of Pennsylvania. The Dr. speaking of Dr. Andrews, on a late occasion, said, "As for myself, I shall ever look with unaffected pleasure upon that period of my age, when I first imbibed a love and knowledge of the Roman and Greek authors, under the direction of a teacher, than whom no one, perhaps, in America, had studied their merits and their beauties with a more critical attention."

them, while he was lamenting the unfortunate and unworthy enterprise which proved fatal to his life. Andre shared liberally at York in the hospitality of Dr. A's house—and often met there some of the warmest whigs of the day. Their intercourse was so managed by their benevolent host, as to assuage the feelings of enmity, and smooth the asperity of political animosity.

After some years residence at Yorktown, he again removed to Maryland, and took charge of the parish of St. Thomas, at Garrison Forest, where he remained until his final removal to this city.

In the year 1785, the academy of the protestant episcopal church in this city was established. The peculiar circumstances which gave occasion to the establishment of this academy, rendered it indispensable that a gentleman should be found to preside over it, who would combine great weight and respectability of character, with distinguished talents and learning, and skill and experience in giving instruction. Dr. Andrews was soon selected as the person qualified in all respects for the situation; and having accepted the unanimous invitation of the trustees, he came to this city in May, 1785, and immediately entered on the duties of his appointment. The most sanguine expectations had been entertained of the success and usefulness of this academy under his direction: they were not disappointed. The schools were filled with scholars, and no elementary institution in the United States has ever deserved or acquired a higher reputation.*

At length, in the year 1789, the legislature having restored to the former trustees of the college, academy, and charitable schools of Philadelphia their corporate character, and the estate of which they had been deprived in 1779, the continuance of the

* During the absence of the Reverend Dr. White, for the purpose of receiving episcopal consecration, from November 1786 to the succeeding April, Dr. Andrews officiated for him in the united churches of Christ church and St. Peter's, in this city, very greatly to the satisfaction of the members of these churches. He was also, for several years rector of St. James's at Bristol, and regularly officiated there.—The nervous disease, by which he was afflicted, rendered him altogether unable to officiate for many years before his death.

Protestant Episcopal Academy was considered as of secondary importance, and Dr. Andrews was persuaded to exchange his situation in the latter for the professorship of humanity in the former seminary. To his reputation, in a very great degree, may be attributed the success of the college and academy, in the struggle which ensued with its rival institution, the University of the state of Pennsylvania. In September 1791, on the petition of the trustees of both institutions, they were united under the corporate title of "The University of Pennsylvania," and Dr. A. was, soon afterwards, elected vice provost thereof, with the duties of the professorship of moral philosophy and instruction in the higher classics.

Having continued in this situation more than twenty years, and performed the duties of it with unwearied assiduity, and acknowledged ability, in December 1810 he was elected, unanimously, to the office of provost, which had become vacant by the resignation of Dr. M'Dowell. But his constitution, otherwise robust, had already begun to yield to the nervous disease, which, inherited from his father, had afflicted him more and more from his childhood. No doubt, too, the sedentary habits which his official duties had imposed upon him, produced injurious effects. He was the first to perceive and to speak of the decline of his health; yet such were his fortitude and equanimity, that his cheerfulness remained unimpaired.* He often remarked to his friends that the natural ruddiness of his complexion, and the liveliness of his disposition, would probably accompany him to the verge of the grave, and that he should almost arrive there before they apprehended him to be in danger. His prediction was verified. In the early part of the summer of 1812, he was attacked with a vertigo, and symptoms of disease which his physicians thought indications of water on the chest. His general debility and great difficulty of breathing, scarcely admitted of his presiding at the commencement of graduates in the arts in July of that year,

* He often spoke of his death as an event which must soon happen, and of which he felt no terror.—It was particularly the subject of his conversation at the house of Dr. Chandler, a connexion by marriage, on the Saturday preceding his death. He mentioned it with great composure and becoming seriousness.

and prevented him from performing some of the duties of his office on that occasion. He had already intimated to some of the trustees of the university, his desire of resigning the provostship as soon as a successor could be found, convinced that he could not reasonably hope for such a restoration of his health as would enable him to continue long in their service. Finding that his strength was rapidly failing, and being advised that exercise, leisure, and country air would afford him the only chance of rendering the residue of his life tolerably comfortable, and unwilling to continue in a situation the duties of which he could not fully discharge, on the second day of February last, he communicated his resignation to the board of trustees. The great respect which that body entertained for him, and the deep sense they had of his services, will be best manifested by the resolutions which were immediately adopted. These, together with his reply, are subjoined,* as a testimony not less honourable

* Letter from Dr. Andrews to the Board of Trustees.

Philadelphia, February 2, 1813.

GENTLEMEN,

Worn out, not so much with age as with the disorder which afflicts and agitates my nerves, I no longer hesitate to present you, as I now do, with my resignation.

It is true, that from a service of twenty-three years and upwards, I have derived nothing more than a mere subsistence, and have not been able to lay up any thing for a future day. But if, either in equity, or according to the usage of similar institutions on similar occasions, I may be said to have any claim upon your honourable board, it will not, I know, be disregarded. Of this, however, I acknowledge that you are the sole judges, and am prepared to submit to your determination.

It is scarce necessary to add, that I mean to continue in the institution, until you have time and opportunity to provide a suitable person to succeed me.

With particular respect,
I am, Gentlemen,
Your Obedient Servant,
JOHN ANDREWS.

Resolutions of the Board of the 2d of February, 1813.

A letter of this date from Dr. Andrews, resigning his office of Provost, and his professorship of Moral Philosophy, on account of his ill state of health, was received and read.

to the trustees, than to Dr. Andrews. Surely nothing can more powerfully evince the generosity of his temper, than the grateful acknowledgments he expresses for the provision they had made in his behalf: for, on principles of common justice, having laboriously devoted more than one third of his life to an institu-

Whereupon, Resolved *unanimously*, That this board has received with sensibility and regret the communication by Dr. Andrews of his resignation of the office of Provost in this University, in consequence of the want of sufficient health to enable him to continue in the performance of the duties attached to it; and that the board, in justice, no less to their individual feelings, than their sense of what is due from the Institution on this occasion, assure Doctor Andrews, that they are duly impressed by a recollection of the unremitting industry and great ability with which, during so many years, he has successively filled the offices of Vice-Provost and Provost; and that their best wishes for the restoration of his health and the enjoyment of happiness will accompany him in his retirement.

Resolved *unanimously*, That in consideration of the long and faithful services of the Reverend Doctor Andrews in the University of Pennsylvania, his salary of $933 1-3 and the use of the house he now occupies, be continued to him during life.

Letter from Dr. Andrews to the Board of Trustees.

Philadelphia, March 2, 1813,

GENTLEMEN,

I received, as soon as could reasonably be expected, a copy of your Resolutions of the 2d of February, but not until after your meeting was held on the day following.

Permit me to offer you, in return, my most grateful acknowledgments.

By your kind expressions of sensibility and regret, when alluding to the cause of my retirement, and by the ample testimony which you bear to my industry and ability in the discharge of my duties, you have made the day of my resignation more honourable to me, than even that on which you placed me at the head of your Institution.

I cannot expect to live long; but as long as I do live, be assured that I can never reflect on the favours I have received from your honourable Board, without the most lively sentiments of respect and attachment.

With high regard,

I am, Gentlemen,

Your obliged and very humble servant.

JOHN ANDREWS.

tion which at no time had given him more than a subsistence, he might, without ingratitude, have regarded a decent support for a few declining years as a matter of right, not of bounty.

In compliance with the proposal which his letter of resignation contained, no appointment of a provost having been made, he persevered in his attendance at the college, with his accustomed punctuality; and, although the performance of his duties there, became exceedingly burthensome and inconvenient to him, there was no apparent change in the state of his health.— On Monday morning, the 29th of March, he rose at his usual hour and breakfasted. He then went to the college, but in less than half an hour complained of being much indisposed, and returned home. He retired to his chamber without assistance, and Drs. Wistar* and Barton soon arrived. He described his feelings with great accuracy, and observed that they were very peculiar. One side of him became palsied. His physicians administered medicine, and, apprehending danger of apoplexy, retired to the adjoning chamber to consult as to the best means of preventing it. He continued to converse with his attendants, and said he thought he was better: but in a few minutes the disease which they had expected suddenly terminated his life.† He expired with little apparent pain and no distressing struggle. On the succeeding Wednesday his body was interred in the Christ church burial ground.

Thus lived and thus died this good and useful man. This rapid review of the principal incidents of his life, affords abundant evidence that it was not a life of idleness and ease. A strict attention to system and punctuality, which are generally the companions of a well regulated mind, rendered habitual by practice,

* The mentioning Dr. Wistar's name recalls to recollection the gratitude and great respect with which Dr. Andrews uniformly spoke of him, as the skilful, attentive, and affectionate friend and physician of himself and his family, during a great number of years.

† He had scarcely expired before a letter was received, announcing the death of his youngest son, Mr. George Andrews, at New Orleans, whose arrival he had for some time been anxiously expecting. Thus he was providentially spared a pang, to which, had it been inflicted, general opinion would have attributed his death.

enabled him to perform his various duties without hurry, and with little appearance of effort. Averse to procrastination, he was never oppressed by their accumulation, and always found leisure for the rational enjoyment of social and domestic pleasure, for which he had a high relish. His manners exhibited a happy combination of dignity and complaisance. He would on fit occasions unbend and join in innocent mirth and gayety with his friends; yet even then, they never found occasion for a moment to forget the respect to which his character had so just a claim. His conversation,* always instructive and interesting, calculated to convince or to persuade, was enriched with an infinite variety of anecdotes, which were introduced appositely and told with a peculiar felicity. His fund of them seemed to be inexhaustible; for those who had been on terms of intimacy with him more than twenty years still found that he had in store many which were new to them. Like Dr. Johnson, whom he resembled not a little in person, and still more in some of the best features of his character, he never permitted in himself or tolerated in others, the slightest deviation from truth, even in the most minute particulars.† His temper, supposed to have been irritable and irascible from physical causes, was subjected to salutary restraint. Generosity and disinterestedness were striking traits in his character. He was unassuming, yet properly jealous of his honour, in his intercourse with his equals. To inferiors and dependents, never was man more mild and condescending. The strength of his judgment was such, that those who have known him best, will find it difficult to recollect an instance in which he found it necessary to recede from opinions once expressed. Hence they generally carried with them the weight of authority, which none could rashly resist with impunity. Cautious in forming friendships, he was

* His utterance was unusually slow and deliberate; but attention was more than rewarded by the profoundness of his remarks, and the sprightliness of his stories. He could not be tedious.

† "Accustom your children," said Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, "constantly to this (a strict attention to truth): if a thing happened at one window, and they, when relating it, say that it happened at another, do not let it pass, but instantly check them: you do not know where deviation from truth will end."

sincere and constant in preserving them.* His hospitality was exemplary. Though his board did not groan with the stalled ox, nor exhibit all the dainties and luxuries which wealth can furnish, it always afforded to his guests an abundant, and a neat repast, and recommended itself by mental luxuries which gold cannot buy, and a kindness of reception which the heart only can bestow. Respecting himself too much to be envious, he always rejoiced in the prosperity of others. His fortitude and courage were constitutionally great.† Few men had less fear of personal dan-

* Dr. Andrews was fortunate in experiencing the same constancy in a gentleman, of whose friendship and favourable opinion he was justly proud, and often spoke with evident marks of heartfelt satisfaction.

"Lætus sum
Laudari me abs te, *frater*, LAUDATO VIRO."

The acquaintance between *Bishop White* and Dr. Andrews began at a very early period of their lives, soon after the latter came to this city. He was senior by two years, and in college was one class before the bishop; but in consequence of a circumstance before mentioned, which delayed Dr. A's commencement one year, they graduated Bachelors of Arts at the same time. Their acquaintance, thus early commenced, was matured into friendship and mutual esteem, and continued without abatement for HALF A CENTURY! "Virtus, Virtus, inquam, et conciliat amicitias et conservat: in ea est enim "convenientia rerum, in ea stabilitas, in ea CONSTANTIA."

† The following is rather an instance of his pleasantry than his courage: Many years since, he took an active part in arraigning a clergyman before the convention of the protestant episcopal church, to which he was a delegate, who had conducted himself very unworthily. The principal evidence of his misconduct was the writing and publishing a slanderous pamphlet, in commenting on which, Dr. A. took occasion to remark, that as the author had boasted much of his pretensions to scholarship, he had taken pains to examine them, and had underscored the grammatical blunders on a few pages; (he had marked them, probably by accident, with red chalk); "*and here they are*," said he, holding up the pamphlet, "*bearing their blush-*"*ing honours thick upon them.*" In consequence of this, the mortified individual challenged the Doctor to a duel. It was conducted in the usual form, through the intervention of a friend. Dr. A. perceiving that the bearer of the challenge was unconscious of the obligations which he felt upon this subject, excused himself from accepting it, on grounds which satisfied the laws of honour, as expounded by the second, who returned to his principal, protesting against his right to persist in asking the "*amende honorable.*" The Doctor often laughed at the recollection of this ruse de guerre.

ger, met the misfortunes of life with more firmness, or submitted to them with more resignation.

As a clergyman he always possessed the esteem and the confidence of his flock; and although he never aspired to the character of an eloquent preacher, his sermons* were written with so much perspicuity, simplicity and dignity, and exhibited such proofs of genuine piety and pure morality, that the learned and the unlearned alike listened to him with profit and delight. He was eminently tolerant in religious opinions, although a firm believer in the doctrines of his own church. When the celebrated Dr. Priestley came to this country, a considerable intimacy took place between them, which was renewed whenever the Dr. visited Philadelphia. Dr. Andrews always spoke highly of the amiableness of Dr. P's manners, of his learning and the instructiveness of his conversation. His peculiar tenets were often the subjects of discussion between them, and this led Dr. Andrews to a reexamination of the great doctrines of the divinity of Christ and the atonement. This produced in his mind, as he has often declared, a firmer conviction of their truth.†

Probably few men excelled him in those qualities which are necessary to an able instructor of youth. His pupils learned from his example, patience, perseverance and industry. He had, in an extraordinary degree, the rare faculty of commanding the respect and securing the affections of his scholars,—and these were the principal instruments of his discipline. To ge-

* Some of them are in print and a perusal of them will fully justify what is here said of their merit.

† Dr. A. had also the happiness to be well acquainted with the late Dr. Nesbitt, president of Carlisle college, a gentleman of almost unrivalled wit and learning, and eminently orthodox in religion and politics. These, with the ever regretted Dennie (that child of genius and misfortune, whose course, lofty and rapid, like "the path of an arrow in the sky" can neither be traced nor remembered) and one or two others, whose names are omitted, because they are still living, were in the habit of associating, whenever Dr. N. visited this city. A more luxuriant feast could hardly be offered to the scholar or the sentimentalist than was presented at these meetings. The sound sense and profound remarks of Dr. A; the attic wit, and classical allusions of Dr. N; and the polished periods and sprightly sentiments of Mr. D. afforded a banquet which might have delighted the palate of the most fastidious.

nerous minds his displeasure was punishment far more severe than the rod or the ferule.—As a Greek and Latin scholar he was equalled by few, excelled by none in the United States.* With the higher classics he was minutely and critically acquainted,—knew all their beauties, and could detect their faults.† Strongly attached to classical learning, from a firm conviction that it was alike necessary to make and to adorn the scholar, he uniformly maintained its excellence. In a season when the demon Innovation entered into a conspiracy with the demons Ignorance and Barbarism, to decry it in this country, he boldly stood forth in its defence, and had a great share in the honour of silencing its enemies.

Such were the vicissitudes and the labours of the long life of Dr. Andrews, and such were his virtues and his talents. Yet wonderful as it may appear, though prudent and economical, he never was able to raise himself above competency at any time

* In the summer of 1811, a Scotch gentleman, who had been the tutor of some of the first scholars of Edinburgh, and brought with him the most honourable testimonials of scholarship from Professor Dugald Stuart and others, offered himself as a candidate for the mastership of the grammar school in the academical department of the University. To enable Dr. A. to judge of his qualifications, an examination was agreed to. They met for that purpose, and the Scotchman displayed a wonderful acquaintance with the learned languages. Such was his knowledge of them, that he read them as fluently as an English scholar would a paper in the Spectator. Book was produced after book; nothing embarrassed him. At length Dr. A's accuracy detected a slip in *quantity*, in reading a line of one of the Latin Poets. He mentioned it. Mr. H— confessed. After a short pause, in which he looked not a little mortified, and Dr. A. quite as much distressed; "faith sir" said he, "y're right; yet let me tell ye, for MY consolation, there's no many scholars in Edinburg that could catch me in sic a blunder as ye hae done."

† We have omitted to mention, in the proper place, that he was often engaged in correcting proofs of books, in which great accuracy was required, an occupation necessarily laborious, but rendered less so by the skill which he had acquired from practice. Some years since, he prepared and published a compendium of logick for the use of the students in the University, which has since been introduced into many of the colleges of the U. S. so as to call for a second edition, which was printed in 1807. He found leisure also to make a compendium of moral philosophy, which was in the press at the time of his death, and has been published since.

of his life, still less to lay up a store on which he might rely for the reasonable comforts of old age!—a sad and discouraging example to men who devote themselves to the sacred office of the ministry and to the all-important duties of instructors of youth! Surely society is deeply interested in affording them a better reward.—But if he did not abound in wealth, he was affluent in the virtues and the excellencies which dignify and adorn the man and the christian; and has securely "*laid up for himself treasures in Heaven where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.*"

As an additional testimony in favour of the character portrayed in the preceding article, furnished by a former pupil and friend of the deceased, we have obtained the following brief extract from his Funeral Sermon.

Extract from a Sermon on the death of the Rev. John Andrews, D. D. preached in St. James's and St. Peter's churches, April 3d, 1813, the Sunday after his decease, by James Abercrombie, D. D. senior assistant minister of Christ church, St. Peter's, and St. James's.

Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.
Numbers, 23 *chap.* 10 *ver.*

After opening the text, and delineating the character of the truly righteous man, and the consolation experienced by him at the close of life, the preacher proceeded thus:

"A very recent and striking exemplification of the truth and efficacy of these principles has been exhibited in the dissolution of a venerable, reverend, and valuable member of this congregation;* whom we shall no more see in his accustomed place, devoutly engaged in the service of the Sanctuary, and exhibiting an undeviating pattern of propriety in his deportment, while within these sacred walls; by always *kneeling* during the prayers, *audibly* repeating the responses, *attentively* listening to the instruction conveyed, and embracing *every* opportunity of testifying his fidelity to the divine Author of our religion, by celebrating, at *that* table, the commemoration of his atonement, "for us men, and for our salvation."

* Dr. Andrews was a pewholder in St. James's church.

Yes, brethren, to our departed brother the arrest of death was the commission of a friendly messenger, to unlock the fetters of mortality—to snatch him from the infirmities and miseries of extreme old age—and give him his passport to the regions of eternal day.

O! blessed exchange of worlds!—the state of *reward*, for the state of *trial*—the weaknesses, imperfections, and sufferings of this feeble, perishable body, for the expansive energy, the incorruptible purity of a spiritual and celestial body—the uncertainty, ignorance, and errors of humanity, for the pure intelligence, the seraphic delights of angels—the rude collisions of passion and self-interest, in the petty competitions of contending mortals, for the rapturous congratulations of our dear, departed, relatives and friends, who have "died in the Lord," and gone before us to the mansions of felicity and rest—the darkness, the dangers, the miseries of this wilderness of sin and sorrow, for the animating light, the invigorating exhilaration of eternal day, in the boundless regions of Immortality—the heavenly Jerusalem—the Paradise of God! And, that this has been the experience of our departed brother, the uniform tenor of his life, and his constant preparation, by penitence and prayer, for admission into a better world, prohibit the possibility of doubt. "Blessed are the dead," saith Christ, "who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." To his surviving relatives and friends, his removal is a severe, an irreparable loss; of which, an intimate and cordial intercourse of near thirty years, authorizes *me*, with sorrow—with anguish, to declare *my* experience.

The loss of such a friend most deeply lacerates the human heart, and forcibly bursts one of the strongest bands of attachment to this present world; where our *rational* pleasures are so few, our *real* comforts so evanescent, so sparsely scattered.

"Uncommon worth," says the pious Dr. Watts, "forsaking this world, strikes all the powers of nature with sentiments of honour and of grief, and the hand and the heart consent to raise a monument of love and sorrow." His call was sudden, but not surprising; as the composure of his last moments, when sensible of the arrest of death, and the smiling and placid serenity of his countenance, after death, abundantly testified.

Having through life made the Holy Scriptures the criterion of his faith and his conduct, he was comforted by the consolations they impart—he was animated by the promises they proclaim. The bright examples they record of virtues exercised, and precepts practised, were the frequent subjects of his praise—the models of his imitation. Pious without austerity, and devout without ostentation, he endeavoured, like Enoch, to *walk with God*—like David, to *set the Lord always before him*—like Moses, to *endure as seeing him who is invisible*—and, like the great Apostle of the Gentiles, to *keep the faith and to finish his course with joy.* Hence, when his period of probation expired, he could justly exclaim with good old Simeon, *Lord! now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace;* or, with the confidence of expiring Stephen, *Lord Jesus! receive my spirit.*

> The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
> Is privileged beyond the common walk
> Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of Heav'n.
> Fly, ye profane! If not, draw near with awe;
> Receive the blessing and adore the chance
> That throws in this Bethesda your disease.
> If unrestored by this, despair your cure;
> For here resistless demonstration dwells,
> A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
> Here real and apparent are the same.
> You see the man. You see his hold on Heav'n.
>
> *Young's Night Thoughts.*

Well then may each of us say—"Let *me* die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CUM TABULIS ANIMUM CENSORIS SUMET HONESTI.—*Hor.*

The Works, in verse and prose, of the late Robert Treat Paine, Jun. Esq. with notes. To which are prefixed, sketches of his life, character and writings. J. Belcher, Boston, 8vo. pp. 464.

To speak of an author now dead, and whose works have excited so much approbation when living, in any other terms than those of panegyric, is a thankless and delicate office. It will be dif-

ficult for those who enroll themselves in the catalogue of his warm admirers, to believe that we are governed by any other than by sinister motives. Such considerations would have affected us once and probably doomed us to the alternative of speaking in approbation, or of maintaining a resolute silence. We say that they would probably once have been attended with these difficulties, because we know they will have no such influence now. We have been too well acquainted with that species of literary partiality, to view it in any other light than that of silent indifference.

With these prefatory remarks, we propose to offer some observations on the volume now under consideration. The poems are preceded by a biography of the author, evidently from the pen of surviving friendship, where the foibles of the deceased are touched with a delicacy such sensations are so peculiarly calculated to inspire, and where the excellencies either of his page or of his life are emblazoned with a fond and aggravating tenderness. Soberly to compare Mr. Paine with Dryden can surely answer no other purpose than to humble the object of his admiration. The reader of Dryden feels himself thrown, as it were, into a mass of intellect, where, whether conviction follow or not, he is amused by a perpetual novelty, by the incessant flashing of various lights, some of them showing the object in its proper point of vision, some of them dazzling and confounding to the eye, but all of them rich, brilliant, and beautiful.—Dryden manifests an impatience, too often the concomitant of exuberant genius, to proceed to something else, and is evidently annoyed that his present conceptions detain him so long. He therefore throws them down in hasty half formed lines, hurries on to the next, and his greatest exertion is not to write, but to stop. From this cause originates what has been called the boundless variety of his melody. Had he laboured with the same painful industry, his lines would probably have retained the monotonous melody of Pope. This is not by any means the character of Mr. Paine; it is distinctly this, his conceptions are brilliant, but he pursues them in the same trait until he despoils them of their brilliancy. His first blows are generally powerful, but every repetition weakens their force until they die

away in fainter and fainter reverberations, like the sounds of a distant bell. His cardinal fault is the destruction of that novelty which he aims at, by laboriously pointing out to the reader, himself, all the analogies of his subject, which every reader of taste will feel, if they are just, without the poet's intervention. There is nothing of Dryden in all this; his muse snatches us forcibly up: while she is pointing she is on the wing, and only regrets that her companion has not more eyes, or she more leisure. Mr. Paine's muse stops her course, points leisurely at every object, and explains its properties at large. Such is the parallel which this comparison affords.

Mr. Paine, as we learn from his biographer, was the son of the Hon. Robert Treat Paine, one of our revolutionary patriots, and one of the few surviving signers of the declaration of Independence. He regularly entered and received the honours of Cambridge University, and during his residence at that seminary, was distinguished by his rapid advances in polite literature, and the favourable regards of the muse. After the completion of his studies he entered himself as a clerk in a counting house. His habits, however, were irreconcilably hostile to that precise punctuality and fidelity of attention so indispensible to the character of a merchant. Pleasure first, and then business, was his motto. He paid his devotion to the muse not only in the public gazettes, but likewise in his master's leger.

A theatre was shortly after erected in Boston, and a gold medal was proffered by the trustees to the person who should present the best poetical prologue. Mr. Paine was the successful candidate, and to him that badge of honourable distinction was awarded. His biographer remarks on this subject, "that a greater volume of poetic mind has seldom if ever been embodied in the same compass." "A more perfect or sublime allegory (continues his biographer) is not recollected than the following:

> Thus set the sun of intellectual light,
> And wrapped in clouds, lowered on the Gothic night.
> Dark gloomed the storm—the rushing torrent poured,
> And wide the deep Cimmerian deluge roared;

E'en Learning's loftiest hills were covered o'er,
And seas of dulness rolled, without a shore.
Yet, ere the surge Parnassus' top o'erflowed,
The banished Muses fled their blest abode.
Frail was their ark, the heaven-topped seas to brave,
The wind their compass, and their helm the wave;
Nor port to cheer them, and no star to guide,
From clime to clime they roved the billowy tide;
At length, by storms and tempests wafted o'er,
They found an Ararat on Albion's shore.

Now this happens to be no allegory at all, but a mere metaphor, and we cite it in illustration of the remarks which we have already made. It contains a thought brilliant in the outset and hunted down until the analogy expires by its own weakness. We have the obscuration of the sun, the descending rain, the universality of the deluge, the ark of the patriarch, and mount Ararat presented to us in the short space of fourteen lines.

Mr. Paine afterwards issued proposals for publishing a newspaper denominated the Federal Orrery, whence high expectations were entertained by the public, and which expectations were disappointed by the event. His attachment to the theatre—his natural indolence, the temptations to pleasure and amusement held with love the divided empire over his heart, and brought his establishment into neglect and disrepute. Another circumstance was supposed by Mr. Paine as well as his biographer to have wrought a material change to his disadvantage. Mr. Paine having severely reflected on a gentleman whose political principles differed from his own, and having refused what is denominated honourable satisfaction, was publicly chastised by the son of the party whom he had so offended, and the consequence was the desertion and dereliction of his former friends and associates. In the year 1795, he was married to Miss Eliza Baker, the daughter of Mr. Baker a transatlantic performer. This match was so obnoxious to his parents, that it wrought his expulsion from his father's house. On his obtaining the degree of Bachelor of Arts, a poem was delivered entitled the Invention of Letters which was enthusiastically received, printed, read, and much admired. His expulsion from his father's house and the desertion of his former friends occasioned his resort to the

house of his father-in-law, who kept an hotel, where his propensity to company, conversation and the bottle was confirmed, amongst the fellowship of those who in the language of his biographer, neither strengthened his virtues, advanced his happiness nor improved his credit.

He was afterwards appointed by the Phi Beta Kappa Society to deliver a Poetical Address on their Anniversary. This poem was denominated the Ruling Passion. The public were surely disposed to remunerate this author liberally for his poetical exertions, for he received $1500 from the sale of the Invention of Letters, $1200 for the Ruling Passion, and his well known song of Adams and Liberty yielded him a profit of $750. He afterwards entered the office of Theophilus Parsons, Esq. the present chief justice of Massachusetts as a student at law, and for the space of one year appears to have made a successful struggle to abandon his intemperate habits. He prosecuted his studies with vigour, and subsisted by occasional contributions from the booksellers at Newburyport. He was regularly admitted to the bar and his friends felicitated themselves on the prospect which fame and fortune now afforded. Business flowed in upon him rapidly, and he was for a season indefatigable in his attention to his clients. But his love of pleasure was a fire which though repressed for a season, was still burning within and shortly to burst forth with augmented strength. He became fascinated with the charms of Mrs. Jones, an actress, and the consequence was that from this time he abandoned his office and his clients. Resigned as he now was to the dominion of criminal pleasure, all his former habits recurred, which were succeeded by poverty, neglect, the dispersion of his family and the ruin of his constitution. This state of gloom and depression was not altogether without its hours of poetical brightness. His constitution, nevertheless, gradually undermined; extreme languor and debility succeeded, under the influence of which he lingered along, sometimes cheered by hope, and at others depressed by despair. This fitful, flattering and dubious state of existence continued, until at last a wasting disease occasioned his death, at the age of thirty-eight, on the 13th Nov. 1811.

We take the radical defect in the character of Mr. Paine, both in his writings and his life, to have been, that he could not bear

with tempered dignity adulation and panegyric. He had not, in the outset of his literary career, to contend with the cold apathy of mankind; he had not those common paliatives and apologies with which neglected genius often sooths itself in the indulgence of its vices, that the world will not patronize it. He had to contend with an enemy more formidable still, which was excess of adulation. From the moment of his first appearance on the stage as a candidate for fame, it was largely, and munificently bestowed. His vanity was flattered with being represented as having grasped, by magic, the prize for which thousands have struggled through a long existence in vain. Regarded as an oracle when first consulted, is it to be wondered at, that he deemed his genius already in its full and brilliant meridian, when his orb was only on the ascendant. Could he therefore have hoped, by any exertion, to have advanced his fame, when such loud and deafening plaudits attended his first labours? Even an attempt to improve, he would conceive, might put his fame and popularity to hazard, and could not certainly increase his admiration. We may well conceive, when his master passion, the love of fame, was thus gorged to repletion, how subordinate ones would take their turn to claim indulgence in a mind like his, ever prone to relax into indolence and pleasure. We behold the poet, therefore, after he loiters awhile to receive a homage so delightful, heedless of remonstrance and exhortation, resigning himself to the sway of criminal indulgence, on the conviction that, whatever befalls him, his master passion is sure of receiving homage. There was even a flattering unction laid to the soul, more dangerous than this, and tended to confirm the vicious habits of the poet. This was the belief that his passions might sweep fearlessly the whole range of illicit indulgence, and, that however they might be condemned, there was a redeeming virtue in his genius to bear him triumphantly through the frowns and censures of the world. That excess of panegyric which his writings received, he thought, therefore, would give a sort of dignity to his vicious habits, and secure him at all times the only preeminence he wanted. We do not, therefore, hesitate to declare, that the overflowing approbation which the poems of Mr. Paine received, was the ruin of the poet and of the man. Mr.

Paine's genius was bold and vigorous in combination, and on this single point, his fame as a poet, must eventually rest. It is a property that must be guarded and checked, and constantly kept within the sphere of just and delicate analogy. This precint Mr. Paine was remarkably prone to violate. The following is an instance. The passage alludes to those who frequent the boxes in a theatre.

> And ye who throned on high, a synod, sit
> And rule the turbid atmosphere of wit,
> *Whose clouds dart lightning on our comic wires,*
> *And burst in thunder as the flash expires.*

The synod who rule the atmosphere of wit is the utmost boundary of legitimate analogy; but Mr. Paine was not content unless he could transform the nerves of laughter into wires, and shout or pedestrian evidence of approbation into the thunder of an electrical battery.

We have already remarked that it was the fault of Mr. Paine to strike on some subject of analogy bold and beautiful, and then to pursue it until all legitimate analogy was lost. Speaking of the influence of the press in reclaiming vice, he says, page 167—

> Had Vulcan's web, which once, in realm of Jove,
> Trapped in crim. con. the tripping queen of love,
> Of late at Gaul's lascivious court been spread,
> Ere fettered Type from dread Bastile was led;
> The magic seine, such shoals its wires had caught,
> Like Peter's net, had broken with the draught!

The corruption and licentiousness of the French laws are here designated by the fable of Mars and Venus. The despotism and tyranny of the government are represented by the sturdy nature of the wires by which those two lovers were caught in their criminal intercourse. Type is then represented as a captive, confined in chains of the Bastile, who effects, by his emancipation, a change of manners. The poet has not yet done with his analogy; he goes on to say, that had this net been spread before the emancipation of Type, it would have caught such shoals as to have broken with the draught, like St. Peter's. Here we have at length a simile to illustrate a metaphor, which was itself designed to illustrate something else.

The very next passage presents us with another instance:—

> The mystic Fossil, whose attracted soul,
> With fond affection, seeks its kindred pole,
> To bless the globe, had ne'er explored the wave,
> But, Cortes-like, discovered to enslave.
> Had letters ne'er the bold ambition crowned,
> And Printing polished what the magnet found;
> In vain had Gama traced the orient way,
> And Europe stretched her wings 'mid Indian day;
> In vain Columbus, spurning Neptune's roar,
> Gave earth a balance, and the sea a shore,
> 'Till truth-winged Science, bursting Error's night,
> Shed her religion, where she beamed her light.

Here a needle is personified as exploring distant countries with a benevolent view: but this needle is indebted to a type for all this benevolence; for had it not been for such interference, this needle would have been a conqueror and tyrant at the same time, like Francis Cortes. It is not enough to say that because a meaning may, by study and perseverance, be attached to the words, that therefore the law of analogy is not violated. It is, on the contrary, decisive evidence that the law of analogy has been violated, and grossly violated. If the metaphor does not flash and sparkle illustration, it is radically bad. Mr. Paine, at other times, spreads over his page, a luminous fog, where the subject presented is on the very point of evanescence. The next page affords us a precedent in point.

> Not Tell's fleet arrow sped with surer art;
> Not Cordé's dagger deeper cleft the heart;
> Not tower-armed elephant, nor bursting mine,
> The battering aries, nor the blazing line,
> With deadlier prowess spread their fatal rage,
> Than Type, indignant for an injured age.
> When patriots, leagued a nation to redress,
> At tyrants point the artillery of the press,
> Loud, o'er the gorgeous canopy of state,
> It falls, like Erie, and it strikes, like Fate;
> Wide as La Plata, as the Andes high,
> Its thunders echo, and its lightnings fly;
> To heaven appealed, ascends the dread decree;
> The tyrant falls—America is free!

Here, in the short compass of fourteen lines, the influence of the press is compared to the arrow of William Tell—the dagger of Charlotte Cordé—to an elephant armed with a tower—to the bursting of a mine—to the falls of Niagara—to death—to the river La Plata—to Andes—to thunder and to lightning. Mr. Paine is sometimes in the habit of quoting himself:—

"Should the Tempest of War overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For, unmoved, at its portal, would Washington stand,
And repulse, with his breast, the assaults of the thunder!
His sword, from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct, with its point, ev'ry flash to the deep!
For ne'er shall the sons, &c."

"Oh, WASHINGTON! thou hero, patriot, sage!
Friend of all climates; pride of every age!
Were thine the laurels, every soil could raise;
The mighty harvest were penurious praise.
Well may our realms thy Fabian wisdom boast;
Thy prudence saved, what bravery had lost.
Yet e'er hadst thou, by Heaven's severer fates,
Like Sparta's hero at the Grecian straits,
Been doomed to meet, in arms, a world of foes,
Whom skill could not defeat, nor walls oppose;
Then had thy breast, by danger ne'er subdued,
The mighty buckler of thy country stood;
Proud of its wounds, each piercing spear would bless,
Which left Columbia's foes one javelin less;
Nor felt one pang, but, in the glorious deed,
Thy little band of heroes, too, must bleed;
Nor throbbed one fear, but, that some poisoned dart
Thy breast might pass, and reach thy country's heart!"

The following are other instances:

"Let our patriots destroy Anarch's pestilent worm;
Lest our Liberty's growth should be checked by corrosion;
Then let clouds thicken round us; we heed not the storm;
Our realm fears no shock, but the earth's own explosion.
Foes assail us in vain,
Though their fleets bridge the main,
For our altars and laws with our lives we'll maintain.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c."

If equal justice neutral laws proclaim,
No power will presumptuous your sovereignty disgrace;
Among your stars inscribe a Nation's name,
Your flag will guard, your freedom and your race.
Base submission, inviting indignity and plunder,
Like a worm, kills an oak, which should have braved the thunder.

The soil to till, to freight the sea,
By valour's arm protected,
To plant an empire brave and free,
Their sacred views directed:
But more they feared, than tyrant's yoke,
Insidious faction's fury;
For oft a worm destroys an oak,
Whose leaf that worm would bury.

In page 146 we meet with the following:

Erst, wanton Toy, 'twas thine to move,
By Beauty's lovely queen caressed;
While, waving, like the wing of Love,
Thou fanned'st a flame in every breast!
'Twas thine, in her imperial hand,
The cold to warm, the proud subdue;
The female Franklin's magic wand,
Olivia's sceptre, sweet Bamboo!

Now to say that this passage contains no fancy, is palpably unjust, but to admit so wide a departure from the rules of plain analogy, as the female Franklin represents to us, would be as palpably unjust. We have first to inquire who Dr. Franklin was, and then to change his sex, before we understand the allusion.

We think we have already given examples enough to justify our first position, that the radical defect of Mr. Paine's writings is, that analogy of which he was remarkably fond, is stretched beyond all durance. This leads to another subordinate evil. His muse is so encumbered with ornament, that she loses the natural pliancy of her limbs, and the freedom of her gait. He came forward as a candidate for poetical fame at a season peculiarly inauspicious. The public were then all enamoured with the extravagancies of Della Crusca's muse. Our poet adopted the general error, and took this gaudy butterfly for a model which was afterwards crushed by the fingers of Gifford. After this delusion

had passed away, and truth, and sentiment and nature achieved a glorious triumph over such unintelligible rhapsody, Mr. Paine still persevered in his former habits of writing. Let us now see how this bard might have written, when he was full of the subject and insensible of such ornament:

Written for, and sung at the Anniversary of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society, June, 1804.

The street was a ruin, and night's horrid glare
Illumined with terror the face of despair;
While houseless, bewailing,
Mute Pity assailing,
A mother's wild shrieks pierced the merciless air,
Beside her stood Edward, imploring each wind,
To wake his loved sister, who lingered behind;
Awake, my poor Mary,
Oh! fly to me, Mary;
In the arms of your Edward, a pillow you'll find.

In vain he called, for now the volum'd smoke,
Crackling, between the parting rafters broke;
Through the rent seams the forked flames aspire,
All, all, is lost; the roof's, the roof's on fire!

A flash from the window brought Mary to view,
She screamed as around her the flames fiercely blew;
Where art thou, mother!
Oh! fly to me, brother!
Ah! save your poor Mary, who lives but for you!
Leave not poor Mary,
Ah! save your poor Mary!

Her visioned form descrying,
On wings of horror flying,
The youth erects his frantic gaze,
Then plunges in the maddening blaze!
Aloft he dauntless soars,
The flaming room explores;
The roof in cinders crushes,
Through tumbling walls he rushes!
She's safe from fears alarms;
She faints in Edward's arms!

Oh! Nature, such thy triumphs are,
Thy simplest child can bravely dare.

Let us pause for a moment to analyze the emotions so powerfully, and so successfully portrayed by the poet. We are presented, in the two first lines, with the horrible effect of the conflagration, raging in all its violence. By the light of this destructive element, we see the desolation of the dwelling, and the silent anguish of despair impressed on the countenances of the assembled sufferers. This deep and pathetic silence is only disturbed by a houseless mother, pouring forth her lamentations for the death of her favourite daughter. At this moment the conflagration rages with redoubled fury, and by a flash from the window, the daughter is discovered imploring the assistance of her brother while surrounded by the blaze. The poet here tells us, all assistance is hopeless, by a silence far more expressive than words. He plunges into the midst of the conflagration, and the roof falls upon his head in burning cinders. Where now is the hope and solace of the houseless mother? At that very instant, and while her maternal heart is writhing under the pressure of this new agony, Mary is saved from the flames and fainting in the arms of her brother.

We do not remember a parallel case in all the archives of poetry, and this must be our apology for citing the following from Goldsmith, which is in some points analogous:—"It was night; the labourers of the day had all retired to rest; the lights were out in every cottage, and no sound was heard but the murmur of the waterfall and the deep-mouthed watch-dog that bayed at hallow distance. My heart dilated with unutterable delights, as I approached the peaceful mansion; I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. As a bird long absent from the nest, my affections out-stripped my haste, and hovered round my little fire-side in all the rapture of expectation. I already received my wife's embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. When I was within a few furlongs of my door our honest mastiff came running to welcome me. All was quiet, when, in a moment, the cottage was bursting out into a blaze, and every aperture was red with conflagration. I gave a loud convulsive outcry and fell upon the pavement. This alarmed my son, who had till then been asleep; and he perceiving the flames, instantly awaked my wife and daughter; and, all

running out naked and wild with apprehension, recalled me to life with their anguish. But it was only to view objects of terror, for the flames had by this time caught the roof of our dwelling, part after part continuing to fall in, while the family stood with silent agony, looking on as if they enjoyed the blaze. I gazed upon them and upon it by turns, and then looked round me for my little ones; but they were not to be found. O misery, cried I, where are my little ones? They are burnt to death in the flames, exclaimed my wife calmly, and I will perish with them. The moment I heard the cry of the babes within, who were just awaked by the fire, nothing could have stopped me.—Where are my children, cried I, rushing through the flames, and bursting through the door of the chamber in which they were confined. Here, dear papa, here we are, cried they together, while the flames were just catching the bed in which they lay. I caught them both in my arms, and conveyed them through the fire, while, just as I was going out the roof sunk in. Now, cried I, holding up my children, let the flames burn on, and all my possessions perish." It is curious to observe what different modes are taken by these writers to throw the heart into a storm of anxiety and horror. The last lays his plan with deep designing artifice, and awakens every endearing sensation, to take the soul by surprise, and to make the succeeding contrast more awful and terrible. The two first lines of Paine, on the other hand, hurl us headlong into the midst of a conflagration, and they may safely be denominated two masterpieces of pathos.

The following will be read by the public with a share of that mournful sensibility now felt by the surviving friends, when they are informed that it is the last production of the poet's muse, and composed but a very few days before his death.

Written for, and sung at the Anniversary of the Massachusetts Association, for improving the breed of Horses, October 21, 1811.

THE Steeds of Apollo, in coursing the day,
Breathe the fire which he beams on mankind:
To the world while his light from his car they convey,
Their speed is the blaze of his mind.
Thus Ambition, who governs of honour the chase,
Keeps life's mettled coursers in glow;
For Fame is the goal, and the world is the race,
And, hark forward! they start! Tally ho!

All ranks try the *turf*; 'tis the contest of life,
By a heat to achieve a renown;
And so thronged are the lists in the emulous strife,
That but few know what steed is their own;
For many, like Gilpin, alarmed at the blood,
Lose their rein and their course, as they go:
While the rider, high trained, knows each pace in his stud,
And, hark forward! he flies, Tally ho!

The hero's a war-horse, whose brave, gen'rous breed,
Scorns the spur, though he yields to the rein;
Blood and bone, at the trump-call he vaults in full speed,
And contends for his own native plain.
In battle he glories; and pants, like his sire,
On the soil, where he grazed, to lie low;
See his neck clothed with thunder, his mane flaked with fire,
While, hark forward! he springs, Tally ho!

The Statesman's a prancer, so tender in hoof,
He curvets, without fleetness or force;
In the heat of the field, when the race is in proof,
He gallantly bolts from the course!
With his canter and amble, he shuffles his way;
And no care of, the sport seems to know;
Till he sees, as he hovers, what horse wins the day,
Then, hark forward! he shouts, Tally ho!

The farmer's a draught, the rich blood of whose veins,
Acts with vigour the duties, he owes;
He's a horse of sound bottom, and nurtures the plains
Where the harvest, that nurtures him, grows.
At his country's command, on her hills or her fields,
Which her corn and her laurels bestow;
Firm in danger he moves, and in death never yields,
But, hark forward! he falls, Tally ho!

Columbia is drawn by the steeds of the sky,
The long journey of Empire to run;
May her coursers of light never scorch as they fly,
And their race be the age of the sun!
Nor distanced by time, nor in fame e'er forgot;
May her track still be known by its glow;
Like Olympian dust, may it stream o'er the spot,
Where, hark forward, she rode, Tally ho!

Here the analogy between the steeds of Apollo and the various avocations of life, is struck with a happy facility as if the steeds of Apollo were in fact the primal cause of the various careers. It is a thought which has perhaps never been struck upon before, but the parallel is so happily run, that we wonder why it has remained a secret so long. To surround an invention with so many concomitant probabilities, the boldness of which starts us at the authors, and then to pass it off as a fact, always betrays the master hand. This is done by the aid of those graceful and delicate analogies of which we have been speaking, and which Mr. Paine has in the present instance preserved.

The principle of analogy is a science by itself, and is in general the foundation of all argument, connected with moral truth. When applied to poetry, more latitude is of course allowed; but this species of analogy is more a resemblance of sympathies excited by different objects, than any essential resemblance between the objects themselves. Mr. Paine's last ode will furnish a complete illustration of this remark. There is in fact no resemblance between the revolutions of day; and the strong passions of ambition, love of glory and interest, on which he builds his fanciful theory. If a man was born blind, and on inquiring into the peculiar character of light, we should inform him that it resembled a love of glory, he would be perfectly uninstructed on the subject, and remain in profounder ignorance than he was in before the inquiry was made. The analogy, therefore, does not exist so much in the objects as in the passions excited by them—it exists in the strong and exhilirating sensations, produced by the contemplation of glory, which are thus compared to the lustre of the sun, the most magnificent and grand spectacle of nature—it exists in the uniform and rapid pursuit of the object which, when associated with the undeviating revolutions of that majestic orb, furnishes another source of beautiful analogy. Now to adopt the ancient fable, and to make the guardian deity of the sun, the parent of both these associations, although resulting from objects so different, communicates to the conception all the lustre of novelty, and that species of credulity which poetic probability inspires. The great art of the poet lies in seizing, as Mr. Paine has done in the present

instance, such analogical sensations, applying them to different objects, and then producing those sensations as evidence of the fact which he labours to establish. Mr. Paine's fault lies in neglecting the support of such auxiliaries, and attempting to trace an analogy between the objects themselves. The following are instances of the kind:

> "And warmed the *zembla* of a *frozen mind:*"

Of Shakspeare he says:

> "With *Blanchard's* wing in *fancy heaven* he soars,
> With *Herschell's* eye *another world explores.*"
> "Warm to the heart *the chymic fiction stole,*
> And *purged by moral alchimy the soul.*"

All these instances, and many more which might be added, contain the germs of beautiful conceptions, if rightly managed, and that is by tracing a relationship between the associations they produce. To cite Mr. Paine's own example against himself: had Apollo, for example, been represented as imparting to Shakspeare and to Blanchard, the same power of reducing to their jurisdiction those regions of air inaccessible to common mortals, that this deity, indignant at the reproach thrown upon his votaries, that they dealt in fiction only, had chosen Blanchard personally to explore those regions, and to refute those calumnies by his own observation; such kindred analogies would have given poetic practibility to the tale. Mr. Paine, on the contrary, states the very fact of their difference in proof of this accordance, and leaves all the properties which they inherit in common untouched. We hope that we are now understood on the subject of analogical sympathies. To have drawn out the genius of Mr. Paine to its full length, it was essentially important for his friends and admirers to have pursued directly the reverse of what they did. They should have exercised a friendly severity of criticism, and have admonished him that fame, his ruling passion, was put in serious jeopardy by such unwarrantable licences. This would have allowed no time for his love of pleasure, or of ease, to have come in competition with his nobler passion, and while it improved the poet, it would in all human probability have reclaimed and reformed the man. But while

such homage to his darling passion was paid in advance, with such prodigal munificence, the bard was injured and will go down to posterity, loaded with all his original defects, while the man was ruined beyond the power of recovery. A.

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A new critical Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language, compiled from authors of the most approved reputation, with considerable additions. By an American gentleman. Published by David Allinson and co. Burlington, Newjersey.

We opened the work before us with expectations by no means exalted. Our wishes had transcended what we considered as rational hopes. Aware of the difficulties which must necessarily attend an undertaking of this nature; of the peculiarly disagreeable drudgery which it required, we knew that they must operate powerfully, in deterring from the attempt those who were possessed of the powers which such an undertaking demanded. Genius, learning, and persevering industry are rarely united, in a high degree, in a single individual, yet such a combination appeared to be necessary upon an occasion similar to the present.

We entertained the highest respect for the merits of Dr. Johnson and Mr. Walker; and although by no means blind to the errors into which they have been betrayed, and the imperfections which have tended so essentially to impair the excellence of their Dictionaries, were disposed to view, as an arrogant pretender, the individual who should venture to remedy the one and to supply the other. We had been led to apprehend, therefore, that in this work, as in so many others, we should discover rather abundant promises, than faithful performances, rather excuses for indolence and inattention than evidences of care and industry. Although the high testimonials, in favour of the competency of the author, from individuals for whose judgments we entertained the highest respect, afforded some grounds for a reliance upon the engagements which were made to the public, yet their performance was rather sanguinely wished for, than seriously expected. The "Prospectus," by which it was announced, impressed us more favourably, and evinced that the author entertained correct ideas, of the nature of the undertaking, upon

which he was about to enter; nevertheless the single fact of a work of this magnitude being ushered into the world without a name, and consequently so far without any apparent responsibility, inclined us to the opinion, that if the author was better informed of the extent of the duties which he had imposed upon himself, than either able or willing to fulfil his splendid promises.

Such were the ideas, which occupied our minds, previous to our examination of the present work, and we have heard similar sentiments, and similar predictions reiterated by a thousand voices. Seldom, however, have we yielded up our unfavourable prognostications with more sincere pleasure or upon more substantial grounds. We have examined a large proportion of this book with the utmost minuteness and care, and have risen from it under the influence of the most favourable impressions. We have recognized throughout, the most indubitable proofs of assiduous attention, and of powers fully adequate to the undertaking. In a short but well written preface, the author has given a view of the general outline of his work, and exhibited in a striking light, its various characteristics: marking, with a few concise observations, those features which distinguish the present publication from others which have preceded it, and giving a sketch of the course which he has pursued.

With regard to the plan, different ideas may be entertained; and we are, ourselves, inclined to the opinion that some considerable improvements might have been adopted in this part of the work. It is however substantially the same with that proposed in the "Prospectus." So far as we have compared the plan, with the execution, we are disposed to allow the preference to the latter: and think that we can trace most of the errors, which we have detected, to this original spring. By adhering with too much inflexibility to his precatablished course, the laws of which although selfordained and selfimposed, seem to have been obeyed with too scrupulous a solicitude, this work has not yet attained to that degree of perfection of which it is unquestionably susceptible. To illustrate this remark we would observe, that the author having restrained himself from deviating in any important respect from the Dictionaries of Johnson and Walker, has not allowed himself a sufficient latitude in col-

recting the inaccuracies into which they have occasionally fallen. Though sometimes, with a laudable spirit, he has ventured to trench upon this rule, and to burst the chains with which he had enfettered himself, yet he seems terrified with the audacity of his attempt, and to have relapsed instantaneously into the character of a mere copier. Though in the additional terms which he has introduced, he has fully evinced his intimate acquaintance with the nature of his duties, and with the meaning of the words which he has admitted; yet he rarely ventures to meddle with the definitions, that are found in Johnson or Walker. Instead of expunging their inaccurate or incomplete explanations, he has in general suffered them to remain untouched, and has preferred giving us those which were correct, rather in the shape of additions than of substitutes.—Again; although there are many words both in Johnson and Walker, which are vulgar and inelegant, obsolete or provincial, the present compiler has usually marked them, as either "vulgar" or "obsolete," without appearing bold enough to erase them from a work, which they tend only to disfigure and disgrace. This unquestionably was the plan which he had promised to pursue, and we acknowledge was that which we should in general have preferred, until we were acquainted with the powers and satisfied with the ability of the author. It certainly was necessary, in order to acquire any credit for this *novus hospes*, to have assumed these Dictionaries as his ground-work and basis. We cannot however but regret, that, on many occasions, the present compiler has not cancelled words which he has found himself compelled to condemn.

We are disposed seriously to lament that our author has suffered himself to be prevailed upon to curtail that portion of his work which he had contemplated devoting to technical terms. Upon this part of his plan he thus expresses himself in his Preface: "Numerous additions and more copious and satisfactory explanations were deemed expedient in that class of words, which are strictly styled scientifical; the number of which we should have been induced considerably to extend, had we inflexibly pursued the suggestions of our own judgments. Technical terms have been considered by some of the most eminent

philologists, as constituting no part of a language; they should consequently be sparingly admitted in a Dictionary which lays claim to the character of a standard. In this idea, although it has been repeatedly and forcibly impressed upon our attention, we cannot express our entire concurrence. Our wish was to have extended instead of circumscribed the boundaries of science; to have facilitated the admission into that confederated league of those branches of human knowledge, which have a tendency to exalt and inform the mind, to sublimate the conceptions and to do honour to our species. We had desired to have rendered more familiar, an acquaintance with the classical writings of Milton and of Dryden; and to have assisted in accomodating to a more easy acquisition, those beautiful and admired allusions, with which our most eloquent and judicious orators, poets, and philosophers embellish and illustrate their productions. Without yielding implicitly to the doctrine to which we have alluded, we have not however been so indifferent to the sources from which it emanated, or so forgetful of the respect due to those by whom it was sanctioned, as to persevere in introducing such copious additions as we had originally contemplated."

We cannot but think that our author evinced a sounder judgment in forming his original plan, than in permitting himself to be swayed by those upon whose opinions he has relied. In confirmation of our sentiments upon this head, we consider ourselves as completely and sufficiently supported by the arguments which he has himself urged with so much force in the preceding quotation. With regard to the opinion of Dr. Campbell, whom he has cited, we cannot fully coincide with our author in the construction which he has placed upon the passage to which he has alluded. Dr. Campbell is speaking of the admission of scientifical terms into an epic poem, which he justly reprehends as injudicious and improper: and although he asserts in general that "in strict propriety technical words should not be considered as belonging to the language, because not in current use, nor understood by the generality of readers;"* yet his remark cannot, as we conceive, by any rational construction be extended beyond the subject then immediately under

* See Campbell's Philosophy of Rhetoric, book II. c. 6. § I. part VI.

discussion. Most assuredly it cannot with propriety be applied to a work of this description; since the very reason which he adduces so conclusively against their admission into a poem, is one of the most substantial grounds why they should be entitled to a place in a Dictionary. Nor do we apprehend that the remark that this work "lays claim to the character of a standard," possesses the most remote bearing upon the question. There are in this, as in all other Dictionaries which have fallen under our inspection, many words which no "standard" writer could with propriety employ: many that are marked "vulgar," "obsolete," "not in use," and which, it appears to us, might be omitted with far less detriment and inconvenience, than those against which this objection has been urged. We offer these observations to the author with the more willingness, because we consider ourselves as vindicating his own real opinion, against that to which he has yielded, rather from the weight of authority, and the strength of friendship, than from the force of sincere conviction.

The additions which have been made by the present compiler, although, when accurately weighed, they appear copious and extensive, might, we imagine, have been greatly extended with advantage. Many little inaccuracies have been expunged or corrected, but we think that there still exists abundant room for the use of the pruning knife. There are still many excrescences which might be retrenched, many redundancies which might be curtailed with benefit to the work. These chasms might be filled up, and these deficiencies supplied, with articles better adapted to the meridian of this country. Instead of an account of English courts, officers, local customs, which are frequently found interspersed through this book, the author should remember that it is his duty to render this an American work, and to accommodate it more completely to the wants of an American public.

The Classical Dictionary which is subjoined, and which occupies an important part of the present volume, we conceive to be a useful and appropriate appendage. Its nature and design may be fully perceived from the ensuing extract from the preface. "An account of the most conspicuous characters of an-

tiquity, has of late been almost universally omitted in English Dictionaries. In this particular we have without hesitation deviated from the course prescribed by the authority and example of our predecessors. Classical knowledge, the rudiments of which are so widely disseminated throughout this country, becomes invested with additional attractions when youth are enabled to acqure with facility correct information respecting the characters and achievments of those whose names are mentioned in ancient story: when the mythology and fables, the manners and political institutions of antiquity are rendered familiar to their minds. Modern poetry, also, is still under the superintendance of those deities whose inspiration was sought by Homer and by Hesiod. The fanciful religions of Greece and Rome are still the sources whence the choicest and most beautiful allusions are derived to add vivacity and embellishment to the productions of modern genius. Hence the necessity of a work of this description both to the novice in classical literature, and to the mere English scholar." The different objects thus succinctly narrated as affording a view of the design of this branch of the present publication, have been happily attained. By observing a middle course between too great exuberance, and too scanty a conciseness, the author has in this portion of his work added considerably to its merits. Some of the deficiencies which we have frequently had occasion to remark and to lament in Lempreire and others, have been amply supplied: we allude to the account given of the various personages mentioned in the Scriptures and in the Jewish History, and to the establishment of some standard by which we may be directed in the accentuation of ancient proper names, by which these defects have in the most satisfactory manner been remedied in the present publication. One inaccuracy, however, of an extraordinary nature, we had occasion to remark. Under the head of Psammetichus, an account of Psyche is introduced as if they were the same person. The unusual accuracy both of the compiler and the printer left us in considerable doubt whether to attribute this error to the inattention of the former, or the carelessness of the latter. But the confounding a king of Egypt with the wife of Cupid, is a mistake too palpable not to have been purely acci-

dental, and too singular when contrasted with the general correctness which is displayed, not to attract attention.

Before we conclude these observations we cannot refrain from remarking that the correctness of the printing in this country is much superior to that in Great Britain. We have seen beautiful and splendid works from the London presses, so disfigured with typographical errors, as to render some passages entirely unintelligible. The volume before us might be selected as an instance of the uncommon accuracy of our printers, on this side of the Atlantic. Although it is one in which errors might be expected frequently to occur, from the difficulty of detection; and, although, it is the first edition of the work, yet, we think, we may venture to assert, without any degree of hazard, that in proportion to the quantity of matter, there are in it not more typographical errors, than in the stereotype edition of Walker's Dictionary. D.

EDUCATION.

The following pages will need no commendation to engage the serious attention of our readers. In a community like ours, there is no subject of more vital interest than the establishment of an enlarged and liberal system of public instruction. But the introduction of any general plan is attended by so many difficulties, that every project which promises to advance us nearer so desirable an end, should be diligently and candidly examined. Among the variety of schemes for this purpose which have been offered to public consideration, we know none which has produced more beneficial results, than that which has been recently introduced under the name of the Lancaster system—Plain, perspicuous, simple, and economical, it is admirably adapted to the capacity as well as the pecuniary means of the poorer classes of society, and may be advantageously used as the basis of more enlarged and higher studies to persons in better circumstances. We have therefore thought it advisable to present in all its details the history, the mode of instruction, and the present state

of one of these admirable schools, which has been in successful operation for some years in Philadelphia. Besides serving as a model and a guide to similar establishments in remoter quarters of the union, this history may serve to bring into more general notoriety and patronage among ourselves a scheme of public good than which none can be more meritorious. In this simple unaspiring institution, there is no ostentatious or intrusive charity. The directors have wisely chosen the humblest and the most useful walk of benevolence, and offer to those who are disposed to contribute to their assistance the means of doing much good at very small expense, of giving the helpless much more than present charity, the means of future happiness and fortune, and of converting to the cause of morals, many whom the want of instruction may drive into vice and misery.

A SKETCH OF THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE ADELPHI SCHOOL, IN THE NORTHERN LIBERTIES.

The idle habits and neglected education of a numerous class of poor children within the city of Philadelphia and its vicinity, had long been a cause of painful regret to the well-disposed and benevolent mind, more especially as it seemed to be an evil which did not readily admit of a remedy.—Impressed with this deeply interesting subject, several persons had their attention awakened by a perusal of the account of a new system of education, first instituted by Dr. Bell, of Madras, and afterwards brought more into notice and successfully practised, upon an extensive scale, by Joseph Lancaster, of London. At their request a meeting of about twenty of their fellow citizens was called, who, on being acquainted with the object contemplated, and after considering with sufficient deliberation the utility and practicability of an institution upon a similar plan in this city, were united in believing that the experiment ought to be made. Accordingly, in the Autumn of 1807, they agreed to form themselves into a society, under the denomination of "The Philadelphia Association of Friends, for the Instruction of Poor Children." And the proper measures being taken, a deed of incorporation was obtained on the 15th day of December, 1808.

The active part of the business of the association, devolving upon the Board of Managers, they commenced their attention early after their appointment; some delay was occasioned by the difficulty of obtaining a suitable room for the accommodation of the school, and a properly qualified tutor —but on the 11th day of January, 1808, the school was opened. In settling the mode of conducting the school, much useful information was obtained in

consequence of a visit paid by several of the members in conjunction with the tutor, to a school of the same kind, previously established in the city of New-york, as also from a careful perusal of a publication on the subject by Joseph Lancaster. A pretty correct general idea of the mode adopted, and pursued by the association, may be attained from the subjoined "Sketch of the improved method of Education," some time since compiled by one of the members, although later experience has induced a considerable variation in several particulars, both from *that and from Lancaster's system*, in which respects, it is apprehended improvements have been made.*

The scholars were at first but few, but a rapid increase following at the end of three months they amounted to about ninety. Many occasional difficulties presented in reducing to order, and due subordination, a company so rude and unaccustomed to the restraints of discipline, but patience and perseverance in a great degree surmounted them, so that in the course of a few months, the business began to wear an encouraging aspect, inducing a hope that the anticipations entertained, would in time be fully realised.

Although the design of this institution is altogether of a charitable nature, yet, upon the original plan, the idea of an equivalent was always held out—for every child admitted, a stipulated sum was paid. It was supposed that some parents, though they could not well afford it, would prefer paying a small compensation, rather than have their children considered as charity scholars—others it was thought might apply for the benefits of the institution, who were able to pay a small sum, although probably not adequate to the expense according to the usual rates. Both these classes were provided for, by granting a ticket of admission for one quarter's schooling, upon the payment of one dollar for each child, the same sum being continued quarterly in advance during the time the child remained in the school. But in every instance of an application, if, on inquiry, it was believed that the person was a suitable object, and not able to pay, he was recommended to a patron, and thus obtained a ticket of admission. That is to say, the society had procured a number of annual contributors, on the condition, that for every four dollars thus subscribed, each should be furnished with a ticket, entitling him to the schooling of one child for a year. In this way, together with the sums paid by the members, and such other occasional subscriptions as were received, a fund was created to pay the teacher's salary, and various incidental expenses.

Some change in this plan was however afterwards thought advisable. Instead of each contributor being furnished, as formerly, with a ticket for every four dollars subscribed, entitling him to the privilege of schooling one child only, he is now, on paying annually four dollars or upwards, authorized to recommend to the attention of the board of managers, any num-

* One of the most material is the substitution of slates for sand.

ber of suitable objects, who will be taken upon the list of applicants, and admitted according to priority, as vacancies occur.* The former method was found to be attended with embarrassments of several kinds, and operated unfavourably to a leading object, the filling of the school; the latter, while it affords a greater probability of supplying the needful complement of scholars, gives greater scope for the exercise of beneficence in the patron. It is understood that in every instance the contributor stands in the light of patron to the child recommended by him.—When a child claims his patronage, he is first to ascertain whether the parent is not in circumstances to afford the expense of education; also if the child is not less than five, or more than thirteen years of age. He is then to apply to one of the managers (whose names with those of the other officers of the society, it is intended to publish annually in the Philadelphia Directory) the manager, on being satisfied that the child is a proper object to receive the benefits of the institution, shall deliver him an order to the recorder of admissions; who, on receipt thereof, will, if there be a vacancy, grant the child a ticket of admission into the school.

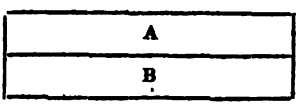
The plan with respect to children, whose parents choose to pay for them, remains as before stated.

A sketch of the improved method of education, employed by Dr. Bell, in the asylum at Madras; by J. Lancaster, in London.

METHOD OF TEACHING THE ALPHABET.

The children learn their letters by printing them in sand.

For this purpose a table, constructed on the following plan, must be procured.



A represents the part where the sand is to be placed, and is a horizontal surface about fifteen feet long and six inches wide; and to preserve the sand from wasting, ledges, something less than one inch high, are placed around this part of the table; and B represents the space, a little declining downwards for the arm to rest on.

Ten children may then be seated at the table, and a single letter, as I, printed or painted large enough to be seen by the whole class at once, is hung up in view before them. The monitor directs their attention to this letter, and pronounces it aloud; each scholar now makes his best effort at

* By a regulation adopted in November 2d, 1809, a subscriber of fifty dollars or more, is entitled to the privilege of an annual contributor for life.

forming the letter in the sand, with a stick given him for the purpose, about the thickness of a quill, and two inches long. Their first attempt will very probably be an awkward one; but the monitor points out the defects, and if necessary prints the letter for them, and teaches them to retrace it in the sand; after which they make repeated trials upon the same letter, until every child in the class is able to form it readily and with neatness. This attained, their next task will be a much easier one, being little different from the first. H is placed before them, and their whole attention is confined to that letter, as it was before to I, until they can form it with the same neatness. T, L, E, F, i and l, are then taught in the same manner. The time necessarily required to form these letters handsomely will not be more than from two to three days, for children of four or five years old; and for those of six or seven years old, one day will generally be sufficient. The formation of them all depends upon the simple art of making a straight line, and is very easily acquired by most children.

The next division of the alphabet consists of A V W M N Z K Y X, v w k y z and x; and as to make these letters depends upon the formation of an angle, when the first one has been neatly printed in the sand, the others are made with little difficulty.

The third and last division consists of such letters as in their formation depend upon a circle, or a curve: these are O U C J G D P B R Q S a o b d p q g c m n h t u r s f j: and here it may be observed, that the making of one letter only is required at one time; and that on no account whatever must the pupil pass on to another letter until he is able to print the first with neatness. In the time thus spent in forming each letter of the several divisions of the alphabet, the pupil will be able to know them at first sight, and thus he is not only enabled to print his letters, but also learns them all, and that too in much less time than would be necessary in the common way of teaching. Before the pupils of this class pass into the next, their exercises should be varied in the following manner. The monitor is required to take them through their letters again, placing two before them at a time; then a second and a third time, making three or four letters. This will recall to their memory the letters first learned, and the practice of making several together will give facility in the formation of them.

It will soon be discovered by the teacher that children thus constantly employed will require seasonable relaxation. This must be attended to at suitable intervals: and when they are going a second or a third time over the alphabet, as before described, they should several times in the day be called from their seats, and formed in a class around a card that contains the whole alphabet at once in view. The monitor pointing to the first letter, asks aloud, what letter is that? The head boy answers first. The same question is then put to the second, pointing to the next letter; and so on till all are several times examined by the monitor. But if any call the letter amiss, the

next is questioned, and the next, until some one answers aright, who may be allowed to go up in the class above those that miscalled it. This exercise perfects them in knowing their letters at first sight, and is a pleasing relaxation from the constant employment of printing the letters in the sand.

SPELLING AND SYLLABIC READING.

When the children have learned their alphabet, they are advanced to a higher class, and are taught to spell and read monosyllables. Their first lesson should be an easy one, and not more than the first column in Comly's Spelling-Book, ba, da, fa, ha. The monitor having prepared the sand, and furnished every boy with his stick, spells the first word aloud b,—a, ba: and they all print it at the same time. This is no difficult task: every scholar knows his letters, and they all know also how to make them with neatness. They are then only required to make two letters as pronounced by the monitor, and to learn that b,—a, spells ba. The monitor inspects their performance, and if there be any want of care or neatness, the sand is smoothed and the same word given to them as before, still adhering to the rule of doing one thing well, before another is undertaken. The second word is then spelled by the monitor d,—a, da. Here again we see the task is very simple; the last letter of this was printed in the other word, and if well done there, may readily be repeated in this; accordingly we shall find much less time will be necessary to print this word than the first; and as the same observation will apply to the third and the fourth word, the first lesson will soon be so far completed.

A new task is now required of the young speller. We have seen him engaged in learning his letters, and at the same time learning to print them neatly in sand. We have seen him go through his exercise of spelling by printing the words as they were spelled aloud by the monitor; but he is now required to spell the words himself by printing them in the sand as they are given out by the monitor. The monitor gives out the first word *ba*, and the scholars from memory must print b, a. Then *da* is given out, and they spell it in like manner. In going over the lesson in this way, sometimes it will be discovered that recollection fails them: they cannot spell all the words from memory. If this should be the case, the lesson must be repeated in the first form, the monitor spelling the words as before b,—a, ba; d,—a, da; and this is repeated until the scholar can spell the words from memory as they are given out by the monitor.

The class is now so far perfected in their first spelling lesson, that they not only can print the words in the sand as they are spelled for them, but they can also spell them from memory one after another as the monitor gives them out. The next point to be gained is the *reading* of them This however, is no difficult task: every boy has several times seen the words neatly printed in the sand before him; they have become already so familiar, that they have only to see the word, and they can pronounce with certainty what

word it is. The monitor furnishes each boy with a spelling book, and points out the lesson that they have learned to spell, and the head boy reads aloud ba. da. fa. ha. The second reads it also, and so on to the last, when the boys return the books to the monitor. The first lesson may now be considered as completely learned: for the children in the class cannot only print the words with neatness, but they can spell them, and they can read them; but, to give diversity to their exercises it will be proper before they have a new lesson, to spell this one out of book. The mode of doing this is so well understood, that no account of this part of the business will be necessary.

It has been already stated that every scholar before he enters this class knows all his letters, and knows too how to print them in the sand. With these advantages he enters upon the task of learning to print, to spell and to read four words; and an ordinary capacity will enable him to do this in one hour, and to do it perfectly.

The second lesson contains four words more, be, de, fe, he. One letter only in these words is different from the last lesson. The monitor spells b,—e, be, and the scholars print it as before; d,—e, de, and so on to the last. When this is accomplished, he varies the exercise and gives out the words, *be*, *de*, &c. and the class must now print them from memory. Next they all read them, and afterwards spell them out of book; all which is accomplished in less than half the time spent upon the first lesson. Their lessons may now be increased to eight words, and afterwards to twelve, and even to twenty, without requiring any more time.

In this way the class should be conducted through the monosyllables. They should be able to print and spell every word before they attempt to read them: and should never enter upon a new lesson, until the preceding one has been read with correctness and ease.

Syllabic reading, as far as we have seen the class practising it, consists merely in pronouncing the words one after another as they stand in the columns of their spelling books. Great advantages result from this kind of reading. The children acquire a knowledge of words and are enabled to pronounce them with correctness and facility; and as we have now conducted our class through the tables of spelling lessons that are composed of monosyllables, and find them equal to the task of printing them neatly in sand, and reading them in the book, it is time to take them from the sand table and introduce them into writing. But before giving an account of the mode of teaching them to write, an exercise that undergoes some variation from this time must be noticed; for while they are employed in learning to write, they must not neglect the important business of spelling out of book, and reading.

Spelling out of book is continued daily on the plan practised in their progress through the monosyllables, and it must for some time longer be confined to the lessons before learned; for they cannot with any advantage be

required to spell words that they have not printed in the sand, or written on the slate; while they are therefore unable to write their lessons on the slate, and while they are employed in learning to write to qualify them for entering upon words of two syllables, all the exercise of spelling off book must be in their back lessons: reading also is to be continued daily as before with this difference; they have heretofore read only their spelling lessons and now they are to read sentences. At proper times through the course of the day, the monitor furnishes every boy with his spelling book, and in the first instance, lesson 13, page 5, is pointed out to them.

All of us, my son, are to die.
Go not in the way of bad men.
For bad men are in the way of sin.

The head boy pronounces the first word as if he had met with it in a spelling lesson; then the second word in like manner, and so on to the end of the lesson. He is not to be allowed to say, all of us, my son, are to die. But he is to make a full stop between every word, thus: all.—of.—us.—my.—son.—are.—to.—die. For we are only teaching him the first part of the art of reading, that is to know the words and to pronounce them properly. With this only in view he is to read, and without any attention to the sense; the other children all read the same lesson in their turns, in the same manner; after which the books are delivered to the monitor, and they resume their task of writing. This mode of reading is to be continued until the class have a knowledge of words of two and three syllables.

WRITING AND SPELLING ON SLATES.

Writing is taught on slates. The slates are to be properly ruled with a sharp pointed instrument, and the class seated at a common school desk. Their copy in written with chalk on a black board, and hung up in view: their first task is to make a straight stroke. The monitor furnishes every boy with a slate pencil long enough to be held as a pen, and before they are allowed to begin, he passes along the class and instructs them in the proper manner of holding it. This done, their attention is directed to the copy, and they make their first attempt. The monitor points out the defects, shows his pupils how to avoid them in future, cleans off their slates with a sponge that he carries in his hand for the purpose, and directs them to make a new trial. Line after line is written in this way, until, they can make a good stroke. A new copy is now placed before them. The stroke must have a turn at the bottom; next a turn at the top; and when all this is well done, their next copy is m. Here the monitor observes to them that the parts of this letter were before made separately; and that now they are only to join the strokes, giving to the last a turn, both at top and bottom. After making m, their next copy should be o. This will require many trials before it is written hand-

somely; but the next one will be an easy task. They are capable of making o, and they had before learned to make a stroke with a turn at bottom: these properly joined form a. They are now so far taught that they can write a, m, and n; for n is a part of m. Their next copy is therefore these letters joined, amn. We shall now have no more letters standing alone as a copy; but proceed regularly through the alphabet, having mn joined to and written with every letter; thus, bmn, cmn, dmn, &c.

Those who are unacquainted with this method of teaching writing, would be surprised to find how little time is necessary to bring children so far, and to make them capable of writing their spelling on slates. But before we proceed further, it must be observed, that while the class are thus employed in learning to write to enable them to spell words of two syllables, they have also been daily exercised in spelling their back lessons out of book, and in syllabic reading.

From this time the exercise in writing on the slate will be continued. All the spelling lessons heretofore learned were monosyllables, and they were learned by printing them in sand; but words of two and more syllables are to be learned by writing them on slates. And as they have acquired a knowledge of the written alphabet, the shape and proportion of every letter, and the proper mode of joining them together; the monitor again resumes the business of spelling his class. His duty also becomes more arduous than before; for he is not only required to inspect the words as they are written, to detect errors in spelling, but constant attention must be given to the manner of holding the pencil. All being in readiness to proceed, the monitor begins with the first lesson of two syllables, b,a,—k,e,r—baker; b,a,—s,i,n; c,a,—p,e,r —caper, &c. He must not be permitted to say, b a *ba*—k e r *ker*—baker, but make a distinct pause between the letters, a longer one between the syllables, and then pronounce the word. Their first lesson contains only eight words. When these are well written and the whole inspected by the monitor, he cleans their slates with his sponge, and goes over the same lesson without spelling the words for the class. He gives out the first word *baker*, and the scholars are to write it down from memory. Then the second word *basin*, which they write as before; the monitor superintends the holding of their pencils, and inspects the spelling and the writing of every word in the lesson. Then he hands the class the books, and they read the words as before taught in the monosyllables, and they finish the lesson by spelling it out of book. In spelling out of book, the same method is followed by every scholar that the monitor observed when he spelled the words for the class. He gives out the first word *baker*, and the head boy spells b,a—k,e,r—baker. The second boy spells b,a—s,i,n—basin, and so on By this means the unmeaning repitition of sounds is avoided, and a deliberate, natural and impressive mode of spelling inculcated, that simplifies the art of spelling and facilitates the advancement of the scholar.

The first lesson that is written on the slate is a short one. The boys have learned to spell and read every word, and have given proof of their proficiency by spelling out of book. The second is learned in the same manner, and in this way they go regularly through the Spelling-Book. While the children are too young or too inexperienced to be taught Arithmetic, their spelling continues through the day without any other intermission than to write a copy and to read a lesson; but those who are further advanced, and are learning arithmetic, spell only one or two lessons in the course of the day.

READING.

The method of teaching reading is only to be considered here so far as it relates to the higher classes. It may be observed that our pupils are already expert syllabic readers. That is, they have acquired from the exercise of reading their spelling lessons, such an extensive knowledge of words, and are so accustomed to know them at first sight, and to pronounce them with propriety, that they enter upon this study with peculiar advantages. No habitual tones; no impetuous, nor drawling manner of expression are to be contended with. So that little more remains to be done than to give them liberty to read, and a good example for imitation.

WRITING.

Writing on the slate has been described as far as it relates to spelling. In the exercise of spelling on the slate, constant improvement in writing may be expected. But writing is taught independently of that exercise, in the following manner.

At proper intervals, once or more in the day, the spelling lesson is suspended; the monitor cleans the slates with his sponge; copper-plate copies are placed before them, and they write a copy on the slate. The monitor constantly passes and repasses along his class, teaches the manner of holding the pencil, points out every fault he can discover, and sometimes by making a letter or writing a word, teaches the shape and proportion of the letters in the copy before them. Sufficient time for the present having been devoted to writing, the monitor removes the copies, and the class resume their other studies.

The degree of perfection to which boys will attain by writing on the slate without ever having a pen in their hands is very considerable; but as the use of the pen is also to be acquired by practice, this part of their education must not be neglected; and two or three times in the course of a week, a few lines should be written in a copy book, after having been examined and approved by the monitor on the slate.

ARITHMETIC.

The method of teaching the simple rules of arithmetic in classes has also been found very expeditious. In the first place the figures may be taught, like the written alphabet, from a copy on the black board. The numeration

table may also readily be taught in the same way; and when the addition table is well understood, the class may be instructed in the following manner. The monitor holds a book in his hand that contains the whole work and the answer of every example that he teaches. A few sums may be two or three figures only; and when they begin to understand the art of addition, they may be enlarged to several columns, as in the following example:

	3	2	4
	2	6	9
	5	3	7
Total	11	3	0

In this case the monitor reads aloud from his book the first number 324, which every boy in the class sets down in figures on his slate. This being inspected by the monitor as he passes along the class, and found to be right, he gives out the next number 269, which the scholars place as directed, under the first number and with units under units, tens under tens, &c. Then 537 which they place as before. Upon an intimation from the monitor, the head boy begins and adds aloud, 7 and 9 are 16 and 4 are 20; set down 0 and carry 2. All in the class place the 0 under the first column, and the second boy carrying 2 to the next column, adds aloud, 2 and 3 are 5, and 6 are 11, and 2 are 13; set down 3 and carry 1. The third boy then begins, 1 and 5 are 6 and 2 are 8 and 3 are 11, set down 11. The monitor passing along the class, sees that every boy has placed the sum total as directed; he knows too that their work is correct by the key that he holds in his hand, which contains the whole process; and after pronouncing it right, the result is rubbed off their slates and the whole operation is repeated until every scholar has given sufficient proof that he perfectly understands the whole process. The slates are then cleaned, a new example is given, and the class overcomes every difficulty by repeated exercises in the manner before described.

Another method of teaching the simple rules of arithmetic, and one which should be occasionally resorted to, is in the use of the black board.

In the example of addition, for instance, which has been given the monitor having placed it on the black board in figures written with a piece of chalk, and large enough to be seen by the whole class, assembles the boys around it. The head boy adds aloud 7 and 9 are 16, and 4 are 20; set down 0 and carry 2. The monitor stands by the board, with his piece of chalk, sets down the figures, as they are found by the several boys who add the columns in their turns, and gives a new example when the first is well understood. This account of the method of teaching addition will be sufficient: the same principle will hold good in all the other rules and may easily be applied by every teacher.

Many children enter upon the study of arithmetic under great disadvantages for want of a knowledge of the tables. This should never be the case:

when they meet with difficulties they feel discouraged, and from this cause the labour of teachers becomes very much increased.

It has been already mentioned that a knowledge of the figures may be given, and the numeration table may be taught upon the black board. Besides these, some easy addition table should be learned by every boy before he attempts to add a single line. Subtraction tables also, that may readily be formed by the teacher, will facilitate the progress of beginners. These tables are taught to a whole class at once, like the multiplication table; and therefore one example in the latter will be sufficient.

The class being provided with slates and pencils, the monitor reads twice 1 are 2, and every scholar writes it down on his slate; twice 2 are 4, which is written like the first; twice 3 are 6, and so to twice 12 are 24. Every figure is inspected by the monitor as he passes along the class, and when one line is written and inspected, the slates are cleaned, and the same lesson dictated and written down as before, until it can be readily repeated from memory. The second line of the table is then given; after that the third, and so on, until the whole is committed to memory: and this will be found to require less than half the time that would be necessary to perform the same task by pursuing the common method.

The present situation of the establishment will be learnt from the following annual report of the Board of Managers.

In terminating its duties with the close of the year, the Board of Managers furnishes the association with a report of its proceedings.

Among the various offices devolved upon it, meetings have been held monthly, and special conventions have taken place when the interests of the Institution entrusted to its care, required such attention.

The school for boys, regulated in conformity with the system which two years since was determined upon, and conducted with the usual zeal and ability of John Ely the teacher, continues to afford the most satisfactory and pleasing evidence of the utility of the plan then adopted, and of the efficacy with which it is applied.

The original design of the Association embracing the education of both sexes of children, induced the board to avail itself of the first occasion which presented for opening a girls' school, and for engaging the services of a well qualified tutoress.

The operations of that department were therefore commenced in the sixth month last: and it is very gratifying to observe the success which has already attended the efforts employed by the mistress to discipline her pupils, as well as the facility with which she imparts instruction to their minds.

With but one exception, the schools have been regularly visited twice in each month, by committees appointed for that purpose, who investigated the progress of the scholars in the several branches taught in the Institution, at-

tended to the general order of the children, and communicated such advice from time to time, as appeared to them necessary.

Quarterly examinations have likewise been held, when rewards were dispensed to such of the pupils whose exemplary demeanor, and industrious application to their studies, rendered them objects of notice and favour.

The suffering condition of many of the children during the inclement part of last winter, for want of sufficient clothing, awakened the sympathy of the board, and induced it to solicit donations of old clothes through the medium of the public newspapers. The characteristic beneficence of our fellow citizens was on that occasion manifested, and a considerable quantity was soon furnished. To convert the materials thus obtained into suitable garments, a society of young women volunteered their services, and through their kindness, many of the scholars were rendered comfortable.

By reference to the recorder's books, it appears that within the year 1812, six hundred and thirty-five children have received the benefits of the Institution, of whom five hundred and twenty-four were boys, and one hundred and eleven girls; the average number attending daily of the former, was about two hundred and thirty, and of the latter one hundred. Four hundred and seventy-two children now belong to the schools.*

As each of the apartments in which the schools are kept is designed and furnished so as to accommodate three hundred children, and the system adopted being calculated to instruct that number under one teacher, it is very desirable to have the deficiency supplied, and it is presumed this might be readily accomplished, if the annual subscribers would avail themselves of the privilege to which they are entitled, of recommending proper objects to the managers for admission.

Orders have been drawn on the treasurer amounting to one thousand five hundred and forty dollars and seventeen cents. The current expenses of the year however cannot be accurately ascertained, until some accounts not yet rendered be exhibited.

Not less than two thousand dollars will be required for the support of the Institution next year: and the association being destitute of any permanent funds, the board earnestly recommends that prompt endeavours be used to increase the number of annual subscribers, especially as some of those who heretofore have patronised the establishment, have from death, and other causes, ceased to contribute to its support.

Aware that connected with the advantages which flow from the acquirement of the ordinary branches of school learning, it always was an important object with the association, to regulate the habits of those children whose welfare it desired to promote by impressing their minds with the value of moral order, and the more solemn obligations of religion as taught in the

* Upwards of one thousand children have been admitted into the Adelphi School since its commencement, in 1808.

Scriptures, and admitted by all professing christians, the board has not been regardless of this interesting part of its duty, and with sincere satisfaction it is enabled to state, that judging from the progressive improvement of the dispositions and conduct of the pupils, the persuasive admonition extended on these prticular subjects has not been altogether unavailing.

Convinced that incalculable benefits may be dispensed to the unprotected children of this populous city, and its suburbs, by well regulated seminaries of learning, which deserve to be esteemed among the best remedies for eradicating the vice, and inseparable misery, which unhappily abound, and pleased with hearing of the successful progress of other institutions in Philadelphia, conducted on the improved and economical system of Dr. Bell and Joseph Lancaster, the board is not without an assurance, founded on the well known philanthropy of our citizens, that associations of this character will not be permitted to languish for want of pecuniary aid, when the effects resulting from them rationally promise an increase of good order and industry, the consequent promotion of individual welfare and comfort, and generally, the advancement of the essential interests of society.

Philadelphia, Twelfth Month, 30th, 1812.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—SHIPWRECK.

The following melancholy narrative, derived from an authentic source we deem worthy of preservation not merely from the interest, naturally inspired by the misfortunes of others, but because it evinces that there is no situation in life, so desperate as not to admit of some alleviation from our own exertions, or some consolation from the protection of Providence. There is a beautiful description of a similar disaster in the Isle of Palms which this story forcibly recalled to our recollection, and which may be quoted as a proof; how near the exquisite conceptions of poetry may approach the reality of truth, for there is scarcely a circumstance of fictitious distress imagined by the poet, which is not warranted in the very interesting narrative of our unfortunate countryman.

Soon as his light has warm'd the seas,
From the parting cloud fresh blows the breeze;
And that is the spirit whose well-known song
Makes the vessel to sail in joy along.
No fears hath she;—her giant form
O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,

Majestically calm, would go
Mid the deep darkness white as snow!
But gently now the small waves glide
Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's side.
So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
The main she will traverse for ever and aye,
Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast!
—Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour is her last.
Five hundred souls in one instant of dread
Are hurried o'er the deck;
And fast the miserable ship
Becomes a lifeless wreck.
Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,
Her planks are torn asunder,
And down come her masts with a reeling shock,
And a hideous crash like thunder.
Her sails are draggled in the brine
That gladdened late the skies,
And her pendant that kiss'd the fair moonshine
Down many a fathom lies.
Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow hues
Gleam'd softly from below,
And flung a warm and sunny flush
O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow,
To the coral rocks are hurrying down
To sleep amid colours as bright as their own.

Oh! many a dream was in the ship
An hour before her death:
And sights of home with sighs disturb'd
The sleeper's long drawn breath.
Instead of the murmur of the sea
The sailor heard the humming tree
Alive through all its leaves,
The hum of the spreading sycamore
That grows before his cottage-door,
And the swallow's song in the eaves.
His arms enclosed a blooming boy,
Who listen'd with tears of sorrow and joy
To the dangers his father had pass'd;
And his wife—by turns she wept and smiled,
As she look'd on the father of her child
Return'd to her heart at last.

—He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
And the rush of waters is in his soul.
Astounded the reeling deck he paces,
Mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces,—
The whole ship's crew are there.
Wailings around and overhead,
Brave spirits stupified or dead,
And madness and despair.

Leave not the wreck, thou cruel boat,
While yet 'tis thine to save,
And angel hands will bid thee float
Uninjured o'er the wave,
Though whirlpools yawn across thy way,
And storms, impatient for their prey,
Around thee fiercely rave!
Vain all the prayers of pleading eyes,
Of outcry loud, and humble sighs,
Hands clasp'd, or wildly toss'd on high
To bless or curse in agony!
Despair and resignation vain!
Away like a strong-wing'd bird she flies,
That heeds not human miseries,
And far off in the sunshine dies
Like a wave of the restless main.
Hush! hush! ye wretches left behind!
Silence becomes the brave, resign'd
To unexpected doom.

In March 1810 the king of Naples by a sweeping decree confiscated thirty-five sail of American vessels, some of which had come as friends to trade and others had been brought in by the Neapolitan privateers. As a natural result of this measure a number of Americans who had been thus deprived of their property, waited with anxiety an opportunity of returning to their families and friends.

The ship Margaret, William Fairfield master, belonging to Salem, about this period had been recovered from her captors, by compromise, giving up half her cargo; and was preparing to return to the port where she belonged; of course there were many applications for passages: thirty-one being all that could be accommodated were immediately engaged.

On the 10th of April, the Margaret sailed from Naples with a valuable cargo of brandy, silks, &c. estimated value in America one hundred thousand dollars. Her officers and crew were fifteen in number; her passengers, as before stated, thirty-one. In twelve days they had passed the Streights and were in the Atlantic. The 13th of May the ship lay too off Flores, whilst some of the passengers and crew went on shore at this beautiful island to obtain an addition to their live stock and fresh water.

Thus far the passage had been delightful; the ship sailed like the wind; the weather had been moderate, and the company were happy in the idea of soon being at their own fire sides. The weather generally is found boisterous in the neighbourhood of the Western Islands: it was so with the Margaret. For several days she experienced a succession of gales: on the 20th of May, however, in lat. N. 39° 40′. long. W. 40°. the wind appeared settled and steady from the E. S. E.; all hearts were cheered with the prospect; every rag of sail that could draw was set; top gallant studden sails and royals were spread aloft; but in a moment how changed the scene!—About noon the wind freshened considerably, the passengers, who were below, talking of their homes and their expectation of soon being there, were called up to help take in sail. The wind, accompanied by hail and rain, in a few seconds increased to a perfect hurricane, and shifted fast, first to the S. and then S. W. The helm was hard up to keep the ship before the wind, it changed however too quick for her; and gradually, though in an instant, lay her proud masts in the sea! —she was hardly on her beam-ends before all hands were on her bottom, most of them clinging to the chains. Cut away the masts, was now the general cry: an axe was obtained from the carpenter's chest, which had been lashed to the new upper part of the deck: at intervals, as the swell would recede the deck was cleared; the weather shrouds and stays being cut, a man made fast with a rope soon hacked away the masts; the guns, camboose, anchors and boats were also cut away. The ship now righted, but under water! The crew crowded to the bowsprit and taffel rail, which was all that the sea did not cover with every roll.

What a moment for reflection: forty-six souls on a wreck with barely a space above water sufficient for them to stand on:—at

least eight degrees from the nearest land, and half passage across the Atlantic!—One or two of the boys were affected to tears, and expressed aloud their lamentations; the men generally displayed a fortitude that did them honour.

The boats were the next subject of consideration. The pinnace was in pieces; the yawl full of water, her stern nearly out: the long boat lay bottom up among the masts and spars: after much difficulty however she was brought along side the wreck. The first attempt to clear her proved ineffectual from the holes stove in her bottom, several of her plank ends being started, and the gunwales torn off: she was therefore again turned bottom up; some lead nailed on her principal leaks, old canvass and pieces of spars forced into the others. After five hours labour she was in a situation to float, though a third full of water, and leaking so as to require two men constantly bailing. Fourteen persons immediately jumped into her and pushed off, promising to return for the rest when the boat would admit of it.

Daylight now was disappearing: the wind had lulled, but the sea was still high: a young man however dropped from the taffel rail and was taken into the boat. She lay to leeward of the wreck, to which she was fastened by a hawser. The crashes on the wreck, occasioned by the friction of the masts and spars against the sides, and the spouting of water from the hatches and skylights, caused by the motion of the sea, was great and intimidating, from the idea of the deck's being forced up, or the wreck torn in pieces: it was kept afloat thus far by the brandy, which, however, from time to time drifted away: the sea was also covered with mattrasses, chests, trunks, drowned goats, sheep, and hogs. When any thing passed near the long boat that could be of use it was secured: by this means sewing silk to caulk the leaks, a barrel of oil, a drowned hog, and some sea soaked bread were obtained. Next morning, with the assistance of the yawl, which with difficulty was kept afloat, a keg of brandy, a spar to make a mast, and part of a royal for a sail, were taken from the wreck.

The people on the ship, tired with their anxious night began to be impatient at not being taken off, which, in fact, was impossible, from the situation of the boat, which could not hold more than she had on board: they had obtained wine, water, bread and

pork, which they refused to share unless the others would come along side: they had compasses and quadrants which they would not part with. About 10 o'clock, some men who had swam from the wreck were driven back; others showed an inclination to make a like attempt: those on board the long boat wished to remain by their shipmates, but informed them it would be impossible if they made another attempt to sink her, which would be the inevitable result of their crowding on board; and declared that any one leaving the wreck would be a signal for the hawser being cut, and leaving them to their fate.

Those on board the boat already suffered excessively from want of food and water, notwithstanding which, about midday they were forced, from the determination generally evinced by those on the wreck to swim to them, and several having jumped into the sea (who however regained the wreck in the yawl) to hoist their sail and commit their lives and wretched bark to the mercy of Providence. The cries and groans of their companions, thus left behind, long sounded in their ears. Five days they scudded before the wind with the heavens as their compass; and after suffering every thing that human nature could bear from hunger, thirst and fatigue, they were taken up by the brig Poacher, captain Dunn, from Alicant bound to Boston, on a short allowance of provisions and water. Thus the sufferings of those exhausted beings did not end here. The Poacher cruised several days in search of the wreck, but without success.

On the departure of the long boat (Monday May 21st) they hoisted a signal on the wreck, by lashing a royal mast to the stump of the main mast, and making fast a cabin quilt, about thirty feet above the deck: they then erected a stage, laying spars across the quarter rails, and a sail on the spars, which made them tolerably comfortable. Two days after, a large ship passed so near; that they saw the hull; and the yawl, shattered as she was, was despatched to board her, but being small and a heavy sea running it was impossible to make much progress: they however, got near enough to see the people on deck; but they were passed unheeded.

On the 24th they caught a turtle, and having found in a chest a tinder box which was dried in the sun, they made a fire in the

ship's bell and with a baking pan cooked a mess of soup for all hands; they could never strike fire afterwards.

In the course of six days they had secured three casks water, one barrel wine, salt pork and beef, hams, corn, potatoes, bread, &c. sufficient to have lasted two or three months; but unfortunately there came on a gale the 28th, and during the night, the spars which lay along side, a heavy sea running at the same time, beat away all the upper works, with them the staging went, and they lost all their provisions except a little salt meat, and about three gallons of wine. In the fore part of the night there were four men in the yawl, which had been previously mended, but it blowing so fresh and the boat making so much water, two of them were obliged to get out on the wreck, leaving the others to steer and bale. Next morning, it being more moderate, three more got into the yawl, and were employed taking the people from abaft to the bowsprit: shortly after the quarter deck floated off, carrying with it the stump of the mizzen mast

On the 30th they succeeded in making a stage on the forecastle, which kept the company dry: after this nothing material happened until the 3d June, when a sailor died, overcome with fatigue and reduced by famine. The wine was now gone, and the men were on an allowance of a wine glass of vinegar every twenty-four hours, not having had any water since the 28th ult. The 4th they went to work to get a pipe of brandy out, which they affected by noon, when many of the people, having drank a quantity of salt water, which had increased their sufferings to a great degree, inadvertently took brandy to quench their raging thirst: fourteen persons died the next day, and in twenty-four hours one more experienced the same fate. By the 6th the whole of the upper deck had gone, and every thing that was between decks had floated away, leaving nothing to subsist on but salt beef and pork, which could not be eat without water.

On the 7th, finding the ship had drifted too far S. to be in the track of our vessels, being in lat. 39° 12′. the yawl left the ship with five persons in her; they having previously heard prayers, which had been regularly said since the wreck: they took with them about two and half gallons brandy, some pork, and a small quantity of vinegar; they endeavoured to stretch to the north-

ward. Ten persons were still alive on the wreck, five of whom retained sufficient strength to hold out some time, if not washed into the sea. For sixteen days those in the boat had no relief, and were reduced to every miserable shift to allay their thirst: it rained on the night of the 22d June, and they saved, by means of their handkerchiefs, two quarts of water; the next day one man died without a groan, overcome by his sufferings; that day they caught some rudder fish, which, with partial showers that fell until the 27th, kept body and soul together. The 28th another of the small crew breathed his last without a moan. The 29th, the sea running high, the oars and mast were lost: having nothing to keep the boat out of the trough of the sea, every moment they thought would be their last: after some difficulty however they managed to invent a rudder and keep before the sea.

The 30th, at 3 P. M. the boat being nearly half full of water, when looking round, between hope and fear, they descried a sail, which, with considerable difficulty, they approached; and at four o'clock, overpowered by their feelings and gratitude to God, they were taken on board the schooner General Johnson, capt. S. L. Davis, from Lisbon bound to Boston, in lat. 40° 12′. N. long. 45° W. the captain treated them with the utmost tenderness and consideration; giving them at first light food, and in small quantities, increasing their rations with their strength. This was the eighth sail seen since the shipwreck; four before they left the ship, and four afterwards; they were on the wreck seventeen days, and in the boat twenty-three.

There were saved in the long boat five captains, including Fairfield, four mates, a supercargo and five seamen; in the yawl one captain and two mates; and one captain, three supercargoes, five mates, and nineteen men were lost.

TRAVELS—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTER FROM PORTUGAL.

MY DEAR F. *Lisbon*, 1811.

I PROMISED you in my last, a description of that celebrated altar of St. John, in the church of St. Roque; and of those Mosaic pieces contained therein, which have attracted the admi-

ration of Europe: this I shall proceed to do, but with little hope of giving you a just idea, of either their elegance or effect.

The altar of St. John is one of the most costly ever erected; it is about twelve feet in length, and eight in width—conceive such an apartment wainscotted throughout with the most superior Italian marble, of the finest hues, exquisitely polished—columns of alabaster, reaching to the ceiling, with solid pillars of the superb and precious lapis lazuli, equal in value to gold itself, with which it is veined throughout, contrasting elegantly with the blue mass through which it appears. With these, are superb slabs of jasper, and columns of the beautiful amethyst, with large plates of the red cornelian, all vying with each other in costliness and splendor; and the steps surrounding the altar are of granite and porphyry, the whole constituting *une telle assemblâge precieuse* of elegance and value, that the beholder is astonished and confounded with its magnificence and splendour.

The Mosaic pieces in this sumptuous altar were, I was informed by the priest who showed them to me, executed in Rome nearly six centuries since, and together with the whole altar, received the benediction of his holiness the pope, previously to their being sent to Lisbon. One of these pieces represents the Annunciation, and the other the baptism of our Saviour by St. John,—the figures in each are as large as life, and so inimitably are they executed—so nicely are the stones joined —so exquisitely are the colours blended with each other—so delicately and harmoniously is the light and shade disposed, that at the distance of a few feet the eye is completely deceived, and you contemplate them as the most finished productions of the pencil. Old Padre Antonio, after I had viewed them for some time from below, placed the ladder for me to examine them minutely, and appeared to enjoy mightily the surprize my countenance indicated, and exclaimed several times " so it is with all." *Assim he con todos—Estão absolutamente conssas maravilhosas, men Senhor*, they are indeed, sir, wonderful productions. One of the most striking beauties in that representing the baptism of our Saviour, is the *ancle seen through the water*— it is exquisite beyond expression, and has of itself, attracted me very often to the church where, although there are many other

beautiful things, they are as mere chaff when compared with those superb offerings within the altar of St. John.

The *floor* of this altar is *entirely of Mosaic* elegantly disposed in flowers, &c. I picked up a few of the stones (each being about a fifth of an inch square) that had been loosened, and shall preserve them, that you may enjoy the *honour* of *beholding* and *touching* them.

At each extremity of the altar, is an immense candlestick of solid silver, between four and five feet in height, and very massive; they are nearly four feet in circumference, at their base, which is ornamented with a profusion of figures and devices. A Frenchman would without doubt pronounce them most magnificent candlesticks, and I assure you they would be an important acquisition to Peale's museum, to say the least of them.

What think you now of the cost of all these fine things? The reverend Antonio assured me they cost two millions of crusados novos,—equal to twelve hundred thousand dollars; and your surprize will cease, when you reflect on the value of a *mere breast pin* from any one of the stones I have mentioned.

In addition to these I was shown the chalice cup of solid gold which was buried in the earth when the French took possession of the city, this is always brought forth to be shown to strangers; and the circumstance of its having escaped the grasp of their greedy invaders, is mentioned with peculiar emphasis, as they had been no inconsiderable sufferers from the rapacity of their beloved *friends* and *protectors*. Most of the churches were dispoiled of their wealth, and the minute knowledge the French possessed (previously to their entering the city) of every piece of rarity, was truly wonderful, all however effected by bribery and corruption.

An Irish gentleman informed me that a few days after the arrival of the French, an aid du camp of Junot waited upon the superior of a convent, and *requested him very politely* to deliver him a certain bible he had in his possession, which was of an ancient date and extremely rare, there being but five copies extant. The old man at first denied having any thing of the kind, but the officer immediately told him, he would save him the trouble of falsifying, and at once pointed out the room wherein

it was preserved, received the treasure, and marched off triumphantly, to the great mortification of the old padre, who was wise enough to be very courteous in his demeanor, and to avoid uttering any complaints against *his polite friend.*

Ah, my good sir, added my Irish friend, the French are born to be masters of the world; they are such expert politicians, and have such insinuating manners: why sir, they will pick your pockets with one hand and adore you with the other: the English on the contrary are extremely repulsive in their behaviour, and do not at all assimilate with the Portuguese; and, said he, there are many families who regret much the departure of the French, notwithstanding they suffered by them, on account of their very pleasing society and urbanity of deportment.

Lisbon at this moment presents a very different scene from that apparent before the French invasion. Junot was formerly minister here, and then remarked he had heard much of the magnificence of the Portuguese court, but the reality very far surpassed his ideas of splendour.

Every thing like style and elegance vanished when the prince left the country, carrying in his train nearly thirty thousand of the noble and wealthy inhabitants; no genteel Portuguse *then* walked, but now their horses are sent to the army, and the proud, contemptuous Portuguese must ride on the vehicle with which Nature has provided him.

I dined in company with Dr. C—— a few days since; he related an anecdote of Bonaparte, which he knew to be a fact. When Napoleon was declared emperor, he despatched a request that a Te Deum should be sung on the occasion, in the Royal Cathedral in this place, by the pope's nuncio, who by no means liked the idea, but could not nevertheless refuse the request of the emperor: when however the appointed time arrived the nuncio appeared wrapped up in his cloak, complaining of a *dreadful cold* which incapacitated him from performing the ceremony. And at his request a poor threadbare bishop officiated. Some months after this came a *letter of thanks* from his majesty, addressed *to the person by whom the ceremony had been performed*, accompanied with an elegant snuff-box, with the portrait of the emperor set in diamonds, the whole worth thirty thou-

sand-crowns, which the bishop of consequence received to the no small mortification of his superior;—no doubt the emperor had been informed of the affair, and determined to dispense his favours to those alone who would be subservient to his purposes.

I must not omit mentioning to you that in the convent of St. Roque, of which I have before spoken, there are sixty female orphans, whom marriage alone can rescue from its walls. At the entrance of their apartment is a schedule affixed to the door expressing their names, ages, complexions and fortune, and that they are for marriage, and I am of opinion those connexions would be productive of happiness, as the poor girls have no fortunes to attract speculators (none of them exceeding one hundred and twenty-five dollars) and I have no doubt a reasonable man would there meet with some very fine characters, such as "Providence bestows to heal our cares, correct our errors, and refine our hearts."

A short time since I went with my Portuguese friend to view the church and convent of San Bento, an extensive structure erected by order of king John V. for the reception of *noblemen's sons*, destined for the church. It was formerly in a very flourishing condition, but owing to the *times* the establishment is decaying fast, of the truth of which you can yourself judge, when I inform you they formerly paid to the government an annual sum of fifty thousand dollars, but they are now so impoverished that they cannot support even their own members, many of whom are in consequence obliged to live at home. The inhabitants of this establishment, as of others of the same nature, have little to do, and are possessed of a fine library, of which however, I understand they make no great use. The superior watches their actions as a schoolmaster his pupils, and has an opportunity of discovering how they employ themselves, by means of a slide on the door of each cell.

I will now carry your attention to Belem, about the distance of two miles from Lisbon, from which it is separated by a large valley; this place has for many years past been the royal residence, and is remarkable for many antiquities.

The Moorish castle which *brings to* the vessels bound to the city, is a fine looking structure, and with its towers and battle-

ments has quite an imposing appearance; it is situated on a low sand-beach, and at high-water is completely insulated. Time has committed many ravages on this ancient castle, but its truly venerable aspect excites much interest.

At no great distance from this stands the celebrated and ancient monastery of the Hieronymites, founded three centuries ago by Dom Manuel, of which the architecture is very striking; the church adjoining it is a superb building of marble, but bronzed by time; it is of the gothic order, grand and impressive in the highest degree. The vaulted ceiling, which is very high, is supported by immense pillars of white marble, curiously wrought, the whole impressing the mind with a degree of awe and solemnity I have never elsewhere experienced; here are entombed the ancient kings of Portugal, and here also I viewed their full-length portraits, together with the royal vestments, which are preserved with great care and are extremely splendid.

The queen's palace on a commanding site is near this, but every thing around it going to decay.

I strolled through the now deserted apartments which the unfortunate old queen was accustomed to inhabit, and beheld with mingled emotions of pity and detestation the destruction committed by their ruffian allies. The rooms had been despoiled of their costly furniture, and the paintings torn from their frames. I was shown one in particular, that had contained a most exquisite painting of Juno, but which the avidity of the French sçavans carried off in the general plunder. The gardens belonging to the palace are spacious and filled with trees, among which the bay is very conspicuous, and at the extremity of each walk is a marble statue; they were much mutilated by the French soldiery and are now neglected and discoloured.

The aviary is a very beautiful building of white marble, and contains some curious birds: in the centre of this *magnificent cage* is a singular grotto from which I have procured some very elegant petrifactions for myself and friends.

On an eminence in the vicinity of this is the new palace of Ajuda, yet unfinished: its plan is very extensive, and embraces four hundred rooms, one-fourth of which is already completed; and when the French cease to annoy them there is a *possibility* of its entire completion.

In the Museum at Belem there are a number of rarities and precious things; those most valuable they have boxed up, in case their *friends* should again surprise them, in which emergency they are to be sent to Rio Janeiro. I remarked a lump of copper which was found in Portugal, the weight of which was said to be 2616 lbs.

The botanical garden is extensive and contains many very rare plants; it abounds in the most beautiful fountains curiously wrought to represent different animals which are continually spouting forth water, forming a basin beneath, in which the golden and silver-hued fish are constantly sporting.

Returning to Lisbon from Belem, I passed by the English burying-ground, which I had a great desire to enter, but could not, in consequence of its being locked; in this place lies interred, the author of that work which Gibbon has styled the best of ancient or modern romances; the incomparable Fielding.

You recollect, sir Roger de Coverly's coachman always served for ballast in crossing a river with his master, if I should have erected a counterpoise to the length of my epistle, which shall operate favourably in your mind, I shall esteem myself fortunate and conclude with *Ovid—Scribere jussit amor.*

Yours sincerely,

B.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

We have selected from the correspondence of Fox the following letters to Mr. Trotter, on various classical authors, which prove at once, the extent of his learning and the correctness of his taste on subjects so remote from the ordinary pursuits of politicians.

I KNOW of no better, nor, indeed, scarce any other life of Cicero, than Middleton's. He is certainly very partial to him, but upon the whole, I think Cicero was a good man. The salutary effect of the burning of his houses, which you mention, is indeed too evident; I do not think quite so ill of his poem on

Cæsar as you do; because I presume he only flattered him upon the points where he really deserved praise; and as to his flatteries of him after he was dictator, in his speeches for Ligarius and Marcellus, I not only excuse, but justify, and even commend them, as they were employed for the best of purposes, in favour of old friends, both to himself and to the republic. Nay, I even think that his manner of recommending to Cæsar (in the pro Marcello) the restoration of the republic, is even bold and spirited. After all, he certainly was a man liable to be warped from what was right either by fear or vanity; but his faults seem so clearly to have been infirmities, rather than bad principles, or bad passions, that I cannot but like him, and, in a great measure esteem him too. The openness with which, in his private letters, he confesses himself to be ashamed of part of his conduct, has been taken great advantage of by detractors, as an aggravation, whereas I think it a great extenuation of his faults. I ought to caution against trusting to the translations in Middleton; they are all vile, and many of them unfaithful.

If your sister does not understand Latin, you should translate them for her yourself. I do assure you, my dear sir, it always gives Mrs. F. and me great pleasure to hear from you, and especially when it is to inform us that you are well and happy.

Your's ever,

C. J. F.

I was much gratified, my dear sir, with your letter, as your taste seems so exactly to agree with mine; and am very glad, for your sake, that you have taken to Greek, as it will now be very easy to you, and if I may judge from myself, will be one of the greatest sources of amusement to you. Homer and Ariosto have always been my favourites; there is something so delightful in their wonderful facility, and the apparent absence of all study, in their expression, which is almost peculiar to them. I think you must be very partial, however, to find but two faults in the twelve books of the Illiad. The passage in the 9th book, about Ατη, appears to me, as it does to you, both poor and forced; but I have no great objection to that about the wall in

the 12th, though, to be sure, it is not very necessary. The 10th book has always been a particular favourite with me, not so much on account of Diomede's and Ulysses's exploits, (though that part is excellent too) as on account of the beginning, which describes so forcibly the anxious state of the generals, with an enemy so near, and having had rather the worst of the former day. I do not know any description any where that sets the thing so clearly before one; and then the brotherly feelings of Agamemnon towards Menelaus, and the modesty and amiableness of Menelaus's character (whom Homer, by the way seems to be particularly fond of) are very affecting. Ariosto has certainly taken his night expedition either from Homer, or from Virgil's Nisus or Euryalus. I scarcely know which I prefer of the three; I rather think Virgil's; but Ariosto has one merit beyond the others, from the important consequences which arise from it to the story. Tasso (for he, too, must have whatever is in the Illiad or Æneid) is a very poor imitation, as far as I recollect.

I suppose, as soon as you have done the Illiad you will read the Odyssey; which, though certainly not so fine a poem, is to my taste, still pleasanter to read. Pray let me know what parts of it strike you most, and believe me you cannot oblige me more than by corresponding on such subjects. Of the other Greek poets, Hesiod, Pindar, Eschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Appollonius Rhodius, and Theocritus, are the most worth reading. Of the tragedians, I like Euripides the best; but Sophocles is, I believe, more generally preferred, and is certainly more finished, and has fewer gross faults. Theocritus, in his way is perfect; the two first Idylls, particularly, are excellent. I suppose the ode you like is Ἀδωνις α Κυθηρεια, which is pretty enough, but not such as to give you any adequate idea of Theocritus. There is an elegy upon Adonis, by Bion, which is in parts very beautiful, and particularly some lines of it upon the common-place of death, which have been imitated over and over again, but have never been equalled. In Hesiod, the account of Pandora, of the golden age, &c. and some other parts, are very good; but there is much that is tiresome. Perhaps the work, which is most generally considered as not his, I mean the Ασπις, is the one that has most poetry in it. It is very good,

and to say that it is inferior to Homer's and Virgil's shields, is not saying much against it. Pindar is too often obscure, and sometimes much more spun out and wordy than suits my taste; but there are passages in him quite divine. I have not read above half his works. Appollonius Rhodius is, I think, very well worth reading. The beginning of Medæa's love is, I believe, original, and though often copied since, never equalled. There are many other fine parts in his poem, besides some of which Virgil has improved, others scarce equalled. There is, however, in the greater part of the poem an appearance of labour, and a hardness, that makes it tiresome. He seems to me to be an author of about the same degree of genius with Tasso; and if there is more in the latter to be liked, there is nothing I think, to be liked in him so well as the parts of Appollonius to which I have alluded. I have said nothing of Aristophanes, because I never read him. Callimachus and Moschus are worth reading; but there is little of them. By the way, I now recollect that the passage about death, which I said was in Bion's elegy upon Adonis, is in Moschus's upon Bion. Now you have all my knowledge about Greek poetry. I am quite pleased at your liking Ariosto so much; though indeed I foresaw you would, from the great delight you expressed at Spenser, who is certainly inferior to him, though very excellent too. Tasso, I think below both of them, but many count him the first among those three; and even Metastasio, who ought to be a better judge of Italian poetry than you or I, gives him upon the whole the preference to Ariosto.

You will, of course, have been rejoiced at the peace, as we all are. Mrs. F. desires to be remembered to you kindly. She is very busy just now, but will write to you soon. I think this place has looked more beautiful than ever this year, both in spring and summer, and so it does now in autumn. I have been very idle about my history, but I will make up for it bye and bye; though I believe I must go to Paris, to look at some papers there, before I can finish the first volume. I think in the last half of the Iliad you will admire the 16th, 20th, 22d, and 24th, books particularly. I believe the general opinion is, that Homer did write near the shore, and he certainly does, as you

observe, particularly delight in illustrations taken from the sea, waves, &c. Perhaps a lion is rather too frequent a simile with him. I dare say you were delighted with Helen and Priam on the walls in the 3d book; and I suspect you will be proportionably disgusted with Tasso's servile and ill-placed imitation of it. Do not imagine, however, that I am not sensible to many beauties in Tasso, especially the parts imitated by Spencer, Erminia's flight and adventure, the description of the pestilence, and many others. I am, dear sir,

Most truly,

Your's ever,

C. J. FOX.

St. Anne's Hill,
Monday.
(*Post Mark, Oct.* 20, 1801.)

MY DEAR SIR,

I am quite scandalized at having so long delayed answering your letters, but I put it off, as I am apt to do every thing, from day to day, till Christmas; and on that day Mrs. F. was taken very seriously ill with a fever, and sore throat of the inflammatory kind. The violence of the disorder was over this day se'nnight, but though she has been mending ever since, she is still weak. However, she may now be called comparatively speaking, quite well; and I did not like to write till I could tell you that she was so. I hope you go on with your Greek, and long to know whether you are as fond of the Odyssey as I am, as also what progress you have made in the other poets. The Plutarchus, whom you ask after, is, I believe, the same Plutarch who wrote the lives, and who certainly was of Chæronea. At least, I never heard of any other author of that name, and he wrote many philosophical works. I think when you say you despise Tasso, you go further than I can do; and though there is servility in his manner of imitation, which is disgusting, yet it is hardly fair to be angry with him for translating a simile of Homer's, a plunder, if it be one, of which

nearly every poet has been guilty. If there be one who has not, I suspect it is he whom you say you are going to read, I mean Dante. I have only read part of Dante, and admire him very much. I think the brilliant passages are thicker set in his works, than in those of almost any other poet, but the want of connexion and interest makes him heavy; and, besides, the difficulty of his language, which I do not think much of, the obscurity of that part of history to which he refers, is much against him. His allusions, in which he deals not a little, are, in consequence, most of them lost.

I agree in liking Armida, but cannot help thinking Rinaldo's detention in his gardens very inferior to Ruggiero's.

> Or fino agli occhi ben nuota nel golfo
> Delle delizie e delle cose belle,

may seem to some an expression rather too familiar, and nearly foolish; but it is much better for describing the sort of situation in which the two heroes are supposed to be, than the *Romito Amante* of Tasso; not to mention the garden of Armida being all on the inside of the palace, and walled round by it, instead of the beautiful country described by Ariosto. Do you not think, too, that Spenser has much improved upon Tasso, by giving the song in praise of pleasure to a nymph rather than to a parrot? Pray, if you want any information about Greek poets or others, that I can give you, do not spare me, for it is a great delight to me to be employed upon such subjects, with one who has a true relish for them.

I do not wonder at your passionate admiration of the Iliad, and agree with you as to the peculiar beauty of most of the parts you mention. The interview of Priam and Achilles is, I think, the finest of all. I rather think, that in Andromache's first lamentation, she dwells too much upon her child, and too little upon Hector, but may be I am wrong. By your referring to the 4th book only for Agamemnon's brotherly kindness, I should almost suspect that you had not sufficiently noticed the extreme delicacy and kindness with which he speaks of him in the 10th v. 120, &c.

We have not at all fixed our time for going to Paris yet. Mrs. F. desires to be most kindly remembered to you.

I am very truly,

My dear sir, your's ever,

C. J. FOX.

P. S. I do not know which is the best translation of Don Quixote; I have only read Jarvis's, which I think very indifferent. I like Feijoo very much when I read him, but I have not his works.

—

MY DEAR SIR,

Pray do not think you trouble me, but quite the contrary, by writing to me, and especially on the subject of your poetical studies. What I do not like in your letter is, your account of yourself; and I am afraid a winter in Dublin, which may be so useful to you in other respects, may not be quite so well for your health; which, after all, is the grand article. Mrs. F. has not written lately, because you had not told her how to direct; and as she had not heard of your receiving the last letter she directed to Glasnevin, she feared that might not do. She desires me to say every thing that is kind to you.

I am very glad you prefer Euripides to Sophocles, because it is my taste; though I am not sure that it is not thought a heresy. He (Eur.) appears to me to have much more of facility and nature in his way of writing, than the other. The speech you mention of Electra is, indeed, beautiful; but when you have read some more of Euripides, perhaps you will not think it quite unrivalled. Of all Sophocles's plays, I like Electra clearly the best, and I think your epithet to Oed. Tyrs. a very just one, it is really to me a disagreeable play; and yet there are many who not only prefer it to Electra, but reckon it the finest specimen of the Greek theatre. I like his other two plays upon the Theban story both better, i. e. the Oed. Col. and the Antigone. In the latter there is a passage in her answer to Cicero that is, perhaps, the sublimest in the world; and, in many parts of the play there is a spirit almost miraculous, if, as it is said, Sophocles, was past eighty when he composed it. Cicero has made great

use of the passage I allude to, in his oration for Milo. I suppose you selected Hipp. and Iph. in Aulis, on account of Racine; and I hope you have observed with what extreme judgment he has imitated them. In the character of Hipp. only, I think he has fallen short of his original. The scene of Phædra's discovery of her love to her nurse, he has imitated pretty closely; and if he has not surpassed it, it is only because that was impossible. His Clytemnestra, too, is excellent, but would have been better if he had ventured to bring on the young Orestes as Eur. does. The change which you mention in the Greek Iphigenia, I like extremely; but it is censured by Aristotle as a change of character, not, I think, justly. Perhaps, the sudden change in Menelaus, which he also censures, is less defensible. Now, though the two plays of Eur. which you have read, are undoubtedly among his best, I will venture to assure you, that there are four others you will like full as well; Medea, Phœnissæ, Heraclidæ, and Alcestis; with the last of which, if I know any thing of your taste, you will be enchanted. Many faults are found with it, but those faults lead to the greatest beauties. For instance, if Hercules's levity is a little improper in a tragedy, his shame afterwards, and the immediate consequence of that shame being a more than human exertion, afford the finest picture of an heroic mind that exists. The speech beginning ω πολλα τλαντα καρδια, &c. is divine. Besides the two you have, and the four I have recommended, Hercules Furens, Iph. in Tauris, Hecuba, Bacchæ, and Troades, are all very excellent. Then came Ion, Supplices, Electra and Helen; Orestes and Andromache are, in my judgment, the worst. I have not mentioned Rhesus and Cyclops, because the former is not thought to be really Euripides's and the latter is entirely comic, or rather a very coarse farce; excellent, however, in its way, and the conception of the characters not unlike that of Shakspeare in Caliban. I should never finish, if I were to let myself go upon Euripides. In two very material points, however, he is certainly far excelled by Sophocles: 1st, in the introduction of proper subjects in the songs of the chorus; and, 2dly, in the management of his plot. The extreme absurdity of the chorus, in Medea suffering her to kill her children, and of that in Phædra let-

ting her hang herself, without the least attempt to prevent it, has been often and justly ridiculed; but what signify faults, where there are such excessive beauties? Pray write soon, and let me know, if you have read more of these plays, what you think of them.

If you do not go to Dublin before my brother returns, you had better commission somebody to call at the Royal Hospital, for some books of which Mrs. H. Fox took the charge for you, but which, as she writes, she does not know where to send. I think my brother's return a very bad symptom of the intentions of government with regard to poor Ireland; but that is a subject as fruitful, though not so pleasant, as that of Euripides.

Your's, ever most truly,

C. J. FOX.

St. Anne's Hill, Friday.

P. S. When you have read the two farewell speeches of Medea and Alcestis to their children, I do not think you will say that Electra's is quite unrivalled, though most excellent undoubtedly it is.

—

My Dear Sir,

It gives Mrs. F. and me great pleasure to hear that you think you are getting better, and that, too, in spite of the weather, which if it has been with you as with us, has been by no means favourable to such a complaint as your's. The sooner you can come the better; and I cannot help hoping that this air will do you good. Parts of the 1st, and still more of the 2nd book of the Æneid, are capital indeed; the description of the night sack of a town, being a subject not touched by Homer, hinders it from having that appearance of too close imitation which Virgil's other battles have; and the details, Priam's death, Helen's appearance, Hector's in the dream, and many others, are enchanting. The proëm, too, to Eneas's narration is perfection itself. The part about Sinon and Laocoon does not so much please me, though I have nothing to say against it. Perhaps it is too long, but whatever be the cause, I feel it to be rather cold. As to your friend's heresy, I cannot much wonder

at, or blame it, since I used to be of the same opinion myself; but I am now a convert; and my chief reason is, that, though the detached parts of the Æneid appear to me to be equal to any thing, the story and characters appear more faulty every time I read it. My chief objection (I mean that to the character of Eneas) is, of course, not so much felt in the three first books; but, afterwards, he is always either insipid or odious, sometimes excites interest against him, and never for him.

The events of the war, too, are not striking; and Pallas and Lausus, who most interest you, are in effect exactly alike. But, in parts, I admire Virgil more and more every day, such as those I have alluded to in the 2nd book; the finding of Andromache in the third, every thing relating to Dido; the 6th book; the visit to Evander, in the 8th; Nisus and Euryalus, Mezentius's death, and many others. In point of passion I think Dido equal, if not superior, to any thing in Homer, or Shakspeare, or Euripides; for me, that is saying every thing.

One thing which delights me in the Iliad and Odyssey, and of which there is nothing in Virgil, is the picture of manners, which seem to be so truly delineated. The times in which Homer lived undoubtedly gave him a great advantage in this respect; since, from his nearness to the times of which he writes, what we always see to be invention in Virgil, appears like the plain truth in Homer. Upon this principle, a friend of mine observed, that the characters in Shakspeare's historical plays always appear more real than those of his others. But exclusive of this advantage, Homer certainly attends to *character* more than his imitator. I hope your friend, with all his partiality, will not maintain that the simile in the first Æneid, comparing Dido to Diana, is equal to that in the Odyssey, comparing Narcissa to her, either in propriety of application, or in beauty of description. If there is an Appollonius Rhodius where you are, pray look at Medea's speech, lib. iv. v. 365, and you will perceive, that even in Dido's finest speech, *nec tibi diva parens*, &c. he has imitated a good deal, and especially those expressive and sudden turns, *neque te teneo*, &c. but then he has made wonderful improvements, and, on the whole, it is, perhaps, the finest thing in all poetry.

Now if you are not tired of all this criticism, it is not my fault.

Your's, very affectionately,

C. J. FOX.

St. Anne's Hill, Wednesday.

P. S. Even in the 1st book, Eneas says, "*Sum pius Eneas, fama super æthera notus.*" Can you bear this?

LIST OF AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS

The following list of American newspapers, is taken from Mellish's Travels, where it appears as an extract from Thomas's History of printing in America.

Isaiah Thomas, Esq. of Worcester, Massachusetts, has lately published a very valuable work entitled, *The History of Printing in America*, from which I have extracted the following table:

	Number of Papers.	Published	No. of impressions of each averaged at		Total Amount.
New Hampshire, *supplies*	12	weekly, at	1000		624,000
Massachusetts	9	twice a week,	1600	1,497,600	
	23	weekly,	1150	1,375,400	
					2,873,000
Rhode Island	1	twice a week,	800	83,200	
	6	weekly,	800	249,600	
					332,800
Connecticut	11	weekly,	1150		657,800
Vermont	14	weekly,	800		582,400
New York	7	daily,	600	1,310,400	
	9	twice a week	800	748,800	
	50	weekly,	800	2,080,000	
					4,139,200
New Jersey	8	weekly,	800		332,800
Pennsylvania	9	daily,	625	1,755,000	
	1	three times,	800	124,800	
	3	twice a week,	800	249,600	
	58	weekly,	800	2,412,800	
					4,542,200
Delaware	2	twice a week,	800		166,400
			Carried over,		14,250,600

	Brought over,			14,299,600
Maryland	5 daily,	600	936,000	
	5 three times,	600	468,000	
	1 twice a week,	800	83,200	
	10 weekly,	800	416,000	
				1,903,200
District of Columbia	1 daily,	600	187,200	
	3 three times,	800	374,400	
	1 twice a week,	800	83,200	
	1 weekly,	800	41,600	
				686,400
Virginia	1 three times	800	124,800	
	6 twice a week,	800	499,200	
	16 weekly,	800	665,600	
				1,289,600
North Carolina	10 weekly,	800		416,000
South Carolina	3 daily,	500	468,000	
	2 twice a week,	800	166,400	
	5 weekly,	800	208,000	
				842,400
Georgia	1 three times,	800	124,800	
	2 twice a week,	800	166,400	
	10 weekly,	800	416,000	
				707,200
Kentucky	17 weekly,	700		618,800
Ohio	14 weekly,	650		473,200
Tennessee	6 weekly,	550		171,600
Indiana Territory	1 weekly,	300		15,600
Mississippi Territory	4 weekly,	400		83,200
Territory of Orleans	2 daily,	450	280,800	
	4 three times,	500	312,000	
	2 twice a week	500	104,000	
	2 weekly,	500	52,000	
				748,800
Louisana	1 weekly,	300		15,600
	359			22,222,200

By this table, it appears that the number of newspapers amounts to twenty-two million two hundred twenty-two thousand two hundred; and Mr. Thomas says it may be viewed as considerably under the real number. The total amount, he thinks, may, without exaggeration, be estimated at *twenty-two million five hundred thousand.* In Britain and Ireland the newspaper establishments amount to two hundred twenty-eight; and the whole of the public journals issued annually from the various presses are computed at *twenty million five hundred thousand.*

The state of literature in a country may be partly inferred from the quantity of paper manufactured. Mr. Thomas says, "from the information I have collected, it appears that the mills for manufacturing paper are as follows:—

New Hampshire	7	Virginia	4
Massachusetts	38	South Carolina	1
Rhode Island	4	Kentucky	6
Connecticut	17	Tennessee	4
Vermont	9	Pennsylvania about	60
New York	12	In all the other states	
Delaware	4	and territories	16
Maryland	3		
		Total	185

From Dr. Mitchell's report, the numbers appear to be 190.

The paper manufactured annually at these mills is estimated as follows:

	tons.	reams.	value.
For newspapers	500	50,000	$150,000
For books	630	70,000	245,000
For writing	650	111,000	333,000
For wrapping	800	100,000	83,000
	2580	331,000	$811,000

CALAMITIES OF AUTHORS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

One might imagine that the fate of authors was really pitiable. Dr. Tissot has written a learned and melancholy volume on the diseases incident to men of letters, and D'Israeli has lately completed the picture by two volumes on the moral calamities of authors. In describing the misfortunes of his brethren, the man of letters has, however, the advantage over the physician. D'Israeli, we believe, enjoys a happy mediocrity of fortune, and being himself exempt from most of the calamities which he enumerates, he has enlivened his descriptions by a variety of a literary anecdotes, and minute details of character, many of which are quite original. Without attempting any analysis of its contents, we shall extract some interesting passages.

On the subject of "literary property," we have the following curious facts:

Authors continue poor, and booksellers become opulent; an extraordinary result! Booksellers are not agents for authors, but proprietors of their works; so that the perpetual revenues of literature are solely in the possession of the trade.

Is it then wonderful that even successful authors are indigent! They are heirs to fortunes, but by a strange singularity they are disinherited at their birth; for, on the publication of their works, these cease to be their own property. Let that natural property be secured, and a good book would be an inheritance, a leasehold or a freehold, as you choose it; it might at least last out a generation, and descend to the author's blood, were they permitted to live on their father's glory, as in all other property they do on his industry.* Something of this nature has been instituted in France, where the descendants of Corneille and Moliere retain a claim on the theatres whenever the dramas of their great ancestor are performed. In that country literature has ever received peculiar honours—it was there decreed, in the affair of Crebillon, that literary productions are not seizable by creditors.

The history of Literary Property in this country might form as ludicrous a narrative as Lucian's "true history." It was a long while doubtful whether any such thing existed, at the very time when booksellers were assigning over the perpetual copy-rights of books, and making them the subject of family settlements for the provision of their wives and children!

When *Tonson* in 1739 obtained an injunction to restrain another bookseller from printing *Milton's Paradise Lost*, he brought into court as a proof of his title an assignment of the orignal copy-right, made over by the sublime poet in 1667, which was read. Milton received for this assignment the sum which

* The following facts will show the value of *Literary Property*; immense profits and cheap purchases! The manuscript of Robinson Crusoe ran through the whole trade, and no one would print it; the bookseller, who, it is said, was not remarkable for his discernment, but for a speculative turn, bought the work, and got a thousand guineas by it. How many have the booksellers since accumulated? Burn's Justice was disposed of by its author for a trifle, as well as Buchan's Domestic Medicine; these works yield annual incomes. Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield was sold in the hour of distress, with little distinction from any other work in that class of composition; and Evelina produced five guineas from the niggardly trader. Dr. Johnson fixed the price of his Biography of the Poets at two hundred guineas; and Mr. Malone observes, the booksellers in the course of twenty-five years have probably got five thousand. I could add a great number of facts of this nature which relate to living writers; the profits of their own works for two or three years would rescue them from the horrors and humiliation of pauperism.—It is, perhaps, useful to record, that, while the compositions of genius are but slightly remunerated, though sometimes as productive as "the household stuff" of literature, the latter is rewarded with princely magnificence. At the sale of the Robinsons, the copy-right of "Vyse's Spelling-book" was sold at the enormous price of 2200*l.* with an *annuity* of fifty guineas for the author! A Spaniard, kissing the hands of Mr. Vyse, would wish him a thousand years for this annuity! But can we avoid recollecting, that many a fine genius is darning his own stockings.

we all know—*Tonson* and all his family and assignees rode in their carriages with the profits of the five pound epic.*

Among the unfortunate persons whose histories are given in the list of despairing poets, is one whose lot was singularly miserable.

Henry Carey was one of our most popular poets: he, indeed, has unluckily met with only dictionary critics, or what is as fatal to genius, the cold undistinguishing commendation of grave men on subjects of humour, wit, and the lighter poetry. The works of Carey do not appear in any of our great collections, where Walsh, Duke, and Yaldon slumber on their thrones.

Yet Carey was a true son of the Muses, and the most successful writer in our language. He is the author of several little national poems. In early life he successfully burlesqued the affected versification of Ambrose Philips, in his baby poems; to which he gave the fortunate appellation of "*Namby Pamby*, a panegyric on the new versification," a term descriptive in sound of these chiming folies, and now adopted in the style of criticism. Carey's "Namby Pamby" was at first considered by Swift as the satirical effusion of Pope, and by Pope as the humorous ridicule of Swift. His ballad of "Sally in our Alley" was more than once commended for its nature by Addison, and is sung to this day. Of the national song "God save the King," he was the author both of the words and the music. He was very successful on the stage, and wrote admirable burlesques of the Italian opera, in "The Dragon of Wantley," and "The Dragoness;" and the mock tragedy of "Chrononhotonthologos," is not forgotten. Among his poems, lie still concealed several original pieces; those which have a political turn, are particularly good, for the politics of Carey were those of a poet and a patriot. I refer the politician who has any taste for poetry and humour, to "The Grumbletonians, or the Dogs without doors, a Fable," very instructive to those grown-up folks, "The Ins and the Outs." "Carey's Wish" is in this class; and, as the purity of

* The elder Tonson's portrait represents him in his gown and cap, holding in his right hand a volume lettered "Paradise Lost"—such a favourite object was Milton and copy-right! Jacob Tonson was the founder of a race who long honoured literature. His rise in life is curious. He was at first unable to pay twenty pounds for a play by Dryden, and joined with another bookseller to advance that sum; the play sold, and Tonson was afterwards enabled to purchase the succeeding ones. He and his nephew died worth two hundred thousand pounds. Much old Tonson owed to his own industry; but he was a mere trader. He and Dryden had frequent bickerings; he insisted on receiving 10,000 verses for two hundred and sixty-eight pounds, and poor Dryden threw in the finest ode in the language towards the number. He would pay in the base coin which was then current; which was a loss to the poet. Tonson once complained to Dryden, that he had received 1446 lines of his translation of Ovid for his Miscellany for fifty guineas, when he had calculated at the rate of 1518 lines for forty guineas; and he gives the poet a piece of critical reasoning, for Tonson considered he had a better bargain with "Juvenal, which is reckoned not so easy to translate as Ovid." In these times such a mere trader in literature has disappeared.

election remains still among the desiderata of every true Briton, a poem on that subject by the patriotic author of our national hymn, of "God save the King," may be acceptable.

To the ballad of "Sally in our Alley," Carey has prefixed an argument, so full of nature, that the song may hereafter derive an additional interest from its simple origin. The author assures the reader, that the popular notion that the subject of his ballad had been the noted Sally Salisbury, is perfectly erroneous, he being a stranger to her name at the time the song was composed.

"As innocence and virtue were ever the boundaries of his Muse, so in this little poem he had no other view than to set forth the beauty of a chaste and disinterested passion, even in the lowest class of human life. The real occasion was this: a shoemaker's 'prentice, making holiday with his sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet-shows, the flying chairs, and all the elegancies of Moorfields; from whence proceeding to the Farthing Pye-house, he gave her a collation of buns, chees-cakes, gammon of bacon, stuffed beef, and bottled ale: through all which scenes the author dodged them (charmed with the simplicity of their courtship) from whence he drew this little sketch of Nature; but being then young and obscure, he was very much ridiculed for this performance; which, nevertheless made its way into the polite world, and amply recompensed him by the applause of the divine Addison, who was pleased (more than once) to mention it with approbation."

Poor Carey, the delight of the Muses, and delighting with the Muses, experienced all their trials and all their treacheries. It had been better for him, as he once sung in "The Poet's Resentment," to have been sincere while he put the rymes to these lines;

> "Far, far away then chase the Harlot Muse,
> Nor let her thus thy noon of life abuse;
> Mix with the common crowd, unheard, unseen,
> And if again thou tempt'st the vulgar praise,
> Mayst thou be crown'd with Birch instead of Bays!

At the time that this poet could neither walk the streets, nor be seated at the convivial board, without listening to his own songs and his own music—for in truth, the whole nation was echoing his verse, and crowded theatres were clapping to his wit and humour—while this very man himself, urged by his strong humanity, had founded a "Fund for decayed Musicians"—at this moment was poor Carey himself so broken-hearted, and his own common comforts so utterly neglected, that, in despair, not waiting for nature, to relieve him from the burthen of existence, he laid violent hands on himself; and when found dead, had only a half-penny in his pocket! Such was the fate of the author of some of the most popular pieces in our language! He left a son, who inherited his misery, and a gleam of his genius.

Under the title of "undue severity of criticism" the author has some very judicious remarks on the temper by which critical writings and the unfortunate sensibility which has rendered many authors the victims of raillery or malice.

"So sensible" says he "was even the calm Newton to critcal attacks, that Whiston tells us he lost his favour, which he had enjoyed for twenty years, for contradicting Newton in his old age; for no man was of "a more fearful temper." Whiston declares that he would not have thought proper to have published his work against Newton's Chronology in his life time, "because I knew his temper so well, that I should have expected it would have killed him; as Dr. Bentley, Bishop Stillingfleet's chaplain, told me, that he believed Mr. Locke's thorough confutation of the Bishop's metaphysics about the Trinity, hastened his end." Pope writhed in his chair from the light shafts which Cibber darted on him; yet they were not tipped with the poison of the Java-tree. Dr. Hawkesworth *died of Criticism;* a malady which some would make contagious among authors. Singing-birds cannot live in a storm.

The selflove of authors may however find ample vengeance in the following account of a modern critic.

The character I had proposed to illustrate this calamity was the caustic Dr. Kenrick, who, about thirty years ago, during several years, was, in his "London Review," one of the great disturbers of literary repose. The turn of his criticism; the airiness, or the asperity of his sarcasms; the arrogance with which he treated some of our great authors, would prove very amusing; and serve to display a certain talent of criticism. The life of Kenrick too would have afforded some wholesome instruction of the morality of a critic. But the rich materials are not at hand! He was a man of talents, who ran a race with the press; could criticise all the genius of the age faster than it was produced; could make his own malignity look like wit, and turn the wit of others into absurdity, by placing it topsy-turvy. As thus, when he attacked "The Traveller" of Goldsmith, which he called "a flimsy poem," he discussed the subject as a grave, political pamplet, condemning the whole system, as raised on false principles. "The Deserted Village" was sneeringly pronounced to be "pretty;" but then it had "neither, fancy, dignity, genius, or fire." When he reviewed Johnson's "Tour to the Hebrides," he decrees that the whole book was written "by one who had seen but little," and, therefore, could not be very interesting. His virulent attack on Johnson's Shakespeare, may be preserved for its total want of literary decency; and his "Love in the Suds, a town eclogue," where he has placed Garrick with an infamous character, may be useful to show how far witty malignity will advance in the violation of me-

ral decency. He libelled all the genius of the age, and was proud of it.* Johnson and Akenside preserved a stern silence; but poor Goldsmith, the child of Nature, could not resist attempting to execute martial law, by canning the critic; for which being blamed, he published a defence of himself in the papers.

We shall conclude by quoting the melancholy history of the celebrated commentator on the British Constitution,

A NATIONAL WORK WHICH COULD FIND NO PATRONAGE.

The author who is now before us is De Lolme!

I shall consider the foreign author, who flew to our country as the asylum of Europe, who composed a noble work on our Constitution; and, having imbibed its spirit, acquired even the language of a free country, as an English author.

I do not know an example in our literary history, that so loudly accuses our tardy and phlegmatic feelings respecting authors, as the treatment De Lolme experienced in this country. His book on our constitution still enters into the studies of an English patriot, and is not the worse for flattering and elevating the imagination, painting every thing beautiful, to encourage our love as well as our reverence for the most perfect system of governments.—It was a noble as well as ingenious effort in a foreigner—it claimed national attention—but could not obtain even individual patronage. The fact is mortifying to record, that the author who wanted every aid, received less encouragement than if he had solicited subscriptions for a raving novel, or an idle poem.—De Lolme was compelled to traffic with booksellers for this work, and as he was a theoretical rather than a practical politician, he was a bad trader, and acquired the smallest remuneration. He lived, in the country to which he had rendered a national service, in extreme obscurity and decay; and the walls of the Fleet too often enclosed the English Montesquieu. He never appears to have received a solitary attention,† and became so disgusted with authorship, that he preferred silently to endure its poverty, rather than it other vexations. He ceased almost to write. Of De Lolme I have heard little recorded, but his high-mindedness; a strong sense that he stood degraded beneath that rank in society which his book entitled him to enjoy. The cloud of poverty that covered him, only veiled without concealing its object; with the manners and dress of a decayed gentleman, he still showed

* In one of his own publications he quotes, with great self-complacency, the following lines on himself:

"The Wits who drink water and suck sugar-candy,
Impute the strong spirit of KENRICK to brandy;
They are not much out; the matter in short is,
He sips *aqua-vitæ*, and spits *aqua-fortis*."

† Except from the hand of literary charity; he was more than once relieved by the Literary Fund. Such are the authors only whom it is wise to patronise.

the few who met him, that he cherished a spirit perpetually at variance with the adversity of his circumstances.

Our author, in a narrative perfixed to his work, is the proud historian of his own injured feelings; he smiled in bitterness on his contemporaries, confident it was a tale reserved for posterity.

After having written the work whose systematic principles refuted those political notions which prevailed at the era of the American Revolution,—and whose truth has been so fatally demonstrated in our own times, in two great revolutions, which have shown all the defects and all the mischief of nations rushing into a state of freedom, before they are worthy of it—the author candidly acknowledges he counted on some sort of encouragement, and little expected to find the mere publication had drawn him into great inconvenience.

"When my enlarged English edition was ready for the press, had I acquainted Ministers that I was preparing to boil my tea-kettle with it, for want of being able to afford the expenses of printing it;" Ministers, it seems, would not have considered that he was lighting his fire with "myrrh, and cassia, and precious ointment."

In defect of encouragement from great men, and even from booksellers, De Lolme had recourse to a subscription; and by the manner he was received, and the indignities he endured, all which are narrated with great simplicity, it showed that whatever his knowledge of our constitution might be, "his knowledge of the country was, at that time, very incomplete." At length, when he shared the profits of his work with the booksellers, these were "but scanty and slow." After all, our author sarcastically, in congratulating himself, seems pleased that, however, he "was allowed to carry on the above business of selling my book, without any objection being formed against me, from my not having served a regular apprenticeship, and without being molested by the inquisition.' And further he adds, "Several authors have chosen to relate, in writings published after death, the personal advantages by which their performances had been followed; as for me, I have thought otherwise—and to see it printed while I am yet living."

This, indeed, is the language of irritation! and De Lolme degrades himself in the loudness of his complaint. But if the philosopher lost his temper, that misfortune will not, however, take away the dishonour of the occasion that produced it. The country's shame is not lessened because that author who had raised its glory throughout Europe, and instructed the nation in its best lesson, grew indignant at the ingratitude of his pupil. De Lolme ought not to have congratulated himself that he had been allowed the liberty of the press unharrassed by an inquisition—this sarcasm is senseless! or his book is a mere fiction.

M. DE STAEL ON WASHINGTON'S EULOGIUM.

Mr. Oldschool,

If the following compliment to our country be deemed worthy of insertion, I shall not regret the trouble of transcribing it. It is from the work on the Influence of Literature, by Madame de Stael, who, in speaking of the style proper for magistrates, proceeds thus:

The noble and simple beauties of certain expressions command respect even from those who pronounce them: and among other woes attached to selfcontempt, we must also add the loss of this language, which causes the most exalted and pure emotions to those who are worthy of using it.

This style of the mind (if I may thus express myself) is one of the greatest supports of a free government; it arises from such a train of sentiments as must be in concordance with those of every honest man, and from such a confidence and respect for the public opinion, that it is a certain proof of much present happiness, and a sure guarantee of much happiness to come.

When an American, in announcing the death of general Washington, said, "*Divine Providence hath been pleased to withdraw from the midst of us this man, the first in war, the first in peace, and the first in the affections of his country!*" what sentiments, what ideas are recalled to the mind by those expressions! Does not this acknowledgment of a Divine Providence indicate, that, in this enlightened country, no ridicule is thrown upon religious ideas, nor on those regrets expressed in the tenderness of the heart? This simple encomium on a great man, and the gradation which gives for the last term of his glory, "*the affections of his country,*" conveys to the heart a deep and tender emotion.

How many virtues, in fact, are comprehended in the love of a free nation for their first legislator! for a man who, after twenty years of unblemished reputation in a public character, became, by his own choice, a private individual! It appears as if he had only traversed the fields of power, in the journey of life, as a road that led to retirement; a retirement honoured by the most noble, elevating, and pleasing recollections!

Never, in any crisis of the French revolution, was there to be found a man who could have spoken the language of which I

Buonaparte crossing the Alps.

have recited the above few remarkable words; but in every report that hath reached us of the connexion that subsisted between the American legislators and the citizens, there are to be found this purity and grandeur of style, which can only be inspired by the conscience of an honest man. S.

THE FINE ARTS—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The annexed engraving is from one of David's most distinguished paintings, The Passage of the Alps, which is in the Hospital of the Invalids at Paris.

NOTES OF A DESULTORY READER.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

It is thus that Silius Italicus in the 8th book of his epic poem on the Punic war, introduces his hero, Fabius, to the reader:

Primus Agenoridum cedentia terga videre
Œneadis dederat Fabius: Romana parentem
Solum castra vocant, solum vocat Hannibal hostem.

The sense of which lines, may be thus given in English:

First of the Roman chiefs whose martial might
Caus'd Punic bands to show their backs in flight,
Was Fabius: by his troops a father deem'd,
By Hannibal, sole worthy of his arms esteem'd.

To the historian we are indebted for the faithful recital of past and passing events, but more particularly to the poet, for the established decision of the world on these historical representations; and, in this view, in the merited praise bestowed on Fabius by his countrymen, how great the implied eulogium on the military talents of Hannibal!

There can be little doubt, that the prose style of a nation, is, in no inconsiderable degree fashioned by that of its poetry; and

perhaps no poet among the English, has had so great an influence in this respect as Shakspeare. His phrases are moulded into our every day compositions; and Mr. Burke, in his reflections on the French revolution, does more than once seem to have had him view, particularly his play of Othello. The exclamation of *Othello's occupation's gone!* with the *Farewells* which precede it, unquestionably gave form to the eloquent lamentation on the loss of chivalry, as noticed by Mr. Paine; nor can we doubt that the last speech of Othello was present to the mind of Mr. Burke, when he penned the concluding paragraph of his reflections. The structure of the sentences is the same, there is the same flow in the diction, the same melody in the cadence.

> Then must you speak
> Of one (says Othello) who lov'd not wisely but too well,
> Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought,
> Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand, &c. &c.

I have little to recommend my opinions (says Mr. Burke) but long observation and much impartiality. They come from one who has been no tool of power, no flatterer of greatness, and who, in his last acts, does not wish to belie the tenor of his life. They come from one almost the whole of whose public exertion has been a struggle for the liberty of others; from one in whose breast, &c. &c.

—

As the style of our prose compositions partakes as observed of the manner of Shakspeare, so have the peculiarities of the English tragedy, been derived from his transcendant genius. Among these peculiarities may be reckoned the description of the apothecary and his shop in Romeo and Juliet, and that of the magic handkerchief in Othello, both master-pieces of picturesque and fanciful solemnity. Otway's wrinkled hag in the Orphan, is a portrait of the same school, and in its true manner and spirit.

—

The "Quidquid agunt homines, nostri farago libelli," would be more appropriate to the works of this admirable author, than to those perhaps of any other that ever wrote. They are in fact the characteristics of man in every rank and situation of life. Nothing so minute as to escape his observation, of which the allusion of

Hamlet to the ridiculous affectation of writing a bad hand, is an instance.

> I once did hold it as our statists do
> A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
> How to forget that learning; but sir, now
> It did me yeoman's service.

—

It is remarkable that so trifling a thing as the handkerchief of Othello and the muff of Sophia Western are the hinges on which the most important interests in their respective dramas, are in a great degree, made to turn. But their offices are very different,—the one, being accessary to the creation of the "green-eyed monster which doth make the meat it feeds on," the other to the resuscitation of that train of joyous emotions, which makes "the bosom's lord sit slightly on its throne" and by which the desponding lover at once "revives and is an emperor." The incidents connected with the muff, are certainly among the happiest that were ever conceived by a novelist.

—

The readers of Richardson's novels, if haply such there be in the present teeming age of fictitious narration, will probably recollect the scene at Smith's the comb maker, where Lovelace suddenly seizing the fellow, that had been called down from his work by way of champion for the house, round the neck, eagerly calls for a knife to extract one of his teeth, to supply the loss of one he had had shortly before knocked from his man Will's jaws. If he does recollect it he will recognize it to be a very lively and diverting scene; but he will hardly deem it a circumstance so peculiarly characteristic of libertine levity, as to be worthy of being borrowed from another; and yet, I cannot read the following passage in the Don Juan of Molière, without being persuaded, that it suggested to Richardson, the incident here alluded to.

Sganerelle. Voila le soupè.

[*Il prend un morceau d'un de plats qu'on apporte, et le met dans sa bouche.*]

Don Juan. Il me semble que tu as la joüe enflée, qu'est-ce que c'est? Parle donc, Qu'as-tu là?

Sganerelle Rien.

Don Juan. Montrez un peu, parbleu c'est une fluxion qui lui est tombée sur la joüe, vite une lacette pour percer cela. Le pauvre garçon n'en peut plus, et cet abeez le pourroit ètouffer, attends, voyez comme il etoit meur. Ah, coquin, que vous ettes!

Thus, in constructing his Lovelace, it would appear, that Richardson did not confine himself to any particular model; and that neither the real duke of Wharton nor the fictitious rake of Rowe, was his only material.

—

Of the English poets none have excelled Prior in a Horatian sprightliness of manner. Voltaire bestows much commendation on his ballad of,

"Some folks are drunk, yet do not know it,"

written in retaliation of Boileau's ode sur la prise de Namur; and he allows, that he therein lashes his countryman with considerable efficiency. As another specimen of his vivacity in the gallant kind might be adduced his

"As Chloe came into the room t'other day, &c."

But however animated this and other of his poems, they seem surpassed in airy gayety by his Secretary, written at the Hague, in 1696; an effusion to be found in some of the earlier editions of his works, but which, on account of its libertinism, has been properly omitted in the later and more correct editions. Should it fall to the lot, however, of the reverend doctor Wharton to re-edit his works, he would no doubt preserve it as he has some of the equally loose productions of Pope, and for which, he has been pretty severely animadverted upon by the author of the Pursuits of Literature. Still it may be said, that all sorts of readers have their rights; and if none are to be gratified but those who are old or sick of the vanities of the world, it may be asked, what mental amusement remains for the gay and the fashionable and such as delight in just delineations of human nature? or, will they be persuaded to employ their leisure on sermonizing romances, and to lay down Roderic Random and Tom Jones in favour of

Cœlebs in search of a wife? This might be a desirable reformation in literature; yet the writers who may seriously aim at bringing it about, can by no means be charged with a want of confidence in their powers.

—

There is probably no vehicle in which ridicule and satire can be rendered more poignant than by parody. This Boileau seems to have been aware of, by his Parodie de quelques Endroits du Cid, in which he lashes Chaplain, Cassaigne, and Le Serret. The bringing down, in this manner, of grave and lofty poetry, to low and familiar subjects, has, when well done, a very pleasing effect; and Churchill, perhaps, is in no part of his Rosciad, more pitylessly severe, than where he thus lampoons Murphy through a ranting speech of Nat. Lee's Alexander.

> Can none remember? Yes, I know all must,
> When in the Moor he ground his teeth to dust,
> When o'er the stage, he folly's standard bore,
> Whilst common sense stood trembling at the door.

Pope in his Dunciad and Rape of the Lock, has frequent recourse to short parodies on passages of Homer and Virgil; and no where has he more elegant and enchanting poetry, than when in his Dunciad imitating Catullus's *Ut flos in septis secretis nascitur hortis*, &c. I cannot deny myself the pleasure of transcribing both the complaint of the florist, in ridicule of the then prevailing rage for flowers, and the justificatory address of the impaler of butterflies, which last includes allusions both to Spencer and Milton.

> The first thus open'd: Hear thy suppliant's call,
> Great queen, and common Mother of us all!
> Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flow'r
> Suckled, and cheer'd, with air, and sun, and show'r.
> Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
> Bright with the gilded button tipt its head.
> Then thron'd in glass and nam'd it Caroline:
> Each maid cry'd Charming! and each youth, Divine!
> Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays;
> Such varied light in one promiscuous blaze?
> Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline;
> No maid cries, Charming! and no youth Divine!

And lo the wretch! whose vile, whose insect lust
Laid this gay daughter of the spring in dust.
Oh punish him, or, to th' Elysian shades
Dismiss my soul where no carnation fades.
He ceas'd and wept. With innocence of mein,
The aceus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the queen:

Of all th' enamel'd race, whose silv'ry wing
Waves to the tepid zephyrs of the spring,
Or swims along the fluid atmosphere
Once brighest shined this child of heat and air.
I saw and started from its vernal bow'r,
The rising game, and chas'd from flow'r to flow'r.
It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
It stopp'd, I stopp'd; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
At last it fix'd 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seized:
Rose or carnation was below my care;
I meddle, goddess! only in my sphere.
I tell the naked fact without disguise,
And, to excuse it, need but show the prize;
Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye
Fair ev'n in death! this peerless butterfly.

The following French verses are in Mr. Lewis's Monk. A supposed prettiness, or at least novelty in the thought, whetting the pen for translation in an idle hour, the trifle was transformed into the two different English shapes here exhibited:

Pour chasser de sa souvenance
L'objet qui plait,
On se donne bien de souffrance
Pour peu d'effet.

Le souvenir durant la vie,
Toujours revient,
En pensant qu'il faut qu' on l'oublie
On s'en souvient.

Translation.

To drive from remembrance an object that charms,
How painful the effort! how useless our arms!
Still through life, the fond theme each exertion eludes,
And in pond'ring our duty, the image intrudes.

Another, more in the tone and measure of the original.

From Memory's seat to chase a guest
Which charms the partial heart,
How fruitlessly is force impress'd!
Yet ah! how keen its smart.

In vain through life with fond regret,
The heart its joy excludes;
Mindful an object to forget,
That object still intrudes.

LEVITY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Modern Cæsars—During the disturbances in Ireland in the year 1798, Mr. Beresford commanded a corps of volunteers entirely composed of revenue officers, of whose discipline he was very proud. Boasting one day of the excellence of his regiment, a wag observed, that he did not doubt it, as they were, to a man, all *Cæsars* [*Seizers.*]

EPIGRAM ON EMPLOYING HORSES ON THE STAGE.

No wonder that nightly such companies press,
And for places "'tis catch as catch can;"
The reason is clear, and all must confess,
That a horse will *draw* more than a man.

An enthusiastic *musician* took lodgings, a few days ago, at a respectable silversmith's, at the west end of the town, but perceiving a notification exhibited at the window as follows—"*Ears bored here,*" he thought it a reflection on his calling, and threatened to leave the house if it was not removed!

A poet asking a gentleman how he approved of his last production, "*An Ode to Sleep,*" the latter replied, "You have done such justice to the subject, that it is impossible to read it without *feeling its full weight.*"

A person who had been publicly horsewhipped, being asked by a friend how he could suffer himself to be treated so like a *cypher?* "A *cypher!*" replied the former, with composed gravity, "did you ever see *one* with so many *strokes* in it."

—

At one of the masquerades lately given at the Margate Theatre, a gentleman, who appeared in the character of a *Jew*, came up to an officer, and asked to purchase his sword. The officer indignantly replied—"Be careful, sir, that sword will *fight of itself.*" The humourous Israelite rejoined—"*That is the sword that just suits you.*"

—

The establishment of a new country bank was lately announced by posting bills, to the following effect:—"A new bank will be opened *in* a few days. Some wags were at the pains of altering the words, "*in*" to "*for.*" The projectors taking the hint, the bank was not opened.

—

An Active School Master.—According to the German Pædogogic Magazine (vol. iii. p. 407.) died lately, in Suabia, a schoolmaster, who for fifty-one years had superintended a large institution with old-fashioned severity. From an average inferred by means of recorded observations, one of the ushers has calculated, that in the course of his exertions, he had given 911,500 canings, 124,000 floggings, 209,000 custodes, 136,000 tips with the ruler, and 22,700 tasks to get by heart. It was further calculated that he had made 700 boys *stand on peas*, 600 *kneel on a sharp edge of wood*, 5000 wear the fool's-cap, and 1700 hold the rod. How vast the quantity of human misery inflicted by a single perverse educator! But we are growing more humane, as Martial says—

Ferule tristes, sceptra pædogogorum, cessant!

—

Cross Readings.—The principal partner in a great *porter* brewery—was sworn, and took his seat as member for *Ales*bury.

A small whale was lately picked up off the coast of Scotland—the coroner's jury returned a verdict of "*found drowned.*"

A new bank was lately opened at——*** No money to be returned.

The speaker's public dinners will commence next week—admittance three shillings while the animals are feeding.

It is said that Mr. Cobbett wishes——to retire immediately to his seat in the country.

The late *love-feasts* at the tabernacle were numerously attended—several members paired off early in the evening.

In the present scarcity of labourers to get in the harvest—— J. L. *corn-cutter* and tooth-drawer offers his services.

Notwithstanding the assertions of the opposition prints, the late majorities in the house of commons prove, beyond a doubt, that——all orders are executed for ready money only.

—

EPIGRAM.

Mr. Cubierès Palmezeaux having published in his works some reflections on M. Rétif de la Bretonne after his death, his daughter talked of prosecuting him. A wag gave her the following advice, in the form of a

CONSULTATION.

Vous vous plaignez que Palmezeaux Cubières
Dans un écrit a consigné des faits
Qui sont honteux pour Rétif, votre pere;
Et vous voulez lui faire un bon proces?
Les faits sont vrais—ils sont dans un ouvrage
De Palmezeaux—Ne plaidez pas; sachez
Que le plus fin n'eut su mettre en usage
Moyen plus sur de les tenir cachés.

—

An epitaph written by Deacon Hezekiah C....., on the tombstone of Diadema, his departed wife, in Connecticut, A. D. 1750.

"*Here lies Diadema.*"

"Dark clouds upon her brows were hung,
"Whilst thunders rattled on her tongue:
"At length her time has come to die,
"Now she is still: and so am I."

ORIGIN OF APRIL FOOLS.

April 1st, 1813.

Mr. Oldschool,

Having been made an April fool this morning, by one of my young neighbours, my curiosity was excited to inquire into the origin of this whimsical custom. But after turning over a whole library in vain, I could find nothing more satisfactory than the following, in "Brady's Clavis Calendaria," published in 1812, which I send for the amusement of your readers. J. T.

Our almanacs generally, until about a century since, and many of them to a much later period, used to distinguish the first of April by the appellation of "all fools day." Our present almanacs have discontinued that notice of the day, but the custom which gave rise to it, however absurd, still remains in force; and it will therefore be expected that it should not pass wholly disregarded.

In England, the joke of the day is to deceive persons by sending them upon frivolous and nonsensical errands, to pretend that they are wanted when they are not; or, in fact, any ways to betray them into some supposed ludicrous situation, so as to enable you to call them "an April fool," a term considered as carrying with it an apology for the freedom of its use, and by no means conveying any offence, as would naturally be the case, were the name of the month omitted when the joke was passed. In some of our northern counties, and in Scotland, the practice is generally the same as in the south, though sometimes instead of being denominated "an April fool," the person whose good nature or simplicity puts him, momentarily, in the power of his facetious neighbour, is called a gowk; and the sending upon nonsensical errands, "hunting the gowk," or, in other words, metaphorically, a "fool," and "hunting the fool;" *gowk* being a common northern expression for a cuckoo, which is reckoned one of the most silly of the feathered tribe.

In France, the person made the butt upon these occasions, is styled "un poisson d'Avril," that is, an April fish; or, in other words, by implication, an "April fool:" *poisson d'Avril* being also applied by that nation to the mackarel, a fish easily caught by deception, singly, as well as in great shoals, at this season of the year. Some persons, therefore, consider our April fool to

be nothing more than an easy substitution of that opprobrious term for fish, and that our ancestors who borrowed the custom of the day from France, must have considered poisson to have meant *fool*, although allegorically expressed a *fish*. This explanation, however, appears more founded in ingenuity than in fact, and besides, as the French had formerly fools of other seasons, and indeed for almost all great festivals, it is hardly to be credited that our forefathers would be satisfied with copying them in only *one* of their absurdities, while so many of the like nature, and abounding with equal pleasantry, courted their attention. Coriat, in his Crudities, published in 1607, gives the following account of the Whitsun fool: "About two miles this side of Montrel there was a Whitsuntide fool, disguised like a foole; wearing a long coate, wherein there were many several pieces of cloth of divers colours, at the corners whereof there hanged the tails of squirrels; he bestowed a little piece of plate, wherein was expressed the effigies of the Virgin Mary, upon every one that gave him money, for he begged money of all travellers, for the benefit of the parish church." Even a similar day of foolery is kept among the Hindoos, attended with the like silly species of witticism practised here on the 1st of April.

In this country we read that fools were considered as necessary personages, not only at court, but in most families of consequence. These fools, or appendages to grandeur, have been long discontinued, but they were actually retained for ages, and it is not improbable that as such authorized wits had the licence of passing their jokes without offence at all times, the people might also consider themselves free to exercise their jocular faculties upon one another, without exciting anger, and thence to have established an "all fools day," or a day upon which every one had equal liberty to exert his powers of mockery, deception and every species of waggish drollery; be that as it may, from time immemorial

> April the first stands mark'd by custom's rules
> A day of being, and of making, fools.

The most generally received origin of this custom of "all fools day," now "April fool's day," is, that the "all" is a corruption of *auld*, or *old*, thereby making it "old fools day;" in confirma-

tion of which opinion, the following observation is quoted from the Roman calendar, respecting the first of November: "The feast of old fools is removed to this day;" though it is at the same time acknowledged that the old fool's day is different from the "Feast of Fools," which was held on the first of January; but by a removal, which was often convenient, in the crowded Roman calendar, it was applied to the first of April. This last observation, however, it would seem, instead of strengthening, refutes the well received, but certainly circuitous and far sought explanation of *all* being a corruption of *auld*, and *auld* the synonimous term of *old*, so as to make the day old fools, instead of all fools, as it is noted in the oldest almanacs extant.

The festum fatuorum, or feast of fools, or fool's holiday, which, as above explained, is stated not to be the "feast of old fools," was introduced with the intention of ridiculing both the old Roman "Saturnalia" and the Druidical rites, each of which superstitions the early Christians found in existence when they commenced the task of conversion in this country. It was at first kept on or about our present new year's day, and if, as alleged, it was not the same with the old fool's day, now April fool's day, it would appear to have been removed to the sixth of December, St. Nicholas's day.

SELECTED POETRY.

GOOD-BYE AND HOW-D'Y DO—BY W. R. SPENCER.

One day Good-bye met How-d'y-do,
Too close to shun saluting,
But soon the rival sisters flew,
From kissing to disputing.

"Away, says How-d'y-do, your mein
"Appals my cheerful nature,
"No name so sad as yours is seen
"In sorrow's nomenclature.

" Whene'er I give one sunshine hour,
" Your cloud comes o'er to shade it;
" Where'er I plant one bosom flower,
" Your mildew drops to fade it.

" Ere How-d'y-do has tuned each tongue
" To hope's delightful measure,
" Good-bye in Friendship's ear has rung
" The knell of parting pleasure!

" From sorrows past my chemic skill
" Draws smiles of consolation,
" Whilst you from present joys distil
" The tears of separation."—

Good-bye replied, " Your statement's true,
" And well your cause you've pleaded;
" But pray, who'd think of How-d'y-do,
" Unless Good-by preceded?

" Without my prior influence
" Could yours have ever flourished;
" And can your hand one flower dispense
" But those my tears have nourished?

" How oft, if at the court of Love
" Concealment be the fashion,
" When How-d'y-do has failed to move,
" Good-bye reveals the passion!

" How oft, when Cupid's fires decline,
" As every heart remembers,
" One sigh of mine, and only mine,
" Revives the dying embers!

" Go, bid the timid lover choose,
" And I'll resign my charter;
" If he, for ten kind How-d'y-dos,
" One kind Good-Bye would barter!

" From Love and Friendship's kindred source
" We both derive existence,
" And they would both lose half their force
" Without our joint assistance.

" 'Tis well the world our merit knows,
" Since time, there's no denying,
" One half in how-d'y-doing goes,
" And t'other in good-byeing!"

—

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth?
Does human blood with life embue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue,
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?
Oh! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doom'd to death;
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent;
Or, art thou, what thy form would seem,
The phantom of a blessed dream?
A human shape I feel thou art,
I feel it, at my beating heart,
Those tremors both of soul and sense
Awoke by infant innocence!
Though dear the forms by fancy wove,
We love them with a transient love;
Thoughts from the living world intrude
Even on her deepest solitude:
But, lovely child! thy magic stole
At once into thy inmost soul,
With feelings as thy beauty fair,
And left no other vision there.

To me thy parents are unknown;
Glad would they be their child to own!

And well they must have loved before,
If since thy birth they loved not more.
Thou art a branch of noble stem,
And, seeing thee, I figure them.
What many a childless one would give,
If thou in their still home wouldst live!
Though in thy face no family line
Might sweetly say, "This babe is mine!"
In time thou wouldst become the same
As their own child,—all but the name!

How happy must thy parents be
Who daily live in sight of thee!
Whose hearts no greater pleasure seek
Than see thee smile, and hear thee speak,
And feel all natural griefs beguiled
By thee, their food, their duteous child.
What joy must in their souls have stirr'd
When thy first broken words were heard,
Words, that, inspired by heaven, express'd
The transports dancing in thy breast!
As for thy smile!—thy lip, cheek, brow,
Even while I gaze, are kindling now.

I called thee duteous: am I wrong?
No! truth, I feel, is in my song:
Duteous thy heart's still beatings move
To God, to Nature, and to Love!
To God!—for thou a harmless child
Has kept his temple undefiled:
To Nature!—for thy tears and sighs
Obey alone her mysteries:
To Love!—for fiends of hate might see
Thou dwell'st in love, and love in thee!
What wonder then, though in thy dreams
Thy face with mystic meaning beams!

Oh! that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy?

That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years.
Thou smil'st as if thy soul were soaring
To Heaven, and Heaven's God adoring!
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye?
What brighter throne can brightness find
To reign on than an infant's mind,
Ere sin destroy, or error dim,
The glory of the Seraphim?

But now thy changing smiles express
Intelligible happiness.
I feel my soul thy soul partake.
What grief! if thou shouldst now awake!
With infants happy as thyself
I see thee bound, a playful elf:
I see thou art a darling child
Among thy playmates, bold and wild.
They love thee well; thou art the queen
Of all their sports, in bower or green;
And if thou livest to woman's height,
In thee will friendship, love delight.

And live thou surely must; thy life
Is far too spiritual for the strife
Of mortal pain, nor could disease
Find heart to prey on smiles like these.
Oh! thou wilt be an angel bright!
To those thou lovest, a saving light!
The staff of age, the help sublime
Of erring youth, and stubborn prime;
And when thou goest to Heaven again,
Thy vanishing be like the strain
Of airy harp, so soft the tone
The ear scarce knows when it is gone!

Thrice blessed he! whose stars design
His spirit pure to lean on thine;

And watchful share for days and years,
Thy sorrows, joys, sighs, smiles, and tears!
For good and guiltless as thou art,
Some transient griefs will touch thy heart,
Griefs that along thy alter'd face
Will breathe a more subduing grace,
Than ev'n those looks of joy that lie
On the soft cheek of infancy.
Though looks, God knows, are cradled there
That guilt might cleanse, or sooth despair.

Oh! vision fair! that I could be
Again as young, as pure as thee!
Vain wish! the rainbow's radiant form
May view, but cannot brave the storm;
Years can bedim the gorgeous dies
That paint the bird of paradise,
And years, so fate hath order'd, roll
Clouds o'er the summer of the soul.
Yet, sometimes, sudden sights of grace,
Such as the gladness of thy face,
O sinless babe! by God are given
To charm the wanderer back to heaven.

No common impulse hath me led
To this green spot, thy quiet bed,
Where, by mere gladness overcome,
In sleep thou dreamest of thy home.
When to the lake I would have gone.
A wondrous beauty drew me on,
Such beauty as the spirit sees
In glittering fields, and moveless trees.
After a warm and silent shower,
Ere falls on earth the twilight hour.
What led me hither, all can say,
Who, knowing God, his will obey.

Thy slumbers now cannot be long:
Thy little dreams become too strong

For sleep,—too like realities:
Soon shall I see those hidden eyes!
Thou wakest, and, starting from the ground,
In dear amazement look'st around;
Like one who, little given to roam,
Wonders to find herself from home!
But, when a stanger meets thy view,
Glistens thine eye with wilder hue.
A moment's thought who I may be,
Blends with thy smiles of courtesy.
Fair was that face as break of dawn,
When o'er its beauty sleep was drawn
Like a thin veil that half-conceal'd
The light of soul, and half-reveal'd.
While thy hush'd heart with visions wrought,
Each trembling eye-lash moved with thought,
And things we dream, but ne'er can speak,
Like clouds came floating o'er thy cheek,
Such summer-clouds as travel light,
When the soul's heaven lies calm and bright;
Till thou awok'st,—then to thine eye
Thy whole heart leapt in ecstasy!

And lovely is that heart of thine,
Or sure these eyes could never shine
With such a wild, yet bashful glee,
Gay, half-o'ercome timidity!
Nature has breath'd into thy face
A spirit of unconscious grace;
A spirit that lies never still,
And makes thee joyous 'gainst thy will.
As sometimes o'er a sleeping lake
Soft airs a gentle ripling make,
Till, ere we know, the strangers fly,
And water blends again with sky.

Oh! happy sprite! did'st thou but know
What pleasures through my being flow

From thy soft eyes, a holier feeling
From their blue light could ne'er be stealing,
But thou wouldst be more loth to part,
And give me more of that glad heart!
Oh! gone thou art! and bearest hence
The glory of thy innocence.
But with deep joy I breathe the air
That kiss'd thy cheek, and fann'd thy hair,
And feel though fate our lives must sever,
Yet shall thy image live forever!

JOHN WILSON.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO AN EARLY VIOLET.

WHY lovely stranger rear thy head;
Within this spot so wild and sere?
No hand of lover decks thy bed,
No feet of beauty linger here.

Why waste thy fragrance here, ah! why?
Seek'st thou fond welcome at my home?
The tyrant Care has dimm'd that eye,
Which lov'd o'er Nature's breast to roam.

She, kind instructress, taught in youth,
My simple heart a feeling true:
A taste for science, friendship, truth;
But ting'd the boon with Sorrow's hue.

As yet no tepid breezes blow,
From realms where golden Summer sleeps;
The gloomy monarch, Winter, slow
Retires across the northern steeps.

O hide thee! evening's vapours chill
Shall soon thy tender flow'rets shroud;
Adown the base of yonder hill,
I see intwine the gath'ring cloud.

Why, solitary stranger, why
So anxious to behold the day?
The sun that wak'd thy morning sigh,
Mourns now obscur'd his evening ray.

And see, where on untiring wing
The swallow flees the spreading rack;
Precursor of the coming spring,
He hies him to the goddess back.

Hark! how the northern tempest swells,
Amid the groves of murmuring pine!
Forsaken beauty shut thy bells,
For never ending night is thine.

But long as blushing Love shall sigh
In willing ears the tender vow,
So long Hyperion's amorous eye,
Shall ne'er view sweeter flower than thou.

* * * * * *

The night is past, the storm is o'er,
And Nature wakes from wonted rest;
I'll give this little wither'd flower,
Asylum in my aching breast:—

Its fate and mine so well agree,
'Twill teach me earthly hopes are vain:
For faithless Laura smil'd on me,
Then broke my heart with cold disdain.

G.

SPRING IN PHILADELPHIA COUNTY.

Apostrophe to the Loxia Cardinalis.

Crested bird of plumage red
Com'st to see is winter fled?
Inciter to the farmer's toil,
Welcome to our grateful soil!

Yet still the frost endures the morn
Spangles the swamp and studs the thorn,
Its brilliant gems on every bush,
Unmelting, slight Aurora's blush;
And pendent willows, crystals weeping,
Still inform us Sol is sleeping.
Pretty bird of plumage red
Thou stayst!—then sure is winter fled.

Quickly the cold dispels. Each stream
Swells high with joy. What fishes teem
Swift ascending from the sea,
To bathe in fresh variety.
Our steady sunshine warmer glowing,
Light more flaval round us throwing
Glads our eyes, and sprights the veins
Of our misses, and our swains.
Pretty bird of plumage red
Thou bidest here, and winter's fled.

Now smoothly roll your giant tides
Rivers of freedom! safely rides
The anchor'd vessel; joyous sounds
The "yoe heave oh," along your bounds,
The sailor bending o'er the yard,
Gaily performs his toil so hard.
And soon descend with swelling sails
Favoured by Zephyr's steadying gales
Fleets of gallant merchantmen
From the prospering town of Penn,
No icy rocks the waves now bear
Dertructive of the pilot's care.
Pretty bird of plumage red
Well notest thou the winter's fled.

To where rough cataracts impede,
Now the shoaling shad proceed
With *herrings* sporting in their van
Thicker and broader in the span

Than those which seek old Scotia's soil
And freer from the cloying oil.
Truly like herring they appear
Though but the shad-fry of last year.
The catfish follow swift in train
Sweeter than eel, than eel more sane,
And even rockfish, quit the caves
Of Neptune, for our river waves.
Pretty bird of plumage red
Thou seekst to work thy hymen bed.

Thou sweetly singst thou pretty bird,
The joys the fields to all afford!
Thou weetst some notes of nightingale,
But dost not mock sweet Philomel;
She bashful seeks the veiled recess
And boasts nor chatt'ring nor proud dress;
She joys to charm the hours of rest,
Ah, modest muse, that soothst my breast!
Pretty bird of plumage red,
Thou boldly singst, and winter's fled.

Now, as the snows retire, in russet hue,
Appears the herb that loves the dew;
Carpet of Nature! soon thy velvet blades
The tint of Hope, fresh green pervades
Though in our winter, frozen down
To garb of summer's scorched brown:
Rapid the sweet nutritious sap
Spreads gayest robes o'er Nature's lap,
Robes that for emerald bright dont yield,
Even to Erin's shambrac field.
Pretty bird of plumage red,
Thou wooest safe, for winter's fled.

And see the forests spread their bloom!
Scent we the fruit-trees' sweet perfume.
First of this free lands Spring, I hail thy birth!
Gift of the land of Eden to this western earth,

Aurorean peach! thy chearful bloom above
Brings to my soul the tints of her I love.
With thee, the gentle Amadee may vie,
Nymph of the modest blush and lustral eye.

Now drops of light on germs of life appear,
Hah! next the weeping willow greets the year;
Yet gossamers 'mid its boughs are strung,
And time, revived, again looks young.

— CAMILDHU.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO

PROPHECY,

INSCRIBED TO COMMODORE JOHN RODGERS.

Intrepid veteran of the wave,
Rodgers!—whose fame could terror bring
To THEM—the boldest of the brave,
The chosen of their island king.

Veteran! ere time's imperious sway
Has brought the high meridian hour,
Or changed one jetty lock to gray,
Or touch'd thee with its wizard power;

Attend! for thou art Glory's son,
Born 'mid the battle's blaze to shine,
And known, when Danger's deed is done,
To make the mildest mercies thine.

Hear what the poet—prophet knows,
Triumph is thine; and, added fame,
Even ere the annual summer glows,
The deadly contest meets thy claim.

The green Atlantic felt thy sway,
As erst from dawn to fading light,
Thy hero-helm's impetuous way,
Pursued the foe's elusive flight.

That green Atlantic is thy field,
There—though redoubling hosts assail—
The Ocean's Lord to thee shall yield,
And thee—humane in victory—hail.

Boston, 1813.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO GILBERT STUART, ESQ.

Upon his intended portrait of the beautiful wife of one of our naval heroes—having already completed that of her illustrious husband.

STUART, I charge thy genius, try
To catch the enchantment of that eye;
Let her—the fairest of the fair—
The myrtle wreaths of Venus wear,
While round her happy hero's brow
The laurels of a nation flow.

That neck let floating curls entwine,
Make all its pearly treasures thine,
Be thy creative thought obeyed,
And call to life the featured shade:
Just touch the cheek with dawning red,
Soft as the leaf from roses shed.

But for the deeper lip prepare,
The rubied bud which ripens there—
Since, never to thy critic eyes,
May there an *earthly* equal rise;
I charge thy genius, let it be
Reflecting her, and *speaking* thee.

S. W.

MORTUARY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DEPARTED this life, at New Orleans, on the 28th of February, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, Mr. GEORGE ANDREWS, youngest son of the Rev. John Andrews, D. D. late Provost of the University of Pennsylvania.

The early principles of piety and of a correct education, with which his youthful mind was imbued by his parents, combining with natural gentleness of disposition, and great urbanity of manners, commanded the respect and esteem of all who enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance.

NEAR SKEENSBOROUGH ON LAKE CHAMPLAIM.

THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.
COWPER.

VOL. I. JUNE, 1813. No. 6.

AMERICAN SCENERY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

VIEW ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

THIS view on Lake Champlain is taken about two miles from St. Keensborough (or, as it is sometimes called, Whitehall) at the bottom of the lake where the steamboat starts for St. Johns.—At this end of the lake it becomes very narrow and reduced nearly to the size of a creek: the scenery on either side is rocky, and in many places rises almost perpendicular, which, with the abrupt turnings of this narrow termination of the lake, often presents beautiful subjects for the pencil.

CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CUM TABULIS ANIMUM CENSORIS SUMET HONESTI.—*Hor.*

Memoirs of the life of George Frederick Cooke, esquire, late of the Theatre Covent Garden, by William Dunlap. 2 vols. Newyork, published by D. Longworth. pp. 803.

AN important change is now taking place in the minds of our countrymen on the subject of departed men. "De mortuis

nil nisi bonum," was, formerly, a maxim held in profound veneration; and which, in fact, amounted to this, that it was clearly justifiable to tell a falshood when no one could be benefited by the declaration. We rejoice to find that good sense has at last prevailed and established the opinion, that the dead as well as the living, must both be tried by their merits. The author of the present work has, with an honest hardihood, stood forth the champion of this principle, and has illustrated, by appropriate facts and circumstances, the changing and versatile character of Mr. Cooke.

George Frederick Cooke, notwithstanding he was so confidently pronounced to be an Irishman, was born at Westminster. After the death of his father, the family removed to the town of Berwick upon Tweed. He became first enamoured with the stage, from the perusal of Otway's tragedy of Venice Preserved. This gave him an early bias, and frequent visits to the little provincial theatres of his neighbourhood only tended to deepen such impressions. Unsatisfied with becoming a spectator merely, he now burned to take an active part in such employment. His mother, alarmed by such repeated indications of his growing propensities, bound him an apprentice to a respectable printer in Berwick. That town was shortly afterwards visited by a party of strolling players, and Cooke embarked his fortune with them, and proceeded, in their company, to London. He had now the happiness of beholding those characters to whom the whole theatrical world has done reverence. The following is an extract from his journal:

"The characters," says Cooke, "I had the happiness of seeing that grand master of the stage, Garrick, illustrate, were Lear; Hamlet (twice;) Leon (twice;) Benedick (twice;) Don Felix (twice;) and Kitely. Alas! no more. Lear was the last. He took his leave after Don Felix, in a farewell address, on the 10th of June, 1776."

Mr. Cooke was at length regularly engaged at the Manchester theatre, where he acted several characters—Tancred, Major O'Flaherty, Joseph Surface, Moody, Rover—and, probably for the first time, Lear, for his own benefit. At this time, and when he had arrived at the age of thirty-five years, says his biographer, "Those habits which continued with Mr. Cooke to the end of his life, had taken pretty firm hold of him, but the worst of them had not yet grown to

that enormous magnitude, as to weaken his faculties, and injure his health. His habit of desultory reading was fixed; he read much more, than from his other habits might be expected, but it was any thing that chance threw in his way. His judgment on the authors who thus fell in his hands, was decisive and just, and his remarks always honourable to his acuteness and taste. But if the book was ever so bad, he read it through. He at this time, as through the remainder of his life, passed many hours in solitude, and indulged himself in long and solitary walks, frequently with a book, and sometimes with the part he was studying for representation."

The following is the opinion of Cooke on the subject of our revolutionary contest, as extracted from his journal:

"Within the last twenty years, the thirteen States of America, an amazing tract of country, threw off their allegiance to Great Britain, and declared themselves independent. This revolution was conducted with firmness and wisdom; we heard of no murders, no assassinations, no multiplied and terrifying executions, no private gangs of execrable villains, marking their steps by blood and rapine. The rules of war were on both sides strictly adhered to, nor did they ever lose sight of humanity. Washington, whose name will grace the page of history to the end of time, tempered his success with prudence and moderation. Just as he was in the field, he appears in the senate. Above all mean, unworthy considerations, he is actuated by real patriotism; and the rising federal government, while they pursue his plans, will increase their own importance, among the nations of the earth, without injury to any state whatever."

Until Mr. Cooke had attained the age of thirty-eight years, though he had often acted with applause at the provincial theatres in England, he was still a stranger to Drury Lane and Covent Garden. He, however, took possession of the Dublin stage, where he reigned without a competitor; but the disgrace attending a drunken brawl, in which he had been engaged, drove him from the stage, and in a fit of intoxication and despair, he enlisted as a private in a regiment destined for the West Indies. From this he was relieved by a friend, who interposed his kind offices, and enabled him to return to the Dublin theatre, where he was greeted with loud acclamations. During the second summer of his engagement, he, for the first time, encounters Kemble. Mr. Cooke here played the Ghost to Kemble's Hamlet, during which the following prophetic conversation ensued:

While Mr. Cooke was waiting at the side-scene for his cue to go on, Kemble came up and reproached him thus:

"Mr. Cooke, you distressed me exceedingly in my last scene—I could scarcely get on—you did not give me the cue more than once—you were very imperfect."

"Sir, I was perfect."

"Excuse me, sir, you were not."

"By ——— I was, sir!"

"You were not, sir!"

"I'll tell you what, I'll not have your faults fathered upon me! And damn me, black Jack, if I don't make you tremble in your pumps one of these days yet!"

His evil habits kept pace with the march of his abilities still, as is evident from the following awful and admonitory extracts from his journal:

"A day, or a night, or both, consumed in conviviality, (to speak softly) is often the occasion of many succeeding days and nights being spent in the same manner. Few, when the mind is dissipated, thoughts confused, nerves unstrung, and the whole frame weakened and agitated, can put a sudden stop to the growing evil. "Tomorrow I will return to my duty."—Tomorrow comes, and the ability to do well is lessened—and then tomorrow, and tomorrow, until some fortunate or unfortunate event closes the period. I will not, I cannot, at this time, touch upon the many instances, when a FATAL conclusion, by this rash, unthinking conduct, is put to fortune, reputation, and life."

"To use a strange expression," says he, in another day's journalising, "I am sometimes in a kind of *mental intoxication*. Some, I believe, would call it insanity. I believe it is allied to it. I then can imagine myself in strange situations, and in strange places. This humour, or whatever it is, comes uninvited, but is, nevertheless, easily dispelled; at least, generally so. When it *cannot* be dispelled it must, of course, become madness."

At length, in the month of June, 1800, Mr. Cooke concluded an engagement with the managers of Covent Garden. This was an important era in the life of this actor. Mr. Cooke was then in the forty-fifth year of his age. A contest with Kemble was inevitable.

A German writer, says his biographer, of the name of Goede, has described and compared the personal appearance and physical powers of Messrs. Cooke and Kemble, so nearly to my satisfaction, that I will transcribe the passage for my readers, with such alteration as shall make it conform to my ideas:

Of the two, Kemble's countenance is the most noble and refined; but the muscles are not so flexible and subject to command as Cooke's. Cooke is a great comedian, as well as tragedian; but Kemble has no favour with the comic muse. Both are excellent in those gradual changes of the countenance,

which sometimes precede, sometimes accompany, the words they utter, or which are addressed to them. It is this play of the features, which depicts the inward emotion of the soul, and identifies the player with the character he represents. Kemble has a very graceful manly figure, is perfectly well made, and his naturally commanding stature, adds great dignity to those picturesque attitudes, which he delights to study and exhibit. His face is the noblest I ever saw on any stage, being a fine oval, with a handsome aquiline nose, well formed, with fiery and romantic eyes, shadowed by strongly marked eye-brows; his forehead open; his chin prominent and rather pointed; and all his features so softly interwoven or blended, that no deeply marked line is perceptible. His physiognomy indeed commands at first sight, since it denotes in the most expressive manner, a man of superior mind and judgment; his voice is feeble, but of great depth. This is his greatest natural deficiency.

Cooke does not possess the elegant figure of Kemble, but his countenance beams with greater expression. The most prominent features in the physiognomy of Cooke, are a long and somewhat hooked nose of uncommon breadth between the eyes, which are fiery, dark, and at times terribly expressive, with prominent lids and flexible brows; a lofty and broad forehead; and the muscles around the mouth pointedly marked. His countenance is certainly not so dignified as Kemble's, but its expression of passion, particularly the worst passions of our nature, is stronger. His voice, though sharp, is powerful and of great compass, a preeminence which he possesses by nature over Kemble, and of which he skilfully avails himself. His attitudes are far less picturesque than those of Kemble, but they are just, appropriate, and natural.

The reader will perceive that Mr. Kemble's fine face and figure, must in some characters have given him a superiority; and added to his better education and continued study as an actor, a gentleman, and a scholar, must place him eminently above competition, in such parts as Hamlet, Coriolanus, and some others; but, for Richard the Third, Mr. Cooke's figure was as good as Mr. Kemble's, his face better, his voice better, his habitual manner better, as being more quick, abrupt, and impetuous, and his attitudes better, as having less the appearance of study. Therefore it is not to be wondered at, that the stranger should overthrow the monarch of the stage, on this field, although intrenched strong, and sheltered by ramparts of public opinion, which he had been twenty years erecting. Mr. Cooke played Richard this season twenty-three times.

The third character which Mr. Cooke played in London, was Sir Archy M'Sarcasm, in Macklin's farce of Love-a-la-Mode. He played it for the first time in London on Thursday, November the 13th, after having performed Shylock the same evening. To personate these two characters on the same evening, was customary with the veteran player, who was the author of the farce, and Cooke continued the custom as long as he lived. I presume the cha-

racter of Sir Archy had not been attempted in the metropolis since Macklin's death, and it was now revived with all the force and point which its author gave it.

Kemble was in possession of all the strong holds of public admiration, and Cooke had now a prize to contend for, which put all his talents to the test. The hour was so important, that Cooke, for the season, abandoned all his evil habits, and gave to his genius its full and unimpaired exercise. Kemble's formidable rival now appears in all his strength, before whom he is compelled to fly the field, baffled, routed, and disconcerted. In these arduous contests, where shame or glory is the alternative, there was a stimulant such as Cooke required, which has every property of the glass but its intoxication. This was the brightest period in the life of Mr. Cooke, and he closed this season of his glory by playing Richard, for the twenty-third time, as his biographer expresses it, to an astonished and delighted audience. His victory over his illustrious rival, in this character, was complete; the ground was stoutly contested, inch by inch, and at last *reluctantly resigned*. This hour, so auspicious in the lives of other men, was ominous to Cooke. He had been made now familiar to glory, and those agitations and anxities attendant on the struggle which served to concenter all the powers of his genius, had now subsided for the calm of enjoyment. This was a temptation too powerful to be resisted, and his laurel must be dipped in wine before he deemed it worthy of his brows. On the second season of his appearance at Drury Lane, it was known that his formidable rival meant to contend with him the dying scene in Richard. Public expectation was highly excited, and while the partisans of Cooke and Kemble were impatiently awaiting the issue of this contest, the return of the former to the metropolis was delayed. At length, when the public papers had become clamorous on account of the absence of Cooke, he once more appears, and with an apology satisfies the audience. That Roscius was sick, says Cicero, was always an excuse for Roscius. Cooke is cheered by the congratulations of his friends again, and with what success, the following extract from his journal will evince:

"This season," says Mr. Cooke, "I played Richard twelve nights; some-

times the play was acted on the same night at Drury Lane, but they thought proper to resign the contest."

But he did not confine his professional exertions to the character of Richard. He began now to sparkle on the public in a variety of lights, for we find him preeminent in the characters of Iago, Stukely, Falstaff, Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant, and Lear. He closed his engagement this season with honour, and obtained a benefit of four hundred and nine pounds, thirteen shillings and six pence. The remainder of his time was occupied by public congratulations and resentments—at one time he was benumbed and torpid by intemperance; at another, recovering his character by the native elasticity of his mind.

He now continued for several years the delight of the London audience, and the successful rival of Kemble, till the latter end of the year 1810, when Mr. Cooper, the manager of the Newyork theatre, was fortunate enough to engage him to visit the United States. The particulars of this transaction are related at great length, and while they fully vindicate the manager from the idle imputation of having inveigled this full grown boy from his friends, exhibits a curious illustration of the riotous intemperance, and the blustering insolence of Cooke. He arrived at Newyork on the 16th of November, 1810. The sensation his first appearance excited in that city is thus noticed:

On Mr. Cooke's appearance this evening, the burst of welcome was such as may be imagined to come from two thousand two hundred people, assembled to greet him with the warmest expression of their satisfaction on his arrival. He entered on the right hand of the audience, and with a dignified erect deportment walked to the centre of the stage amidst their plaudits. His appearance was picturesque, and proudly noble. His head elevated, his step firm, his eye beaming fire. I saw no vestige of the venerable gray haired old gentleman I had been introduced to at the coffeehouse; and the utmost effort of imagination could not have reconciled the figure I now saw, with that of imbecility and intemperance.

He returned the salutes of the audience, not as a player to the public, on whom he depended, but as a victorious prince, acknowledging the acclamations of the populace on his return from a successful campaign—as Richard Duke of Gloster, the most valiant branch of the triumphant house of York.

When he spoke

> "Now is the winter of our discontent
> Made glorious summer by the sun of York,
> And all the clouds that lowered upon our house

In the deep bosom of the ocean buried;
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our stern alarums, &c."

the high key in which he pitched his voice, and its sharp and rather grating tones, caused a sensation of disappointment in some, and fear in others, that such tones could not be modulated to the various cadences of nature, or such a voice have compass for the varied expression of harmonious diction and distracting passion, which the characters of Shakspeare require; but disappointment and fear vanished, and conviction and admiration succeeded, and increased to the dropping of the curtain; when reiterated plandits expressed the fulness with which expectation had been realized, and taste and feeling gratified.

Previous to his going on, Mr. Cooke's agitation was extreme. He trembled like an untried candidate who had never faced an audience; and he has afterwards said, feelingly, that the idea of appearing before a new people, and in a new world, at his advanced time of life, agitated him even more than his first appearance before that London audience which was to decide his fate.

There were received, on this occasion, eighteen hundred and twenty dollars. The amount would have been more, but for the confusion which took place. There were thirteen hundred and fifty-eight persons accounted for in the boxes.

On the 23d of November, notwithstanding there was a violent snow storm, he played to a house, the receipts whereof were 1424 dollars. Thus were the beams of genius flashing through the clouds of intemperance, and dissipating the gloom. How transitory is the splendour! The reader, no doubt, now understands the cause of Mr. Cooke's hoarseness.

Night came—he began—his voice broke short and sudden—the high notes failed, and of low notes there were none—the audience encouraged—every remedy he could devise, was tried behind the scenes—In vain—he could only whisper—he apologized to the audience, who generally supposed the hoarseness proceeded from a cold, and he was encouraged to continue his whispering. In the meantime, some of the remedies applied, having been stimulants, the latter part of Richard, though only pantomimic, became very spirited, and to those who knew the cause, approached very near the comic. The public, however, did not suspect, and gave him credit for the zeal with which he exerted himself for their amusement, under the pressure of indisposition. Though a Saturday night, the receipts were eleven hundred and fifty-five dollars.

Sir Pertinax was acted to a house of 1180 dollars. The sixth night, in the character of Sir Archy M'Sarcasm, the re-

ceipts of the house amounted to 1287 dollars. In the character of Zanga, the profits amounted to 1367 dollars. The next night, in the characters of Shylock, and Sir Archy, the receipts were 1270 dollars. The ninth night was Macbeth, and the profits were 1605 dollars.

The next performance was *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, a play which, notwithstanding Mr. Cooke's wonderful performance in Sir Giles Over-reach, did not please in Newyork. The character of Sir Giles shocks by his atrocity, and even his punishment, though we rejoice in it, strikes us with horror. The acting of Mr. Cooke at this terrible point, can never be forgotten. His attempt to draw his sword, and the sudden arrest of his arm, palsied and stiffened, and rendered powerless, as if by the stroke of Heaven's avenging thunder—the expression of his countenance at this moment, and his sinking convulsed, and then lifeless, into the arms of his servants, were so frightfully impressive, and true to nature, as to leave an image never to be erased.

One night, in this situation, by some accident, the attendants were not ready to receive him, when he fell back, expecting to be caught in their arms as usual; but instead of losing, the effect was heightened by the omission; for he fell so perfectly dead to appearance, and was carried off so much like a corpse, as only to increase the horror of the scene. The receipts were this night, nine hundred and sixty-three dollars.

He made his first appearance in the best of the Falstaffs, on Friday, December 14th. This play, "the first part of Henry Fourth," is rich in interest, character, and dialogue. The Prince of Wales and Harry Percy, so finely contrasted, and so consonant to history—the comic part so replete with situation and wit—Falstaff and his companions, new from the mint of the poet's brain, with all their "gloss upon them," and with an unmixed purity of sterling worth—make this with the exception of Richard III., the finest of Shakspeare's historic plays.

In Falstaff the profits were 1444 dollars. On his benefit the sum was 1878 dollars. Here he was unable to act the part of the Roman Cato in any other way than in his inebriety. Of this the following anecdote is related:

After the play I walked into the green-room. He was dressed for Sir Archy M'Sarcasm. As soon as he saw me, he came up to meet me, and exclaimed, "Ah, its all over now, we are reconciled—but I was very wild in the play—quite bewildered—do you know that I could not remember one line after having recited the other—I caught myself once or twice giving Shakspeare for Addison;" and then with his chuckle and his eyes turned away, "Heaven forgive me!—If you have ever heard any thing of *me* you must have

heard that I always have a frolic on my benefit day—If a man cannot take a liberty with his *friends*, who the devil can he take a liberty with?"

In short, during the seventeen nights in which he acted in Newyork, the receipts amounted to twenty-one thousand five hundred and seventy-eight dollars. In Boston, the receipts, during the nights of his acting, in his first engagement, stood thus, and it ought to be known, to account for the disparity, that the theatre is not so capacious as that of Newyork.

Mr. Cooke's first engagement in Boston.

Jan.	3d, 1811.	*Thursday*——Richard, - - -	881	50	
——	4th,	*Friday*——Richard, - - - -	739	87	1-2
——	7th,	*Monday*——Man of the World, - -	887	75	
——	9th,	*Wednesday*——Merchant of Venice, -	979	37	1-2
——	10th,	*Thursday*——Douglas, and Love a-la-Mode,	764	00	
——	11th,	*Friday*——Man of the World, - - -	614	12	
——	14th,	*Monday*——Merchant of Venice, -	825	75	
——	16th,	*Wednesday*——Othello, - - -	841	75	
——	17th,	*Thursday*——Merchant of Venice, -	624	87	1-2
——	18th,	*Friday*——Macbeth, (Mr. Cooke's night clear) - - - - -	1008	12	1-2
——	21st,	*Monday*——First part of Henry Fourth,	867	50	
——	23d,	*Wednesday*——Othello, - - - -	1115	25	
——	24th,	*Thursday*——First part of Henry Fourth,	665	37	1-2
——	25th,	*Friday*——Richard, - - - -	915	62	1-2

At length Mr. C. arrives in Philadelphia. The following extract describes, in part only, the height to which public expectation had been raised, as the hour of his first appearance drew near. His biographer says,

About five o'clock, I walked with him up Chesnut-street to the theatre, and he was pleased and surprised to see that at this early hour, (and we were told that it had been so for hours before,) the street in front of the theatre, and above and below, was completely thronged with people, waiting for the doors to be opened. But our surprise increased, when, on turning the corner, we found the back door of the theatre equally beset, and those who had taken boxes crowding in by that passage, the usual entrance being completely blocked up by the throng.

"Why this beats Sarah," says he, as we walked up to endeavour to find a passage into the house.

Our attempt was in vain—we could not approach the door; and the young men finding that the object of their curiosity was in the crowd, surrounded

us with a rude and impertinent curiosity, which though it might be tolerated by Cooke, whose vanity was flattered, was to me excessively annoying.'

I led him off from the mob, and leaving him in High or Market-street, to pace the pavement until my return, I retraced my way to the theatre, and fell in with Mr. Francis, who undertook to prepare the way for his friend George, while I returned to escort him. I found him at a confectioner's at the corner, the people having politely invited him in; and on our return to the theatre we found that Francis had succeeded in prevailing upon the rude multitude to become civil, and form a lane, through which we gained the interior of the house. As the crowd opened to the right and left, and let us pass, "Aye, aye," says Cooke, "they understand their interest now, for, as the man said when going to the gallows, there will be no sport without me."

The plaudits and gratulations were long and loud on his appearance, and his returning salute appropriate and dignified; the whole exhibition caused a recurrence of the same train of ideas which were suggested by his appearance at Newyork.

Alas, poor human nature! at the conclusion of this resplendent scene, while glory and honour are awaiting, like hand maids, his bidding, how vain are Cooke's hopes of amendment now!

We had accepted invitations to dine this day, with a frank, noble-spirited gentleman; and my companion, who admired him more than any one he had met with here, wished, yet feared to keep the appointment. He repeatedly expressed his fears that he should fall into excess, but then he determined to avoid it by coming away when I did.

"You will come home to tea?"

"Yes."

"So will I. I will take tea with you."

He and his biographer accept this invitation, and the company is left by the latter gentleman at a seasonable hour; but, says he, "the solid fabric which sheltered us was not more immovable than George Frederick Cooke."

The next morning I went to him. The shutters of the windows were still closed, and the candles burning in the sockets—he was nearly the same disgusting object which I found at the house of the poor widow in Reed-street. He appeared conscious of his degraded condition, and on my requesting him to go to bed, replied, "I will do any thing *you* bid me."

The following anecdotes will show how Cooke husbanded his finances:

On the Wednesday evening, when he went to the theatre to play Richard for the second time, conscious that he was wild, from the excess of the pre-

vious night, he gave the money from his pocket, to his theatrical dresser, for safety. The sum was sixty-five dollars. The next day, after another night of excess, he missed the money, and forgetting in whose possession he had deposited it, he complained to the managers of being robbed in the theatre. That night he, in the same continued state of inebriation, went to Fennell's readings, and supper; and the next day found the money in his pocket again, without knowing how he had recovered it. The dresser, being an attendant on Fennell, Cooke met there, and the man returned the notes which had been left in his care, and Cooke was the next day as unconscious of receiving them, as he had been of delivering them for safe keeping.

For a long time he entrusted his accounts to me, and used to draw upon me for fifty, and sometimes for one hundred dollars at a time. It has been said that once after giving a draft of fifty dollars to a charitable institution, he desired me not to pay it: but the fact was otherwise. His request to me was, to satisfy myself that the person to whom he gave the draft was an authorized agent of the society to whom the gift was made, which I did, and paid it.

Public curiosity was inflamed instead of being abated by his first appearance in Philadelphia.

After breakfast on the morning of Saturday, walking past the theatre, I witnessed one of the scenes which daily took place in consequence of the attractions of the great actor. A throng of servants, porters, &c. surrounded and pressed upon the door; those nearest the box-office anxiously endeavouring to maintain the advantage their patience and perseverance had gained, and those behind sturdily pushing to gain the same enviable situation. At this moment a brawney fellow elbowed his way from the crowd, and issued with a triumphant air, his face flushed, and his clothes disordered. An acquaintance met him with,

"Well, Charley! did you get one?"

"And to be sure I did."

"What box, Charley?"

"My old box, No. 3. Don't I get it aitch time?"

"And were you up all night again?"

"To be sure I was. Don't you see my night cap?" and Charley, with an air of exultation, took a handkerchief from about his brows, saying as he went off, "Don't I get ten dollars you tief, and my lodgings found me for nothing?"

Such was the eagerness to get seats, that these sturdy blackguards were paid from six to ten dollars for securing a box; and to make sure of the prize, the stone steps in front of the theatre were occupied all night, that the place nearest the door might be secured in readiness for its opening at ten o'clock the next day.

This was carried so far, that I have seen men sitting at the theatre door, eating their dinner, who had taken their post on Sunday morning, with a determination of remaining there all day on Sunday, and all Sunday night, to be ready for the opening of the door on Monday morning.

The following is the amount of the houses in his first engagement for Philadelphia:

March 25th, 1811.	Richard the Third,	$1348	15
——— 27th,	Richard the Third,	1114	
——— 29th,	Man of the World,	1474	34
——— 30th,	Merchant of Venice,	1159	62
April 1st,	Richard the Third,	1187	50
——— 3d,	Man of the World,	1202	50
——— 5th,	King Lear,	995	75
——— 6th,	New Way to Pay Old Debts,	1085	6
——— 8th,	First part Henry Fourth,	1020	
——— 10th,	Merchant of Venice,	870	50
——— 11th,	Macbeth,	778	
——— 13th,	Douglas, and Love a-la-Mode,	1196	
——— 15th,	Every Man in his Humour,	1365	25
——— 17th,	King Lear,	668	
——— 19th,	Man of the World,	948	25
——— 20th,	Richard the Third,	997	40
	Total in sixteen nights,	$17,360	32

Making an average of $1085 2-100. Expenses $390 per night.

Still the public admiration was not exhausted; Mr. C. played four additional nights in Philadelphia, and the following are the results of the house:

April 26th,	Othello,	$1504	76
——— 27th,	Gamester,	1193	
——— 29th,	Venice Preserved,	1312	
——— 30th,	Othello,	1292	30

In Baltimore the entry of this theatrical veteran was alike prosperous and triumphant. He was still commanding reverence on the stage, and in private life renouncing his claim to such honour. His genius and his evil habits were thus in a state of continual hostility, and each, by turns, taking possession of the conquered territory. The receipts of the house, for nine nights in Newyork, stood thus:

May 6th,	Richard the Third. Cooke, Richard; Cooper, Richmond; amount - - - - -	$1380
—— 8th,	Othello. Cooke, Iago; Cooper, Othello; amount	1630
	[This was the first time of Mr. Cooke's playing Iago in Newyork.]	
—— 10th,	The Gamester. Cooke, Stukely; Cooper, Beverly; - - - - - - - -	945
—— 13th,	Othello. Cooke, Iago; Cooper, Othello;	1123
—— 15th,	Alexander the Great, and Love a-la-Mode. Cooke, Clytus and Sir Archy; Cooper, Alexander;	935
—— 17th,	Fair Penitent. Cooke Horatio; Cooper, Lothario; - - - - - - - -	678
—— 20th,	Venice Preserved. Cooke, Pierre; Cooper, Jaffier; - - - - - -	934
—— 22d,	Mr. Cooke's benefit: First part of Henry the Fourth. Cooke, Falstaff; Cooper, Hotspur; -	884
—— 24th,	Othello. Cooke, Iago; Cooper Othello; -	1130
	Total in nine nights, -	$9629

Making an average of $1069 89-100.

His health had been for a considerable time undermined by his indulgence in his darling excesses. Serious admonitions were given by the recurrence of several alarming symptoms, and as often did he resolve on amendment, and violate his own resolutions. His complaints at length assumed a more alarming character, and the following are his reflexions on the prospect of death:

"I observed that his spirits were greatly depressed, whenever he conversed upon the subject of his complaints; for he had now become conscious of the nature of his disease, and appeared to be fully apprised of the consequences, if he could not command fortitude enough to abstain from the causes that had produced it. In one of those moments of despondency, he asked me with an earnestness and solicitude of manner, which I can never forget, if I thought his disease had proceeded to such a degree, as likely to prove fatal to him; and if I then considered him in *immediate* danger; adding, that in such case, he was desirous of making some communication to one or two persons in England, and particularly referred to his old friend, an eminent surgeon of London, James Wilson, esq. of Windmill-street, of whom he always expressed himself in terms of the greatest affection and respect.

"Upon assuring him that he was for the present relieved, and that Richard would soon be himself again, his countenance lighted up; and, for the moment, he was reanimated.

"He then became fearful that I had misconstrued the source of his anxiety about his own situation, and with some animation observed, "Doctor, I hope you do not conceive that I ask you these questions, because I am *afraid of dying*—be assured I am not." Notwithstanding this assurance, however, I was convinced that Mr. Cooke was not so firmly steeled upon this subject, as he would wish us to believe; on the contrary, he had his share of that "*cowardice*," which generally attaches itself to human nature, at the approach of dissolution, for

"Conscience does make cowards of us all."

"Perceiving, as I believed, the necessity of rallying his spirits, and of counteracting his despondency, whatever may have been the *real* source of it, I instantly replied, "that it would indeed be strange, if a man, who, like Mr. Cooke, had been so much in the *habit of dying*, should be afraid of it."

Once more his constitution appears resuscitating, and returning health seems to promise a prolongation of his life. He finds himself sufficiently recovered to tread the boards again; but the return of his animal spirits brought with it the return of their inseparable concomitant, all his criminal indulgence.

His constitution sunk under this second assault. He closed his theatrical career at Providence, and was compelled to return to Newyork on the 26th of September, 1812.

"On the evening of the 25th, he was seized with sickness at the stomach, which was soon succeeded by violent vomiting, and the discharge of a large quantity of black grumous blood; by this evacuation his strength was suddenly exhausted; but the vomiting was at length allayed by a mixture of laudanum and mint-water directed for him by Dr. Francis, who remained with him throughout the night, hourly expecting his decease. Mr. Cooke, however, survived until six in the morning, when, in the full possession of his mental faculties, and the perfect consciousness of his approaching change, he calmly expired."

Such was the fate of the unfortunate Cooke. Probably a more honourable testimonial of his transcendant genius cannot be given than this, that while his vicious habits were as notorious as his theatrical fame, both Europe and America contended which should honour him the most.

That the reader may become more familiarly acquainted with this extraordinary man, we propose to enliven this sketch by some appropriate anecdotes, which could not have been else-

where introduced, without breaking in upon the propriety of the narrative.

"During this summer," (1769) says he, "I saw the Edinburgh actors play Alexander, Romeo and Juliet, George Barnwell, and the Wonder. I wished much to see Douglas, and not being able to raise the wind, myself and two or three companions, contrived to secrete ourselves under the stage, in the hope of stealing out during the performance, and joining the audience by means of an aperture we had discovered in a passage leading to the pit. In putting this enterprise into act, we were unfortunately discovered by fat Buck," (one of the company,) "and after a fearful interrogatory, most shamefully handed out at the back door."

It is very probable that many similar adventures occurred to an active boy like George Frederick, with such an ungoverned propensity towards theatrical exhibitions; and one has been related to me, which bears sufficient marks of probability for insertion.

Cooke and his companions, constantly on the alert to deceive those rigid centinels, the door-keepers, and finding by observation that the back door was left unguarded until near the hour of performance, contrived to enter unperceived upon this forbidden ground, before the watch was set. Fairly in, the next consideration was, how they should conceal themselves, until the time of raising the curtain should arrive, when they might hope in the confusion and bustle behind the scenes, to escape notice, and enjoy the wonders of the magic show. Cooke espied a barrel, and congratulating himself on this safe and snug retreat, he crept in like the hero of that immortal modern drama, Tekeli, which has been the admiration of the polished populace of the British metropolis. Unfortunately, however, for my hero, as well as the hero of Tekeli, there proved much lurking danger in his lurking-place; a barrel being little less liable to untoward movement than a buck-basket. Cooke soon perceived that he had, as companions, two twenty-four pound cannon balls; but not yet being initiated into the mysteries of the scene, he did not suspect that cannon balls assisted in making thunder in a barrel, as well as in a twenty-four pounder; poor George Frederick was in the thunder barrel of the theatre. The play was Macbeth, and for the first scene, to give due effect to the *entre* of the witches, the thunder was wanted. The Jupiter tonans of the theatre, alias the property-man, approached and seized the barrel. Judge the breathless fear of my hero; it was too great for words, and he only shrunk closer to the bottom of his hiding-place. His tormentor proceeded to cover the open end of the barrel with a piece of old carpet, and tie it carefully to prevent the thunder from being spilt. Still George Frederick was most heroically silent; the machine was lifted by the Herculean property-man, and carried carefully to the side-scene, lest in rolling the thunder should rumble before its *cue*. It would be a hopeless task to paint the agitation of the con-

tents of the barrel; the property-man swearing the cannon bullets were "too damned heavy," placed the complicated machinery in readiness: the witches entered amidst flames of rosin; the thunder bell rang, the barrel received its impetus, and away rolled George Frederick and his ponderous companions. Silence would now have been no virtue, and he roared most manfully, to the surprise of the thunderer, who neglecting to stop the rolling machine, it entered on the stage, and George Frederick bursting off the carpet head of the barrel, appeared before the audience, just as the witches had agreed to meet again, when "the hurly burly's done."

He afterwards associated with a band of strolling players, whose society has often corrupted men of sterner habits of self-denial. Amidst all this, however, we discover a mind peering above the company he frequented, which often broke out into such intemperate sallies as the following:

"One evening in Manchester, we were in a public bar, amongst promiscuous company, where Cooke was as usual the life of the party. Mirth and good humour prevailed till about ten o'clock, when I perceived a something lurking in his eye, which foretold a storm. Anxious to get him home before it burst forth, I pressed our departure under the plea of another engagement; but, instead of having the desired effect, it precipitated what I had foreseen. With a haughty supercilious look, he said, "I see what you are about, you hypocritical scoundrel! You canting methodistical thief! am I, George Frederick Cooke, to be controlled by such a would-be puritan as you? I'll teach you to dictate to a tragedian." Then pulling off his coat, and holding his fist in a menacing attitude; "Come out," continued he, "thou prince of deceivers, though thou hast faith to remove mountains, thou shalt not remove me—Come out, I say!" With some difficulty he was pacified, and resumed his coat.

This character of preeminence which Cooke arrogated to himself, was not, however, the offspring of vanity. His mind, if not vigorous, was keen, vivacious, and discriminating; prompt to seize a beauty or defect, and successful in developing the one or the other. The following extract from his journal will show that his haughty pretensions were not founded on vanity:

"Upon considering Johnson's life, which seems very accurately delineated by Boswell, I do not find the doctor that amiable, nor, sometimes respectable, character I expected or wished. He is drawn overbearing, arrogant, extremely vain of his literary abilities, and forgetting all decorum when the company he happened to be in did not pay him that implicit attention and obedience *he* thought, even from men of equal or superior learning, he had a

right to demand. Harsh and rude to women, and affecting to depreciate the literary merit of others, constituting himself sole judge of literary differences. In dramatic composition, which he affected a knowledge of, he was extremely defective, as his tragedy of Irene shows, and equally so in his judgment of the writings of others; he would never, else, have given Dodsley's Cleone, whatever its merit, the preference to any or all of Otway's pieces. His sarcasms at, and abuse of, Mr. Garrick, seem dictated by envy; he sickened at the praise of others. The late Mr. Thomas Sheridan declining any correspondence with him, after the impudent and illiberal expression respecting his pension, showed a just, manly, and proper resentment. Johnson's moral and religious writings place him in an elevated and honourable situation, and the English language is most highly indebted to him for explanations and embellishment. It is much to be wondered at, with that ardent zeal he professed for the doctrines of christianity, he did not pay a greater deference to one of the precepts of ts divine founder. *Humility* does not seem to make any part of his character. His biographer has (however accurate it may be) spun out his work to a most tedious length. A handsome 8vo. might be collected from his two 4to's, and the remainder consigned to oblivion. I have never read sir John Hawkins' life of the doctor, or any of Mrs. Thrale's anecdotes, letters, &c. and probably never shall; but according to Mr. B. facts are much misrepresented. It is a matter of surprise to me, that Mr. B. should censure Mrs. Thrale for being tired of Johnson's caprice and troublesome manners, which she had endured so many years, when upon a short visit at Mr. Boswell's, the delicacy of Mrs. B. was so much hurt at his (Johnson's) "uncouth late hours, holding the candles downwards and dropping the wax on the carpet;" puerile and contemptible! Most of Mr. B's own letters, all his law cases and private history, ought to be expunged; some brief notes would have connected the matter in a much more agreeable manner to the reader. On the title of the book should have been, "Lives of Dr. Johnson and the *Laird of Auchinleek*." But diffidence is a rare quality to be found in a native of that part of Great Britain which had the honour of giving birth to Mr. Bo-*swell*. Among the many beautiful and brilliant effusions of Dr. Johnson's pen, his lines to the memory of Mr. Levet ought not to be passed over."

From the foregoing anecdotes it is evident that a spirit of wild adventure, of haughty demeanor, combined with a shrewd and discriminating judgment, constituted, in part, the character of Cooke. We say, in part, for all this was dashed with a satirical spirit, at once keen, caustic, and corrosive. When provoked, his satires were terrible and vindictive, of which the following anecdote may be cited in proof.

There was a large fire in the bar, before which stood, with his skirts under each arm, a pitiful imitation of *Buckism*, very deficient in cleanliness and costume. His face was grimy, and his neckcloth of the same tint, which nevertheless was rolled in various folds about his throat; his hair was matted and turned up under a round greasy hat, with narrow brims, conceitedly placed on one side of his head, which nodded under it like a shaking Mandarin. Thus equipped, the filthy fop straddled before the fire, which he completely monopolized. At length, he caught the eye of our tragedian, who in silent amazement for the space of half a minute, examined him from top to toe, then turning to me he burst into a horse laugh, and roared out, "*Beau nasty*, by ——." Perhaps intimidated by Cooke's former bluster, this insensible puppy took little notice; but I knew George would not stop here, and indeed I thought the stranger fair game. Cooke now rose from his seat, and taking up the skirts of his coat in imitation of the other, turned his back to the fire, "warm work in the *back settlements*, sir," said he; then approaching still nearer, as if he had some secrets to communicate, whispered, though loud enough for every one to hear—

"Pray, sir, how is soap?"

"Soap?"

"Yes, sir, soap. I understand it is coming down."

"I am glad of it, sir."

"Indeed, sir, you have cause, if one may judge from your appearance."

Here was a general laugh, which the stranger seemed not to regard, but nodding his head, and hitting his boots with a little rattan, rang the bell with an air of importance, and inquired "if he could have a *veal kitlet*, or a *mutten chip*?"

"What do you think," says Cooke, "of a *roasted puppy*? because," taking up the poker, "I will spit you, and roast you in a minute."

This had a visible effect upon the dirty beau, he retreated towards the door, Cooke following; "Avaunt, and quit my sight, thy face is dirty, and thy hands unwashed; avaunt, avaunt! I say!" then replacing the poker, and returning to his seat, he continued, "being gone, I am a man again."

Yet in all this heterogeneous mass there is found a spirit of true humanity; and several incidents, related by the biographer, particularly that of a poor woman at Newyork, who had kindly received him into her house, and whose property he rescued from the officers of the law, which bear honourable testimony to the generosity of his character. We may well be assured, that to a man, whose mind was thus formed, his own reflections on his intemperance, must furnish many a bitter and griding reproach. The reader will now see how well he could exhort and admonish,

while he was violating his own precepts. Mr. Cooke is admonishing a young actor of the dangers resulting from intemperance:

The causes which removed Mr. Cooke from before the public in this instance, I am enabled to state, as well as the circumstance which brought him back to the stage at the time he has mentioned.

Mr. Matthews, now and for some years, a distinguished favourite with the London audience, at that time a very young man and actor, was a member of Daly's company, and lodged in the same house with Cooke. One night after play and farce, in the latter Matthews having played Mordecai to Cooke's Sir Archy, and to the satisfaction of the veteran, was invited by him to take supper in his room *tete-a-tete*, and drink whiskey punch. This high honour was gratefully received and accepted by the young comedian, who anticipated both pleasure and instruction, from the society of the celebrated actor. Supper over, and Cooke's spirits elevated, the fatigues of the evening were forgotten; he was pleased with his young companion, whose tongue, freed from all shackles by the smoking liquor, glibly poured forth those praises which Cooke's superior talents prompted. One jug of whiskey punch was quickly emptied, and while drinking the second, George Frederick in his turn begins to commend young Matthews.

"You are young, and want some one to advise and guide you; take my word for it, there is nothing like industry and sobriety—Mrs. Burns! Another jug of whiskey punch, Mrs. Burns—you make it so good, Mrs. Burns, another jug."

"Yes, Mister Cooke."

"In our profession, my young friend, dissipation is too apt to be the bane of youth—"Villainous company," low company, leads them from studying their business and acquiring that knowledge which alone can make them respectable."

Thus he proceeded drinking and uttering advice (not the less valuable because in opposition to his own practice) and assuring Matthews of his protection, instruction, and all his influence to forward his views, while the whiskey punch, jug after jug, vanished, and with it all semblance of the virtues so eloquently praised. Though maddened by the fumes of the liquor, the chain of his ideas continued still unbroken, and he began a dissertation on the histrionic art, proceeding from first principles to a detail of the mode of exhibiting the passions, with a specimen of each by way of illustration.

It is impossible to describe, but the reader may perhaps imagine, the ludicrous effect of this scene. The power of the whiskey operating in diametric opposition to the will, on his strong and flexible features, produced contortions and distortions, of which he was insensible, while Matthews sat gazing with astonishment, and at times in an agony, from the effort to restrain

his risible faculties; but to add to his torture, Cooke began to question him, after each "horrible face," as to the meaning of it, or the passion expressed. Matthews, totally in the dark as to *Cooke's meaning*, made every possible mistake; and when set right by Cooke, excused himself by charging his stupidity on the whiskey.

"There—what's that!"

"Very fine, sir."

"But *what* is it?"

"O anger—anger, to be sure."

"To be sure you're a blockhead—Fear! fear, sir."

But when the actor, after making a hideous face, compounded of satanic malignity, and the brutal leering of a drunken satyr, told his pupil that *that* was *love*, poor Matthews could resist no longer, but roared with convulsive laughter.

Cooke was surprised and enraged at this rudeness in his young guest, but Matthews had address enough to pacify him.

Mistress Burns, in the mean time, had protested against making any more whiskey punch, and had brought up the last jug, upon Cooke's solemn promise that he would ask for no more. The jug is finished; and Matthews, heartily tired, thinks he shall escape from his tormentor, and makes a move to go.

"Not yet, my dear boy, one jug more."

"It's very late, sir."

"Only one more."

"Mistress Burns will not let us have it."

"Won't she? I'll show you that presently."

Cooke thunders with his foot, and vociferates, repeatedly, "Mistress Burns!" At length honest Mrs. Burns, who had got to bed, in hopes of rest, in the chamber immediately under them, answers,

"What is it you want, Mister Cooke?"

"Another jug of whiskey punch, Mistress Burns."

"Indeed, but you can have no more, Mister Cooke."

"Indeed but I will, Mistress Burns"

"Remember your promise, Mister Cooke."

"Another jug of punch, Mistress Burns."

"Indeed, and I will not get out of my own bed any more at all, Mister Cooke, and so there's an end of it!"

"We'll see that, Mistress Burns."

When, to Matthews's further astonishment, he seized the jug and smashed it on the floor over the head of *Mistress Burns*, exclaiming, "Do you hear that, Mistress Burns?"

"Yes I do, Mister Cooke."

He then proceeded to break the chairs, one by one, after each, exclaiming, "Do you hear that Mistress Burns!" and receiving in reply,

"Yes I do, Mister Cooke, and you'll be very sorry for it tomorrow, so you will."

He then opened the window, and very deliberately proceeded to throw the looking-glasses into the street, and the fragments of broken tables and chairs. Matthews had made several attempts to go, and had been detained by Cooke, he now ventured something like an expostulation; on which his Mentor ordered him out of his apartment, and threw the candle and candlestick after him. Matthews having departed, the wretched madman sallied out, and was brought home the next day, beaten and deformed with bruises.

In his solitary moments, when reason had resumed her empire, can the reader be disposed to envy a man the possession of such noble qualities, when the sum of all their use amounts to reflections like these? The following is an extract from his journal:

"It will very little assist me in defending myself to say that I have frequently wasted my time in a much worse manner. When a man reconciles himself to himself, by making degrees of sin, he is in the utmost danger of advancing to, instead of receding from, the most abominable depravity. It is a doubt with me, whether a gamester (here I take the word in its utmost latitude) or drunkard, be the most vicious character, or the most dangerous to society. The former, without deranging his faculties, exerts them all for the avowed purpose of plundering every one he plays with; his dearest friends not excepted (if such a wretch can have a friend) and when, by superior villainy, or some unforeseen chance, he is in his turn beggared, he is ready fitted for the most atrocious crimes, robbery, murder, or suicide. Drunkenness, in addition to the high degree of wickedness attached to it, has the melancholy and woful effect of degrading the human beneath the brute creation. What confidence can be placed in those persons who are in the habit of rendering themselves incapable of rational exertion? A crime committed in this state is aggravated by the state itself, and in this light both moral and religious law must view it. There have been many excellent arguments used against this beastly vice, and many exposures of its dreadful tendency, but none more strong, pointed, and convincing, than the following short story, I believe an oriental one. A young man was decreed by fate to commit one heinous crime. He was to have the choice of three; but inevitably must choose. It was left to him to make his election, of parricide, incest, or drunkenness. He chose the last, got drunk, and committed the former two."

We have now, in detail, as attested by authentic facts and circumstances, the private character of George Frederick Cooke.

These various and opposite qualities were often inflamed to a degree of madness, by his intemperance; and it depended on the incident that crossed him, in those unhappy moments, which of all these should gain the ascendant. Had he, instead of falling into the company of that unhappy woman, whose miseries he so nobly relieved, at that time encountered the opposition of some of his convivial associates, in all probability Bridewell would have been his reward, instead of the tears of gratitude paid to a benefactor. What Cicero somewhere so beautifully calls the light of life, was luminous and lovely for a moment, then plunging into surrounding shades, and as suddenly emerging, when we deemed all the radiance extinct. We do not propose to say another word on the professional character of Cooke. The mingled congratulations and regrets of two hemispheres, in a case where success is so dubious, in the exercise of the brightest talents—where censure has a prescriptive right to no other boundary to her walks but her will, and on a subject presenting such alternations of character, afford an evidence of his genius as idle to illustrate as to doubt.

Connected originally with low company, by his poverty and his evil habits, he was at length led, by his guardian genius, to the higher walks of life; he was able to temper and restrain, but never to wipe off the early stain; and, in moments of what he properly denominates "his madness," he too often associated the manners of the well bred gentleman with those of the brute.

The general character of these volumes is certainly honourable to Mr. Dunlap. He deserves the thanks of his countrymen, for making so bold and intrepid a stand in favour of legitimate biography. His page is a cool candid luminous record of the virtues and vices of his hero, and he has exercised the lawful functions of his office, under the strong and paramount obligations of truth. Cooke appears to us in all the different phases of his character, exciting alternate compassion, admiration and disgust. We behold the ruins of a noble genius formed for better things, and destined by nature for dignity and honour. We behold likewise, one on whom Nature had been so prodigal in the dispensation of her bounties, counteracting by his vicious

habits the great purposes of his birth and high destiny, and renouncing the munificence of Heaven. Mr. Dunlap sometimes neglects the broad features of the character he presents, and descends to a nicety of painting, of which the following is a beautiful instance. Cooke thus expresses himself:

"This pain troubles me a little, though—I must begin the water-system. Nine days were we on water alone, during our passage, and I never was better in my life—this is in favour of the water-system. Ah! I noticed at Amboy, when your mother gave me my dish of tea, her hand was perfectly steady, but mine was not so in taking it. I ought to be ashamed—in truth, I was ashamed."

These memoirs are likewise accompanied with compendious sketches of the lives of eminent actors, and criticisms on the characters of the most popular theatrical productions. We wish this route of biography was more generally followed. The life of an eminent actor is beyond that of any other man, calculated to adorn biography. His study, his profession is the human character in all its changeful diversities; it therefore associates with fact a species of romance that raises and rounds the character to our view, and compositions of this cast hold a sort of intermediate station between truth and fiction, embracing to a certain extent the advantages of both. An actor, for instance, subsists upon romance, and this species of nature is made the standard of judgment, when the merits of a novel or of a poem are decided. Thus, for example, we say, when characters of this cast are supposed to be overdrawn, not how would they appear in private life, for there we do not expect to meet with such associates, but how would they appear upon *the stage*. We acknowledge by this concession, a nature beyond our own, which is thus made the legitimate province of all works, thus combining fancy and fact. Mr. Dunlap's opinions we nevertheless esteem in some instances heterodox particularly on the character of the German drama. He informs us that as his favourable opinion of the merits of the German drama, was not formed in the first instance by the approbation of the English writers, so likewise it is not shaken by their censure. In the same way we declare that our dislike to the German muse was not founded on the

unfavourable testimony of the English writers, whom our author here suspects of mercenary motives, and further, that this opinion is not shaken but rather confirmed by all his observations in their defence.

The most censurable part of the present volumes we conceive to be the indelicacy of bringing to the public view the names of honourable characters now living, to embellish disgraceful anecdotes. If it become necessary to relate an anecdote in which living parties are concerned, which relation must necessarily wound surviving sensibility, the common charities of life, we should apprehend, would induce us to veil the circumstance so that the individual might not be known. The anecdote, whatever it may be, may still preserve all its raciness while the name of the party is suppressed. What then shall be said of a man who accepts the hospitality of an invitation to a gentleman's table, becomes one of the guests, and violates that confidence by publishing to the world anecdotes of persons present, which tend to their dishonour, accompanied with the names of the parties displayed at full length. No apology can be admitted for such license, for even these circumstances, sacred as they are commonly deemed, may still be made known without offence, and they derive no sort of authenticity or importance by such a needless disclosure of individual names.

There is another point in which we differ in opinion with the biographer of Mr. Cooke, that is "the better part of valour denominated by Falstaff *discretion*" which he imputes to his hero. His hero certainly did put himself in the way of mortal arbitrament, and rather courted than shunned an occasion to exercise his courage. The challenge which Mr. Cooper bore is an evidence of this fact. Mr. D. however sets in opposition to this, his declining a personal combat with an opponent of sturdier bone and muscle. Even in this point his evidence fails him, for Cooke did on sundry occasions embroil himself in such encounters. But the fact is too plain to require comment that a man may decline a pugillistic combat, with one his superior in bodily strength, if he is ready to adopt a more dreadful alternative, and such seems to have been the character of Cooke.

We differ likewise with Mr. Dunlap in the opinion which he advances, that it is not necessary for an actor to feel the sentiments he utters. Allowing what we please to mimickry, certainly the nearer the actor approaches to the character, the more complete must be the representation. On any other hypothesis there is no standard of ascertaining an actor's merit. The very necessity which the hero of the stage labours under to *mimic* the character he assumes is a complete surrender of the question. If he deceive us in proportion as the counterfeit passion resembles truth, how great must be his power where truth itself is substituted for the counterfeit.

Mr. Dunlap is unable to satisfy his mind on the question whether his hero served in the British army during our revolutionary war. On the one hand Cooke 'never boasted of his exploits, but during the hours of his ebriety when he was given to *romancing*, and on the other he spoke of these transactions with a perspicuity of detail hardly to be expected to be derived from books, and more especially by one of his habits of tumultuous and irregular reading. Certainly this is an unpardonable omission on the part of his biographer to pass over so important an incident so slightly. Mr. D. had ample means of obtaining this intelligence, and this renders the omission on his part the more inexcusable. We have heard of an author who undertook to write the memoirs of the duke of Marlborough, and unfortunately forgot that he was a general.

Rokeby: a poem by Walter Scott. Boston; Published by Bradford and Reed. 1813.

The following observations, it will be readily perceived, are the production of no ordinary mind. Although we profess ourselves to be among the most ardent admirers of Mr. Scott's genius, and disposed to regard with an eye of much less rigour his poetical heresies, yet neither our wishes, as lovers of polite literature, nor our duty as journalists will permit us to refuse a distinguished place to an essay so ingenious and elegant.

To assert the instability of popular opinion, would be to use a truth so trite, it is obvious to all; but the consequent variations of taste being less apparent, do not engage so much of our attention. To follow this fluctuating faculty in its progress through

the several ages since the revival of letters, and amid all the material and mental objects it embraces, might be a curious philosophical disquisition, but unsuited to the length of the present article, and the nature of this journal. Such disquisition, however, would be far from mere idle speculation or amusing reverie. This salutary lesson, among others, might be drawn from it; that if writers possess the high privilege of ruling public opinion, there is always a sort of re-action in that public, which gives law, in its turn, to its former sovereigns. Hence those who have been led by a love of novelty, or turn for paradox, to introduce strange systems either of sentiment or style, have been compelled to continue from necessity what they commenced from caprice. The public was pleased with the peculiarity, and its author obliged—perhaps against his recovered sense—to persevere, or forfeit his popularity. The coarse conceits, and licentious jestings of the mob of gentlemen in king Charles's days, might have originated in the momentary wish of pleasing the monarch or amusing the circle. Effusions of the moment, they were intended, perhaps, with the moment to terminate. At least there appears to have been nothing like settled systematic design upon the interests of society. But given to the world, and become the *order of the day*, the public taste once regaled with the stimulating banquet, would be satisfied with no other. This appetite, first injudiciously excited, may be said to have afterward "made the meat it fed on;" since its demands were such, that we must in charity suppose the original caterers had reason to regret their imperious popularity. In our own time, indeed, we have little reason, to apprehend any inroads on social morals. Such attempts would be frowned into extinction, not only by the mass of mankind, but by those portions of it who are emphatically "the makers of manners." The fashion, fortunately for us, is usually on the side of virtue. But from perversions of our literature we have more to dread, because from these we are far less secure; and these, though secondary, will not be deemed of trivial import, by any who consider the close affinity of justness of action, with propriety of expression—the delicate but indissoluble tie which connects refinement of taste with correctness of character. Let it not be forgotten that the same elegant essay-

ist who first successfully inculcated purity of morals, had also the glory of rescuing the poems of Milton from their partial oblivion, and recommending them to the notice of his country.

These remarks will not, it is hoped, be considered a digression from the head of this article. Nothing, surely, which treats of variety, popularity, or novelty, can be irrelative to the subject of Mr. Scott. This gentleman is generally styled the founder of a new school of poetry, but the title is not strictly applicable. The works of Mr. Scott are, in fact, a revival of the early English Poems, commonly called ballads; a collection of the best specimens from which, was published some years since by the late Dr. Percy; who on this account is by Mr. Scott somewhere acknowledged "the father of this species of poetry." To one kind of originality, however, the author of "The Lay" appears fairly entitled. We know of no other poet who, writing in his own person, and for his own time, ever entertained the strange conceit of collecting and localizing in his works, all the colloquial barbarisms, and provincial phrases, which were scattered amongst the wildest class of the wildest people, at a distant and even disgusting period of their national history. The works of Macpherson, and the wonderful fragments of Chatterton, it is true, were written in an ancient dialect; but they were designed to pass for antiques, and the diction was hence perfectly suitable to the date of their supposed authors. Both Chatterton and Macpherson would have ridiculed the project of publishing in their own name works of this kind, as equal in absurdity to that of stamping our present coin with the impression which was current three hundred years back. This absurdity is so palpable, that while we admit as high proof of Mr. Scott's powers, his being able to make the public forget it; we cannot look on this forgetfulness as equally honourable to that public. We have no dislike to the ancient ballad-writing. It was perfect in its season; and had it no other merit, would be of inestimable value for the evidence it affords, that poetry, in some form or other, is natural to man. But the lullaby that charmed us in our cradle, would be childish and harsh to our maturer ear, and after so much talent and labour have been employed in bringing forward and perfecting our language, to retrograde in this

way is to treat our benefactors with ingratitude by rejecting their toils as unnecessary.

An apologist for Mr. Scott's manner, has lately considered all wishes at altering it to be quite as unreasonable as to exact "our exchanging the weapons to which we have been trained, and which we prefer, for the cumbrous armour of our ancestors." The metaphor, however ingenious, is applicable only in illustrating the opposite opinion to that intended by the author. It is this exchange of our accustomed weapons for the cumbrous armour of our ancestors, which is the very fault alledged against Mr. Scott. We have warriors introduced to us in the nineteenth century who are gauntleted and glaived after the fashion of their predecessors in the age of chivalry. All this in the *literal* sense is very proper. We must not be understood to express any doubt of the propriety of adapting the costume of personages in poems, as in paintings, to the time of their supposed existence, not to that of the publication. But though this may with propriety be allowed to drapery, it is not as to language, for the best of all reasons, because it would be unintelligible. We can recognise James V to be king of Scotland, notwithstanding his bonnet and doublet should be very unlike those his present majesty of both kingdoms might probably wear, if he chanced to visit Holyrood. But we cannot so readily recognise the character of such terms as "stalwort," "gramarge," &c. without reference to a glossary, an act which changes a poetic entertainment, to the drudgery of a school exercise. Had Gray incorporated with his "Descent of Odin," particular phrases from the Norse tongue, the description might have been very grand, but to most readers very mysterious; or had the narrator of Madoc's enterprises, celebrated his hero in the Welsh idiom, our admiration had hardly been retained at hearing *hur was born in Gwyneth, hur was voyaged to Aztlan*, but the sublime must have yielded to the ludicrous.

In the last poem of Mr. Scott, we are happy to see less of the obsolete, we think, than in its predecessors. The period it represents is also nearer to our own times, being that of the civil wars between Charles I and Cromwell. We had intended a sketch of the plot, but relinquished it as superfluous, since the public curiosity will have anticipated any analysis. In both the

plan and execution of the poem, its readers will perceive many of the characteristic beauties and defects of its author. The old objection which was urged against his former works, of a sameness of characters amongst them all, applies with still greater force to the present, with the single exception of Wilfrid. In Bertrand, the real hero of the piece, we discover every trait of Rhoderic Dhu, but his love. Redmond reminds us of the Graeme; Matilda is the transcript of Ellen. Of these latter, not only the natures, but the situations are similar. Both are forced to the alternative, either of sacrificing the life of a father, or, renouncing the lover they prefer for a marriage with the one to whom they are adverse. De Wilton, in "Marmion," is left for dead on the field of battle, and his end so undoubted, that when met upon the heath he is supposed an apparition; and the horror of the encounter completely unnerves his potent adversary. In this poem, the assassin of Mortham considered he had "*made all sure.*"

"'Twas then I fired my petronel,
"And Mortham, steed and rider fell;
"One dying look he upward cast,
"Of wrath and anguish—'twas his last."

Yet is this chieftain afterward resusicated, and his appearance excites the same ghostly apprehensions which had before been so effectual in the case of Marmion. Here, indeed, the visitation is even more opportune, as it interposes in the very last event of things, like Mr. Lewis's castle-spectre, for the pious purpose of preventing bloodshed.—The heroes have not only the same general resemblance in character, but in person. We see a family-likeness in their forms and features. Mr. Scott seems to have no idea of a warrior who is not broad-shouldered, high-chested, dark-browed, with mighty arms, and gigantic stature; and did we use no other measure but his for heroes, we must be tempted to disbelieve there ever was such a being as Alexander the great, or William of Orange, or Bonaparte.

If invention, either in character, situation, or incident, be essential to form the perfect poet, it will not be too much to say that Mr. Scott has not yet attained this point of consummation. His scenery, and events, have little diversity—his dramatic personæ never change. Knights, barons, minstrels, pages, warders;

these he has made our old acquaintance, and while we acknowledge their claim, on that account, to our friendship, we should be glad of a chance to exercise hospitality, by an introduction, now and then, to accomplished strangers. Inanimate nature has also reason to prefer a like complaint. Of her thousand protean forms she is sketched in only a few; and these few are continually recurring. It has been said of Shakspeare's characters, that not only are preserved the stronger contrasts, those of the good and the bad;—but that the numerous personages in each of these classes are greatly diversified. Hamlet is not only unlike Richard III, but Horatio is unlike Hamlet. Mercutio differs from Benedick, and Falstaff from both. Nothing can be more dissimilar than is the description of circumstances, individuals, and countries, in the poem of "Madoc;" to the whole system of "Thalaba," and again, to that of "Kehama." The tranquil loveliness of landscape, presented us in Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming," is contracted, in all but sweetness of versification, with the noble animation of the "Pleasures of Hope." But to Mr. Scott, a succession of his wonted images and heroes seems indispepsible to success. The only attempt made to forsake this track for a foreign tour, has been too little flattering to be speedily renewed. We presume there are few readers who would not rather peruse for the thousandth time, the description of Loch Ners, and Loch Katrine, and Teviot, and Tweed;—than follow our minstrel through his Spencer-stanza and his Spanish-"Vision." He is there no longer the mighty magician, but the magician deprived of his wand.

The poem of Rokeby abounds with delineations of picturesque and awful scenery. Some of these are merely sketched in a bold outline, others are filled up with circumstantial minuteness. Among the most attractive passages is the one at the beginning of the work. That which describes the firing of Rokeby-Castle would have excited more of our admiration, but for an unlucky association with the burning of Old Drury, in a recent laughable volume. The most elaborate in detail but worst in taste, of any of these specimens, is that of the fourteenth stanza of the second canto, where near forty lines are employed in recounting the process of climbing a mountain. Mr. Collins, a name which

no lover of poetry can pronounce without reverence, in giving his personification of Danger, has thrown him

"On the ridgy steep
Of some loose, hanging rock, to sleep."

We believe there are few readers who do not feel that the simple sublimity of this single image, would only have been weakened by any effort to extend or multiply its power.

Mr. Scott has seemed determined to compensate for amplifying on trivial events in the first of his poem by the little space he allots to important ones, at the last. To nothing indeed but the hurry incident to an author, whose printer has completed one half of the work before his employer has composed the other, can we impute the confusion arising from events which crowd so unceremoniously on each other, and on the reader, that each following page jostles the preceding one from his memory. We marvel much at this in an author whom rumour has represented

"As born to write, converse, and live at ease."

One who pressed neither by want nor sorrow, must have described the spoiled and wayward child of fancy, from observation rather than experience. The exquisite portrait of Wilfrid had been a general likeness in those days which drove Gray to disgust, and Chatterton to despair. But Mr. Scott's popularity is not only gratifying, but profitable. His laurels are of gold. No wavering Parnassian garland, but solid British metal. By such a writer, the goad of necessity can be no cause of inaccuracy or haste. Yet to haste alone can we impute many instances of obscurity in this volume, which we have not time to enumerate. One, indeed, is so remarkable, that it appears the effect of design. Who is the real cause of Mortham's wrongs, we are never informed; and though probabilities concur to fix the charge on Wycliffe, yet it is by no means clearly ascertained.

The same passion for obscurity appears in the history of Redmond; and has in one instance betrayed the author into great improbability. Why the grandfather should have sent this child to England, to his relations, without disclosing his relationship; why so earnestly entreat for him protection, on the comparatively fee-

ble claims of gratitude and hospitality, and omit the resistless ones of nature and blood, appears to us wholly unaccountable.* But we recollect that it is poetic ground on which we tread, and that poetry is the province of fancy rather than fact. The same allowance we regret cannot be made for a most revolting passage at the conclusion. The martyr Wilfrid, the most original, tender, and really magnanimous character in the piece; who lived to promote the happiness of Matilda, and died to secure it;—the interesting Wilfrid has no sooner breathed his last, but we are shocked by an instantaneous transition to the merry-making of nuptial-festivities. The surviving rival avails himself of the fortunate moment;

> "Steps in with his receipt for making smiles,
> "And blanching sables into bridal bloom."

* In justice to Mr. Scott it should be remarked that, our correspondent has not perhaps adverted to some passages of the poem from which there is reason to conclude that the child had with him explanations of his birth, which were lost on the way from Ireland. He was in the first instance to be delivered to his father, (Canto 4. Stanza 9.)—and the person who brought him had

> *Letters* and gifts a goodly store,
> But ruffians met them in the wood,
> Ferraught in battle boldly stood,
> Till wounded and o'erpower'd at length,
> And *stripped of all*, &c. (ib. Stanza 10.)

And again:

> Late and reluctant he restores,
> The infant to his native shores;
> *With goodly gifts and letters stored,*
> *With many a deep conjuring word,*
> *To Mortham and to Rokeby's lord.*

It appears therefore that the grandfather had written to his son-in-law letters which were lost, and it is within the scope of reasonable presumption that they explained the birth of the child. This is the more probable or indeed evident, because among the ornaments of the child were gilt *tablets*, the writing on which was

> Involved of purpose, as to foil
> An *interloper's* prying toil, (Canto 6. Stanza 13.)

but yet so intelligible that the robber who stole them could discover from them the birth and parentage of Redmond. It seems therefore clear, that the tablets and the letters which accompanied the child must have been intended to explain his history, and the violation of nature imputed to Mr. Scott, is in this instance at least urged too strongly. Port Folio.

This may be very natural in Redmond, but suits ill with the "soft" and "pensive" Matilda. The Roman ladies, though made of sterner stuff, consecrated a year of mourning to Brutus, to whom they were bound by no tie but the general one of grateful patriotism. Surely, to the memory of a lover, a kinsman, a friend from infancy, something more than two little months might have been allowed; even apart from the important considerations of his having rescued her life, and lost his own from her unconscionable command, by wounds received in the assistance of her favourite! It had been sufficient to have left us looking forward to the union of Redmond and Matilda. Such a termination had been more soothing to the reader, more honourable to the feelings of the parties, and we trust more conformable to human nature. Instead of that we are summarily told,

> "This chanced upon a summer morn,
> When yellow wan'd the ripen'd corn.—
> But when brown brown August o'er the the land
> Call'd forth the reaper's busy hand,
> 'Twas then the maid of Rokeby gave
> Her plighted faith to Redmond brave."—

We can only, in charity to Mr. Scott, attribute, as before, this instance of hurry to the demands of his printer, which would not allow time for the obsequies of Wilfrid; and the public impatience may thus share with him the censure of leaving his heroine deficient in the decencies of common feeling.

We have thus hazarded some desultory observations on Mr. Scott's Poem. The proof of their justice or injustice is in the hands of every one. If it should seem that we have been more studious of his blemishes than beauties, it was not because the latter are not seen, but because they are seen too plainly. The beauties of this writer's poetry are of the most striking and dazzling kind; and their glare extends over his defects. In literature, as in life, we find the more showy and ostentatious characters attract general admiration, before refined and retired ones. The success that has attended this writer is as seductive as the nature of his poetry; and both, we apprehend, are injurious to the interests of pure taste and classical verse, especially in this country. In Great Britain there are enough established models of the noblest form of poetry to oppose any recent peculiarities of the

Muse. And while it is there recollected, that the poems of Waller were universally read, while those of Milton were as universally neglected; and the dramas of Shakspeare superceded by the ribaldry of Settle and his contemporaries; present popularity will scarcely be considered an infallible criterion of permanent renown. But in a nation like our own, where the public taste is yet immatured; and destined as we probably are—some croakings to the contrary notwithstanding—to produce one day, poems which shall be candidates for endurance, it is of no small consequence that the eyes of our future bards should not be attracted by any "Cynthias of the minute," any wandering stars of literature, but rather fix on those permanent luminaries which though alas! suns to other worlds, have yet beamed on us some portion of their brightness. Our countrymen will be sensible that if respectable critics, as Dr. Beattie, Mrs. Montagu, lord Lyttleton, &c. apprehended at the close of the last century, there were indications of the English language being on the decline,—the publication of a series of poems which may tend to accelerate that event, is no inconsiderable evil. We shall remember that to extend the empire of this admirable language, was one of the warmest wishes of patriots and scholars, in the scheme of our colonization. If this language is to know corruption or change, let it at least be in favour of the sonorous dignity of the Greek, the polished elegance of the Latin—the lively French, or melodious Italian;—not for the mutterings of Highland nurses, and the jargon of Border outlaws. If our poets should not dare delineate a cavalier on the old plan of being as much *sans reproche* as *sans peur*, but must comply with the reigning taste for heroes in whom boldness supplies the want of every other qualification;—there is at least no necessity of recurring to Scotch marauders, equally ignorant and ferocious with our own aboriginals, whilst we have a model so conveniently near us.

The length to which these remarks have been protracted, will be pardoned by those whose sympathies are alive to the importance of the subject; who wish well to society in general—to their own country in particular—and consider the interests of both as materially affected by the state of moral feeling and polite literature.

CLASSICAL EDUCATION.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

This is one of the many subjects, which the modern spirit of reform, has drawn within its vortex. We have banished from the nursery, Jack the Giant-killer, Valentine and Orson, Goody Two Shoes, the Little Red Riding Hood and Cinderilla, for story books, that inculcate among young masters and misses, the sublimer virtues of unbounded generosity, and universal philanthropy: and the heads of our youths, instead of being stuffed full of Latin and Greek, as in time of old, are filled with problems of astronomy and experiments in chemistry; and at the age of twenty, a young man, educated according to the modern fashion of reformists, particularly among the dissenters, is brought out, with a superficial knowledge of Latin, Greek and French, a smattering of mathematics, logic and metaphysics, and just enough of the various branches of natural philosophy, to take off the edge of curiosity, and render him conceited and talkative. I speak now of England. In this country, instead of keeping boys at school till sixteen, and at college till they are twenty, we turn them out finished scholars, two years earlier; having introduced into their course, the additional accomplishments of public declamation, and forensic disputation; reversing the observation of Solomon, that it is out of the *fullness* of the heart, the mouth speaketh. This morbid precocity of the youth, furnishing sciolists and declaimers, instead of men whose time has been occupied in laying up the materials of future reflection, is a subject of complaint in the old country, it is a nuisance in this.

It is in vain to deny, that the general run of modern books which teach the elements of language and of knowledge to children, are very much superior to those that were in use half a century ago. Still the nursery tales of that day, produced an inclination for books, and a taste for reading, that the less extravagant fictions at present in fashion, cannot inspire, nor do I wonder at the exclamation of a lively young female, whose brain had been burthened with knowledge, of which she could not discern the use, and of wisdom of which she was unable to appreciate the value, "do pray mama, let me talk a little nonsense." I confess, I feel something of the same kind even now, nor do I know

a more tiresome companion, (to me at least) than a man who will talk ye wisdom by the hour together.

Books are the chief sources, because they are the permanent repositories, of knowledge. To use them, we must learn to read them. The art, and the habit of reading, we acquire, either by being *tempted* to read, through the pleasure afforded us by what we read, or by being *compelled* to read, or both: for the douceur of praises and sugar plums, is too temporary an expedient to be relied on. No reading by compulsion, however necessary to counteract our natural idleness, will suffice to produce the required effect. A taste for reading must be induced, and kept up: and this can only be done by pleasurable associations, connected with reading; and these are excited chiefly by ideas of novelty and surprize. It is not merely so in infancy, it is so through life: whatever be the species of knowledge we are in pursuit of, the excitements are the same in kind, although the fondness for the marvellous, is gradually checked by experience. But in childhood, we have no other stimulus, but the pleasure arising from the marvellous, unless that of fear. To substitute, therefore, tales of sense for tales of wonder, is not in any mind always an improvement! I have little doubt, but the literature of England is more indebted to the Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe, the historical parts of the Bible, and the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, than to any other known set of books, in the whole compass of English bibliography: the meritorious publications of Berquin, Genlis, Day, Trimmer and Edgeworth, are too refined for the purpose; they lack strength of outline. With respect to the question, whether it be worth while to make a boy spend seven years in learning Latin and Greek, and filling his head with the amours of the heathen gods and goddesses, it may involve some difficulty. I would observe hereon,

1st. This question has never been raised, that I know of, among those who were themselves good Latin and Greek scholars: by which I would be understood to mean, not persons who can make shift to construe a Latin page, but those to whom the ideas, the language, the beauties and the blemishes of the classic authors are familiar; to whom the perusal of the ancients, is nearly as easy as the classic authors of their vernacular language. I have

never known or heard of a good scholar, who regarded the time spent upon the dead languages as lost, if faithfully and judiciously employed in acquiring them.

2d. Consider the period of life usually spent in this acquisition, which may be stated as from eight to fourteen or fifteen. What but the memory can be employed during this age. It is the memory that must supply the materials whereon the judgment must be formed, exercised and improved. The first faculty then that must be exercised, is not that of comparison and reflection, but of remembering, by which the objects and topics of future thought and reflection are to be collected. *It is* at this age peculiarly, that languages can be learnt: every man who has tried to acquire a new language, feels the superior difficulty of learning it after he has arrived at adult age; particularly languages, that he has no means of rendering familiar by common use.

What languages can be acquired so useful at that period, as those languages which let us into the history of mankind in early times—the history of nations, arts, sciences, customs and opinions —languages that are the very ground work and foundation of our own and of other modern tongues—languages which exemplify all that is sublime and beautiful in composition, whether in poetry or in prose—languages which cannot be learnt without learning concomitantly, the chief elements of the theory of universal grammar! If we read in learning them, the absurdities of pagan mythology, it serves but to give force to those systems which are not thus degraded and perverted; nor is the history of human error, the least voluminous, or least useful part of general history: indeed in my opinion it is the most curious and the most necessary. The time thus employed can hardly be deemed wasted.

3dly. I would ask any man conversant in the history of human knowledge, whether the greatest and most numerous discoveries in science, have not been made by men, to whom these languages were familiar, and who have been thus educated? Until the beginning of the eighteenth century, Latin was the language of the learned world. Did Bacon or Huygens, or Euler, or Leibnitz, or sir Isaac Newton, *waste* their time in thus employing it? can this be said of Linnæus or Bergman, or Mayow, or

Sydenham? except in England and France within this century, almost all the writings of philosophers have been in the common language of the learned, in Latin. Is it pretended that we have now men of more research, of more acumen, or more depth of thought? when I see all the great discoveries in science made by men, to whom these languages were and are familiar, who have been wholesomely flogged into Greek and Latin, according to ancient discipline, *more majorum*, shall I give up this beaten high road to knowledge, for the shorter cuts proposed by the sciolists of the present day, who never travelled with common diligence the course they abuse, and not one of whom is of any standing in the world, for either taste or science? for I pronounce without hesitation, that all the oppugners of the common course of school education, are men of plausible, perhaps, but not of strong talents, and universally without pretension to any deep knowledge in the languages they pretend to despise. Indeed, when was it known that a man despised the knowledge he possessed—or who can point out a man eminent in science who has abused the pursuit of classical literature as a waste of time?

4thly. I believe so far as my experience and observation has gone, that no man has been, or can be, so good a judge of, or so perfectly alive to the beauties of composition, whether in poetry or in prose, as those whose taste has been formed on classic models, and by the attentive perusal of the classic authors. I do not believe there is a well educated man in Europe, who will doubt the truth of this, as a general proposition. Indeed, the volumes of the classics usually selected for school reading, are those which are among the most eminent for beauty of composition, and the business of the tutor is to point out where, and how, and why, the passages are so. It is this mode of education that essentially lays the foundation for what is called taste—that partly natural, and principally acquired talent, of discriminating between congruity and incongruity of plan and imagery; which does not so much judge of, as feel, the sublime and the beautiful of composition, and the force and delicacy of expression, whether in language or in art, whether in poetry, in painting, in architecture, in music, or in sculpture. This is at first taught and learned by distinct and individual examples, as the fingers are slowly

taught the association between the notes of the book, and the notes of the instrument; by and by, the knowledge becomes habitual, and taste is no longer science, but a feeling, a tact. I must appeal herein, not to those, who despising the first and finest examples of taste among the ancients, can have nothing of this tact themselves, but to scholars conversant with the productions of the *old school*, in all the variety and extent of the term.

I go further, and assert without the hazard of contradiction from the generality of the learned world, that no nation was ever wise, or great, or powerful, in which taste, such as I have described it, was not promoted, cultivated, and held in reverence by the higher classes of society. Hence to me, the encouragement of learning and the arts, seems a matter of national importance; and I hope that the infant establishments of art in Philadelphia, will not be deemed unworthy of national succour. There is one instance in which this discriminating perception of beauty of form, has been of incalculable service to England; I mean in the establishment of what has now become their national pottery, under the elegant costumes, first introduced from ancient patterns, by Wedgewood and Bently.

5th. I acknowledge that a man may be a good storekeeper, an excellent mechanic, a tip top legislator, without pretensions to classical or any other kind of reading; but surely such knowledge is not superfluous to a physician or a surgeon, or a chemist, all whose terms of art *ex græco fonte cadunt*, and many of whose sources of information are extant only in the Latin language—it cannot be superfluous to a lawyer, who though he may dispense with the laws of Oleron and Rhodes, with the civil law, with the jursits of the European continent, with Bracton and Fleta, and the registrum brevium, cannot read to effect any of the old reporters, or explain scientifically the technical terms of art in common use in the profession, without some knowledge of the Latin language, at least. To a divine, a learned education cannot be superfluous, whose duty it is to defend and explain the scriptures of his faith, all written in the languages usually called learned; and whose evidences of authenticity, exist only in the writings of Greek and of Latin authors.

I well know, that men of good common educations, who to strong natural parts join great industry, may become excellent

physicians, chemists and lawyers: but they would have been better physicians, chemists and lawyers, had they joined to natural talents, and great industry, the advantages of a classical education.

I speak not of the acquirements necessary to an accomplished gentleman. I take for granted the opponents of classical education, have no such character in their view. They must mean, in conformity no doubt to their own experience, that classical learning is not necessary to the acquisition of wealth. Herein I shall be compelled to agree with them; and freely acknowledge that in this point of view, Homer and Virgil, are not to be put in competition with the Ready Reckoner, and Cocker's Arithmetic.

6th. I would further urge, that no man can trace the *history* of any art or science, or almost any branch of any art or science, without recourse to authors whose works are transmitted in the Latin language. Yet is the rise and progress of invention and improvement, not only desirable to be known, but often necessary to be known, that we may not ascribe to one man, the merit really due to another.

7th. I do not say, that the grammatical structure of our own language cannot be understood without knowing the Greek and Latin grammar; but I run no hazard in saying, that it cannot be so well understood. I do not say, that no man can understand the usual English books, or compose in the English language with force, elegance or precision, without classical learning; but I may say, without fear of contradiction, that so many Greek and Latin words are naturalized among us, and our best authors contain so many quotations from, and allusions to the Greek and Roman classics, and the opinions and practices, historical events, laws, manners and customs of ancients nations, that no man can read to advantage the best books in any known modern language, who is ignorant of classical literature.

8th. I do not pretend that my own experience is or ought to be an argument to others: but it is to myself, and it will be to others similarly circumstanced. I have seen young men turned out into the world from English schools, smatterers in all kinds of knowledge, conceited disputers *de omni scibile;* vain of apparent precocity of talent and of knowledge, selfsufficient, and therefore idle and useless. I have known the scholars of Eton,

Winchester, Westminster, and Harrow, profoundly grounded in classical literature, in all the elements of cultivated taste, and knowing little else but Latin, Greek and mathematics at the age of twenty and one and twenty. I have found these scholars, generally modest and unassuming, for those who drink deeply at the Pierian spring, are profoundly sensible how much remains to be known: ignorance never sees difficulties. I have found them, thus educated, better qualified to engage in any pursuit of science or of literature—better fitted for entrance upon any profession—with more taste and ardour for knowledge of all kinds, and more competent to enter on the pursuit of it, than youths of more varied educations from the new fangled establishments to which novelty of pretension had given a temporary fashion.

After all, as I have said before, who are the leaders of this new sect, who profess to despise the knowledge so cultivated and reverenced by the wise of so many ages and countries, up to this period of fashionable ignorance? have they afforded us any evidence, that they are *qualified* to reprobate the learning they decry? Do they, did they ever possess it themselves sufficiently to appreciate its advantages or its disadvantages? I cannot help regarding this as an ill-judged attempt to guide popular opinion by flattering popular ignorance, and administering to popular idleness. It may have its day; but I trust it will be a short one.*

I have been tempted into these remarks by the perusal of the following pages in the Edinburgh Review for November 1812, which I deem of great importance to the system of education, usually adopted in American schools and colleges. I wish you to copy them into your Port Folio, as the subject cannot be too much known or discussed, till the principle and the practice shall be settled.

After some general remarks occasioned by a late collection of Latin verses, composed by young scholars at Edinburgh, the reviewers proceed to state that since the time of Buchanan,

* Dr. Barrow, who was at the head of the seminary in Soho Square previous to Mr. Nicholsons's taking charge of it, published a treatise on education about fifteen years ago, that if my memory serves me, well deserves to be reprinted as a defence of the common mode of education.

The making of verses, and, what is an almost necessary consequence, attention to prosody, continued to decline, till at length many not contemptible scholars in other respects, openly set *quantity* at defiance, and maintained that, as we are ignorant of the true Roman pronunciation, it is a matter of indifference whether we make a particular syllable long or short. Of late years, indeed, this heresy has been abjured, and laudable attention has been paid to prosody in our principal schools: but the practice of versification, so far from being generally resumed, is still vilified by many, upon grounds not much more tenable than those upon which its importance has, in other quarters, been so etravagantly magnified.

Conceiving these different views of the subject to be both in some degree erroneous, we shall endeavour briefly to state, *first*, What appears to us to be the real advantages of this species of exercise; and, *secondly*, What seems to be its proper rank or place in the business of a great school.

The most obvious, though by no means the most important benefit likely to result from the exercise in question, is an intimate knowledge of prosody and of the various measure and melody of Latin verse. That this is a thing worth acquiring, if the price be not too great—that since boys are employed in reading the Latin poets, they ought to be made acquainted with the structure of the verse they employ—secured against blundering in quantity, and awakened as much as possible to the perception of harmonious versification, are positions so evidently true, that nothing but mere prejudice or polemic petulance could induce any one to contest them.

Now, with regard to the knowledge of prosody, we allow that by the help of Latin rules, continual scanning, and a strong and tenacious memory, a boy may be secured, even without the habit of making verses, against frequent or very flagrant breaches of quantity. But this security, we conceive, will be purchased at a much greater expense of time and labour, and held by a far more precarious tenure, than if, with a moderate portion of prosody rules, he had been practically drilled to the *mechanical* part of versification. As to the other point—an acquaintance with the measure and melody of Latin verse, we conceive it to be absolutely unattainable, by schoolboys at least, without the habit of composing verse themselves. They may be perfectly masters of the rules of prosody, and able to scan fluently and accurately, and yet be total strangers to all that constitutes the charm of Virgilian and Horatian versification. We have witnessed an experiment pretty decisive of this point, made on a class of one hundred and forty boys: They had for years been in the almost daily habit of scanning, and giving rules for the quantities; the nature of *nonsense verses** had been explained to them: and yet, when they were

* There is nothing satirical, as some of our readers may perhaps imagine, in this appellation; nor has it the least reference to the works of the ingenious Anna Matilda, or any other living poet or poetess. *Nonsense verses* are merely such combinations of words taken at random from a Latin author, as, though void of meaning, shall be accurate in the *quantity* and *cadence*.

required to write four of these within an hour, not one of the whole number succeeded; some blundering in one thing, some in another; but all, without exception, in that cæsural cadence, so indispensible to the melody of verse.

On the other hand, when a boy is accustomed to versify, he must recur so often to his *gradus*, or to the poets he has read, to satisfy himself with regard to a particular syllable, that the doubtful quantities become indelibly fixed in his memory. He must err, too, so frequently in the structure of his lines, and be informed of his failure, either by his own ear, in comparing them with the ancients, or by the correction of the master, that he insensibly acquires a certain tact, or rapid and distinctive perception of what is harsh and unmusical, and consequently of what is flowing and harmonious in verse. It must be obvious to every one at all acquainted with the subject, how much his relish for the Roman poets will be improved, when, from his own experience, his mind is aware of the difficulties in the execution, and his ear alive to the charm that results from overcoming them.

The practice of making Latin verses, is also one of the most effectual means of extending a boy's general acquaintance with the language. To have a clear conception of the idea he means to embody, is but a small part of the duty imposed on him. The necessity of conveying it in a certain measure, subject to a number of rigorous and arbitrary laws, forces him to have recourse to every variety of expression and construction which the authority of the poets will justify. Of all the forms that present themselves, one only is employed:—but not unfrequently, in his way to it, he makes acquaintance with a number of others, which arrange themselves in the storehouse of memory for future use. And all this research—this consultation of poets, *graduses*, and dictionaries, is performed with a degree of interest, and a keenness of attention, which he never puts forth in the preparation of a common lesson, and which we do not believe could be excited by any other contrivance.

It is with the poets, of course, more particularly, that this exercise makes him familiar. As much of them as he has hitherto read, is summoned up or referred to; he levies contributions from all quarters; whatever bears in any degree upon the theme set, is selected; and, after such alterations and adaptations, as may suit his purpose, and obviate the charge of mere copying, is incorporated with his own matter. Thus a very powerful species of machinery is set at work, to stamp, in durable characters, on the youthful mind, the finest passages of the ancients, and to cherish that richness and enthusiasm of classical allusion, which is not among the least advantages of a liberal education.

This leads us to notice a third, and the most important, perhaps, of all the uses of this kind of school-exercise—the general improvement of intellect, and evolution of the faculties, which are produced in this way more effectually than in any other that could be attempted at the same period of life. No sooner is a theme or subject of verses announced than the boy's im-

agination is immediately employed in collecting fresh ideas, new-modelling those he had before, or working upon the few hints the master may have thrown out. He not only glances back on all he has read in school, but is eager to turn up every book in his own language, whether in poetry or prose, that seems likely to give him information, or suggest matter for his purpose; and when he has all his materials before him, his judgment is called upon to determine what is fit for his purpose, and to arrange it in the most striking and luminous order. It is in this way that the exercise we speak of makes the business of school something more than a mere exertion of memory; that it leads a boy to think, to read, and to turn his reading to account; that it accustoms him to discriminate and select; that it urges the young faculties to activity, and teaches them to go in quest of knowledge:

> ———aptat opus puero, monstratque moveri
> Erudit infirmas ut sua mater aves. OVID.

In short, that it gives to the mind, if we may be allowed the metaphor, that summer fallowing, which prepares it for rearing to a plentiful maturity the seed that may afterwards be sown.

We come now to consider what place verse exercises ought to hold in the business of a great school. In order to decide this point, it may be proper to premise, that there are three principal stages in the discipline of verse-making. The first and lowest is the putting together of what is called *nonsense verses*. It is intended by this exercise, which has been the object of a good deal of ridicule far more unmeaning than the verses themselves, to habituate a boy to the application of his rules of prosody, and to tune his ear to a perception of the metre. The second stage is the construction of what are termed *sense verses*. In this exercise, a literal translation of a few verses is dictated, divided into lines corresponding to the Latin; and the boy proceeds, with the assistance of his *gradus* and dictionary, to turn it into the measure required. This is not, like the last, a simple exercise in prosody, but requires some industry and dexterity in finding the proper phrase, and adapting it to the verse. The third, and by far the highest stage of progress, because, in addition to the foregoing qualities it requires invention and imagination, is, to write a copy of verses on a given subject, with nothing to guide the writer but his own understanding, and a few suggestions perhaps of the master's.

The two first of these stages we think attainable, at the proper time, by almost every schoolboy; and as they secure many of the benefits we have detailed, without encroaching upon the time that should be devoted to more important business, they ought, we think, to form part of the general discipline, and to be enforced by the ordinary sanctions and penalties of the school. The case, however, we apprehend, is quite different with regard to the third and highest species of exercise, which we have no hesitation in pronouncing by far the most difficult of all the tasks that are usually imposed upon school-

boys. To *compose* tolerably—a task which many grown men find so hard in their mother tongue—not only in a foreign language, but in the poetical measure of that language—requires considerably more exertion of mind than the Latin-English and English-Latin versions that form the ordinary exercises of our grammar schools. It is so difficult, indeed, that a small proportion only of the pupils of a great school can ever be brought, by any management, to acquire the faculty. If, therefore, we insist upon every scholar making Latin verses from his own *sense*, the necessary consequence will be, either to multiply the punishments to an immoderate degree, or to force the dull boys to get their verses written for them by the clever. The former consequence is deplorable enough: the latter, we conceive to be still more pernicious. It inures one set of boys to systematic deception, at which the masters themselves are obliged to connive; and another set it so overloads with drudgery of this kind, undertaken from motives of friendship or interest, that they acquire a habit of slovenly composition; and fall at last into a knack of tagging verses together in a sort of improvisatore style, very unfavourable to solid intellectual improvement. An undue proportion of their time also, is thus devoted to an employment, which it is certainly possible to overdo: and various other evils result, of which we can now offer but an imperfect enumeration.

The principle being once laid down, that *all* the scholars must go through the ordeal of verse-making, it becomes necessary, in the arrangement of school business, to allot such a portion of time to this most difficult exercise, as the *average* capacity of boys may appear to require—a portion which is soon found to be very considerable. The other business of course is starved: prose composition is comparatively little practised; and a surprisingly small quantity of the classics is read, in proportion to the age and progress of the boys. Even in the little that is read, the pupil is not trained to that wholesome and invigorating exercise of mind, which elaborates the meaning of an author by patient and solitary study—but is spared the exertion of any faculty but memory, by the certainty of hearing the lesson of next day construed over night by the master in his pupil's room. Every thing, in short, is made to bend to verses. Translation of the best authors, in all the variety of close and free interpretation, and with all possible illustration of mythology, geography, and antiquities, which has always been justly considered as the standard business of *our* grammar schools, is depressed, in many of those of England, into a subordinate exercise by the overwhelming necessity of verses: and, instead of exploring the rich mines of antiquity, the boy is condemned to beat about the narrow circle of his own ideas; or, secure of being furnished with a ready made copy by some facile friend, is left to employ the allotted time in strenuous idleness.

The remedy we would propose, to correct this disturbing influence of verses, is to make the most difficult stage of their composition an exercise for *the higher boys only* of a form or class, and to have it done in addition to

the ordinary school business;—in other words, not to insist upon every blockhead writing verses, or stretching his rickety understanding upon this iron bed; but to make it a voluntary exercise, accompanying, however, the performance of it with such honourable distinction, and substantial reward, as shall make it an object of ambition to every boy who has talents to entitle him to a place among the favoured few. One great advantage of this method is, that it enables the master to calculate the general business on a more comprehensive scale; because, in the distribution of employment and time to the whole class, it will not be necessary to reserve any for this sort of verse exercise. It will be performed in that surplus of time which a clever boy always has to dispose of, and which is thus redeemed from idleness, and funded for the use of his future life. It is a work of supererogation, extorted by strong stimuli from the natural indolence of those boys to whom the every-day business of the school cannot afford sufficient occupation. The proposed arrangement, then, while it enables the master to translate a great deal more with the body of the class, opens a career, boundless as human genius itself, to those youthful talents, which, when cramped and bound down to the ordinary march of a great school, are sure to be wasted in restlessness and mischief. The latter qualities, general as they are in great schools, particularly among boys of genius, are in most cases symptomatic of something morbid in the discipline of the seminary, or the management of the master, rather than in the boy himself. Give a boy business and incitement, and he will find equal pleasure in using the faculties of his mind, as in exercising the muscles of his body.

The practicability and good effects of the system we are recommending, are still less hypothetical than the evils of that we contend against. The verses in the little volume before us have been produced, in the High School of Edinburgh, under the very circumstances we have described. Whatever its intrinsic merits may be (of which we shall speak presently), it puts in its claim to our indulgence at least, as the first produce of a soil hitherto almost uncultivated, and in many places overrun with weeds. We have in the preface, not the Utopian notions of a speculatist, calculating effects upon data that are doubtful, but the plain matter of fact statements of a practical man.* He is engaged in superintending a school of nearly seven hundred boys;

* The gentleman to whom we now allude, we understand to be Mr. Pillans, the present head master, or *Rector* as we call him, of this great seminary, who was appointed to this important office on the death of the celebrated Dr. Adam, about two years ago. Besides the great improvement in the article of verse-making, which is detailed in the text, it is proper to mention, that this eminent teacher has carried the study of the Greek language much farther than had ever been done in this school. At his last public examination, various pupils, to whom the very alphabet had been unknown but ten months before, publicly read and translated any part of the New Testament *ad aperturam libri*, besides giving a complete grammatical analysis of all the words that occurred. Among the most radical and important, however, of all his improvements, we are inclined to reckon

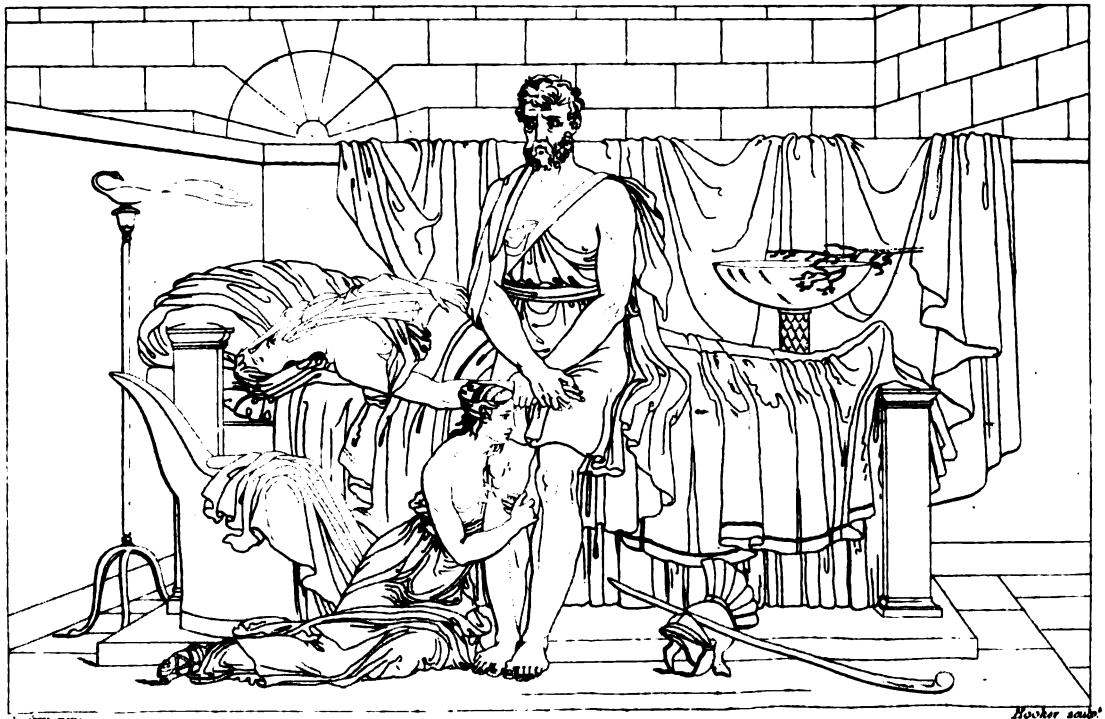
exquisitely correct and beautiful trifles of Vincent Bourne. A new edition of the Musæ Anglicanæ is badly wanted, to include some pieces by Dr. Jortin, Dr. Johnson, sir W. Jones, Mr. Wrangham and others, and the Latino-Danish poets.

But it is not for the sake of modern Latin poetry, that I regard the making of verses indispensible as a school exercise; so indispensible, as to make me doubt whether a profound knowledge of the language can be obtained without it. Let us consider how it operates.

A boy (after going through his course of scanning and nonsense verses) has a given subject, upon which he has to compose half a dozen hexameters and pentameters for instance; the usual measure began with, and followed by Sapphic, Alcaic, and Iambic exercises. He settles first the train of ideas by which he proposes to illustrate the theme. He then runs it over in his mind in prose Latin, and begins to arrange it into metre. For this purpose he must know or search for not only the quantity of every syllable, but the synonime of every word, and not only the synonime of every word, but all the various methods of expressing and paraphrasing the same idea; for his language must bend to his metre. He must search his classic authors for his authorities; for useful as the *Gradus ad Parnassum*, and *Labbe's Catholici Indices* may be, they will not always suffice. When his verses are produced, his tutor calls upon him now and then for his authorities for certain meanings or certain quantities, and authors must be diligently hunted to find them.

I will venture to say that a dozen Latin verses composed as they must be composed, will give a boy more knowledge of quantity, more recollection of various meanings, more command of words and of phrases, and more insight into elegant construction of a sentence, and propriety of periphrasis and imagery, than a week's labour at merely construing a classic author.

Then he will understand something of the beauties that Latin versification is capable of, and he may read Vossius and the Metron Ariston, with some pleasure. Nor will he offend the cultivated ears of a learned foreigner, by those horrible attacks upon quantity, that even the well educated among the American youth, are too apt to be guilty of.



MARCUS SEXTUS.

I write this in full hope, that ere long, the teaching to scan, the making of nonsense verses, and the composing of Latin verse, at least upon given subjects, will occupy a few hours twice or thrice a week in every school of America. When this is effected, the next generation will not be anxious to abolish the languages which have conveyed already so much taste, so much learning, and so much science. T. C.

Carlisle, April 1, 1813.

THE FINE ARTS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Their various uses meaner toils commend,
And Commerce finds in every want a friend;
Like plants of bold and vigorous growth, they bear
Spontaneous fruit, and ask but room and air;
But ARTS, a tribe of sensitives, demand
A hot-house culture and a kinder hand;
A TASTE to cherish every opening charm,
A shade to shelter, and a sun to warm.

CONTINUATION OF THE MODERN FRENCH SCHOOL.

MARCUS SEXTUS, BY GUERIN.

MARCUS SEXTUS, escaped from the proscriptions of Sylla, discovers on his way home his daughter in tears, beside the body of his deceased wife.

This picture is the first work of a young artist, and exhibits such traits of excellence, as to render the admirers of the art solicitous that such extraordinary talents may advance, with regular steps towards perfection. It attracted, during its exhibition, uncommon attention and applause. It was praised in all the public journals, and celebrated by poets in complimentary verses to the artist, whose extreme modesty cast considerable lustre on his fame.

This picture cannot be contemplated without emotions of terror and of pity. A wife expiring through affliction and want, at the moment when the presence and the attentions of her husband might possibly have preserved her life; a young girl clasping the knees of her father, her mind divided between

the grief of losing her mother, and the satisfaction she experiences on beholding her persecuted sire; and a proscribed warrior, escaped from the oppression of a sanguinary tyrant, finding, on his return to his dwelling, only a spectacle of horror and despair, present a scene capable of interesting the most obdurate heart.

Such is the subject of the picture, in treating which, Guerin has been particularly happy. In a style grand and simple, he has united great sensibility, expressions eminently correct; and to purity of design and vigour of colouring, added a peculiar charm, and all the graces and *naïveté* of the pencil. But it is impossible, by this feeble outline, to convey a just idea of the beauties of the original; which it is universally acknowledged, says a French critic, are of the first order.

For this picture, which does honour to the French school, M. Guerin was adjudged a prize of the first class; and to prevent its falling into foreign hands, a memorial was presented, by a body of artists, to the president of the academy, that government might make the purchase, which, by some fatality, was neglected. It is now the property of Mr. Decretot de Louviers, and has been engraved by Blot.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LATIN COMEDY.

There is not, properly speaking, any Latin comedy, since the Latins did no more than imitate or translate Greek compositions; they never exhibited a single Roman on the stage; and a Greek village is always the scene of action. How then can they be called Latin comedies where nothing is so but the language? Undoubtedly that cannot be called a national spectacle. The French comedy does not merit such a title until the time of Moliere: before him, every thing was Spanish, because Lope de Vega, Calderon, Roxas and others were the models. This is a tribute which every nation pays when she is the last in

the career of improvement; but when they overtake them they may surpass them, and the French writers have acquired this glory over the Romans.

Ennius, Nævius, Cæcilius, Aquilius, and many others, all imitators of the Greeks, have not reached our time. We have twenty-one pieces by Plautus, who wrote in the time of the second Punic war. From Epicharmus, Diphilus, Denophilus and Philemon, he borrowed most. If we judge from his imitations we shall entertain no very exalted opinion of his originals. The comedy of Plautus is very defective: he is so limited in his means; so uniform in his tone, that he resembles one of those Italian exhibitions, of a dramatic canvas of various fashions, but which shows only one person. We have always a young courtezan, an old man or woman who sells her, a young man who buys her, and who makes use of a knavish valet to steal the money from his father. Add to these a parasite, one of the most contemptible of human beings, whose trade it was, both at Athens and Rome, to do every thing which the patron should desire; and a blustering captain, which has served as a model for all the braggadocios of the old French comedy; these are the characters which uniformly appear in the scenes of Plautus. This uniformity in the personages and intrigues is tedious; that of the style and dialogue is disgusting. All the persons speak the same language in their various situations, it is that of buffoonery, often the most insipid and vulgar. The old, the young, women, slaves, soldiers, parasites—all are jesters. It seems that Plautus and those whom he imitated, entirely mistook the sort of gayety which should sparkle in comedy, and the pleasantry which is suited to a theatre. It should be conformable to the situation and the persons: they are not a mere collection of actors whose business it is to excite laughter, no matter in what manner. The poet should make them act and speak in such a way as to provoke our risibility, without the least appearance of design in them; if he cannot do this, there is no delusion. The humour of the *Misanthrope*, and the mystical and hypocritical jargon of *Tartuffe* make us laugh; because neither of them appear to wish us to be so affected; it is because they are themselves pleasant and risible. But for a lover who is about to lose

his mistress, or who is transported with passion for her, a slave menaced with a rigorous chastisement, a father irritated against his children or his servants, to give himself up to buffoonery, is a mere farce, and cannot be called comedy.

Plautus was ignorant, moreover, of what may be called the business of the stage. His actors are incessantly repeating tedious narratives and long soliloquies, replete with common place remarks. His scenes abound with long *side speeches*, without any regard to probability; the persons come and go without any reason and frequently leave the stage void. Some who are in a great hurry stop a long time to talk, when there is nothing to hinder them from going to do what appears so urgent.

In short, it appears to have been most the object of the author to imitate Nature in those parts where she should be concealed; for he has not hesitated to represent, with the most revolting fidelity, the manners of abandoned women, and all the indecencies by which they render themselves so disgusting to a delicate mind. But, although there be many, even in our own time, so blind as to believe that there is a merit in such exhibitions, yet we may assure both the writer and the artist, that their duty requires they should avoid depicting any thing which the modest may not view.

Plautus enjoyed much reputation in his own time, which was not diminished in the days of Augustus. He is praised by Quintilian, Varro and Cicero, though they had Terence before them. They admire him chiefly, because he understood so well the genius of his language; a great merit among the Latins, especially in an author who wrote before that tongue had acquired its perfection, but which is by no means inconsistent with a very bad taste for humour and a defective dialogue. This opinion is fortified by that of Horace; "we have admired the verses and the jests of Plautus," says this excellent critic, "with a degree of complaisance which might almost be called blind." But amid so many defects, what merit does he possess? A great deal of the comic in some situations of gayety in certain scenes—a sort of character peculiar to himself, but which Moliere has immortalized himself by surpassing in his *l'Avare*. He has also furnished Moliere with *l'Amphytrion*, the original of *Scapin*, and

some desultory touches; and Regnard with *les Menechmes et le Retour imprévu*. This is his praise and it is solid; for although in the very pieces in which they have imitated him, these writers have far surpassed him, it is not a little that his ideas were so good as to attract such attention.

We shall now give some extracts from the prologue to his Amphytrion.

I come by Jove's command: my name is Mercury;
My sire has sent me to implore your favour,
Though by his power he knew he could perforce,
Constrain you so to act as he should order;
For he is not to learn how much ye fear
And reverence this high Jove as is your duty.
Yet has he ordered me with mild petition
To use intreaty and in gentle terms;
For that same Jupiter by whose command I come,
Has not less dread of harm than any of you:
Nor is it marvellous that he should fear
Born of an human sire, an human mother:
And I too, even I, who am Jove's son
Have of my father caught the dread of harm.
wonder not
That Jove concerns him now about the actors:
Himself will play a part in this our comedy:
Why should ye be amazed, as though it were
A thing unheard of until now, that Jove
Should turn stage player?
Verily
Ye know my father, how he is inclined,
How freely he indulges in love matters,
With what excess he doats when once he loves.

This is the manner in which they amused themselves at the expense of Jupiter, *the great and the good*, on the Roman stage. Sosia, the servant of Amphytrion, who has been despatched from camp with a message to his mistress, opens the piece at midnight, but without the lantern, of which Moliere makes such admirable use. He is dying with fear lest he should be met and beaten by some one: and here occurs a great violation of nature, for in proportion to his fears should be his haste to reach his master's house, instead of which he very leisurely stands in

the street, while he delivers a soliloquy of two hundred verses, and prepares a recital for his mistress. Moliere percieved this fault and has avoided it. After a few verses about his own fears and the condition of slaves, Sosia says

> Mais enfin dans l'obscurité
> Le vois votre maison, et ma frayeur s'évade.

Thus his courage is revived. He arrives at the door; and then he thinks of his message:

> Il me faudrait pour l'ambassade
> Quelque discours prémedité.

Here probability is preserved. Next follows the droll dialogue between Sosia and his lantern, which is not even alluded to in the Latin. Plautus, moreover, who is so desirous to excite laughter, even when it is not necessary, here falls into the opposite fault. He puts into the mouth of Sosia a very tedious, minute and grave account of the victory of the Thebans, such as would well suit a history or a poem. Moliere has preserved the tone of comedy and the propriety of the scene. This writer perceived that he should care little about the fight and that the comic required him to avoid it. Accordingly he makes him trace the disposition of the troops: he stops him, very prudently, at the commencement of the battle, and brings forward Mercury when Sosia does not know where he is. This is much better than the long narrative of Plautus, which is only calculated to weary the attention. Another fault, not less liable to objection is committed by the Latin author. Mercury is on the stage from the commencement of the scene, he hears the whole story and the reasons of Sosia, and from the time that he is perceived, there follows several pages of *aside* dialogue, in which Mercury indulges in blustering and menaces to frighten poor Sosia, who, on his part, though half dead with fright, cracks jokes about his own situation. Moliere had too much sense to commit such blunders. He takes care to introduce Mercury at the proper time; he does not prolong the *aside* speeches, nor does he permit Sosia to jest, after he perceives Mercury. This is the difference between a painter and a characaturist. Sosia makes us laugh by his fright and not by his inuendoes and double entendres.

OF THE TRAGEDIES OF SHAKSPEARE.

From Mde. de Stael's Influence of Literature upon Society.

The English entertain as profound veneration and enthusiasm for Shakspeare, as any nation perhaps has ever felt for any writer.—A free people have a natural love for every thing that can do honour to their country; and this sentiment ought to exclude every species of criticism.

There are beauties of the first order to be found in Shakspeare, relating to every country and every period of time. His faults are those which belonged to the times in which he lived; and the singularities then so prevalent among the English, are still represented with the greatest success upon their theatres. These beauties and eccentricities I shall proceed to examine, as connected with the national spirit of England, and the genius of the literature of the North.

Shakspeare did not imitate the ancients; nor, like Racine, did he feed his genius upon the Grecian tragedies. He composed one piece upon a Greek subject, *Troilus and Cressida;* in which the manners in the time of Homer are not at all observed. He excelled infinitely more in those tragedies which were taken from Roman subjects. But history and the lives of Plutarch, which Shakspeare appears to have read with the utmost attention, are not purely a literary study; we may therein trace the man almost to a state of existence. When an author is solely penetrated with the models of the dramatic art of antiquity, and when he imitates imitations, he must of course have less originality: he cannot have that geinus which draws from nature; that immediate genius, if I may so express myself, which so particularly characterizes Shakspeare. From the times of the Greeks, down to this time, we see every species of literature derived one from another, and all arising from the same source. Shakspeare opened a new field of literature: it was borrowed, without doubt, from the general spirit and colour of the North: but it was Shakspeare who gave to the English literature its impulse, and to their dramatic art its character.

A nation which has carved out its liberty through the horrors of civil war, and whose passions have been strongly agita-

ted, is much more susceptible of the emotion excited by Shakspeare, than that which is caused by Racine. When misfortune lies heavy and for a long time upon a nation, it creates a character, which even succeeding prosperity can never entirely efface. Shakspeare, although he has since been equalled by both English and German authors, was the first who painted moral affliction in the highest degree: the bitterness of those sufferings of which he gives us the idea, might pass for the phantoms of imagination, if Nature did not recognise her own picture in them.

The ancients believed in a fatality, which came upon them with the rapidity of lightning, and destroyed them like a thunderbolt. The moderns, and more especially Shakspeare, found a much deeper source of emotion in a philosophical distress, which was often composed of irreparable misfortunes, of ineffectual exertions, and blighted hopes. But the ancients inhabited a world yet in its infancy; were in possession of but very few histories; and withal were so sanguine in respect to the future, that the scenes of distress painted by them, could never be so heart-rending as those in the English tragedies.

The terror of death was a sentiment, the effects of which, whether from religion or from stoicism, was seldom displayed by the ancients. Shakspeare has represented it in every point of view: he makes us feel that dreadful emotion which chills the blood of him, who, in the full enjoyment of life and health, learns that death awaits him. In the tragedies of Shakspeare, the criminal and the virtuous, infancy and old-age, are alike condemned to die, and express every emotion natural to such a situation. What tenderness do we feel, when we hear the complaints of Arthur, a child condemned to death by the order of king John; or when the assassin Tirrel comes to relate to Richard III, the peaceful slumber of the children of Edward? When a hero is painted just going to be deprived of his existence, the grandeur of his character, and the recollection of his achievements, excite the greatest interest: but when men of weak minds, and doomed to an inglorious destiny, are represented as condemned to perish; such as Henry VI, Richard II, and king Lear; the great debates of nature between existence and non-existence absorb the whole attention of the spectators. Shakspeare knew

how to paint with genius that mixture of physical emotions and moral reflections which are inspired by the approach of death, when no intoxicating passion deprives man of his intellectual faculties.

Another sentiment which Shakspeare alone knew how to render theatrical, was pity unmixed with admiration for those who suffer;* pity for an insignificant being,† and sometimes for a contemptible one.‡ There must be an infinity of talent to be able to convey this sentiment from real life to the stage, and to preserve it in all its force: but when once it is accomplished, the effect which it produces is more nearly allied to reality than any other. It is for the man alone that we are interested, and not by sentiments which are often but a theatrical romance: it is by a sentiment so nearly approaching the impressions of life, that the illusion is still the greater.

Even when Shakspeare represents personages whose career has been illustrious, he draws the interest of the spectators towards them by sentiments purely natural. The circumstances are grand, but the men differ less from other men than those in the French tragedies. Shakspeare makes you penetrate entirely into the glory which he paints: in listening to him, you pass through all the different shades and gradations which lead to heroism; and you arrive at the height without perceiving any thing unnatural.

The national pride of the English, that sentiment displayed in their jealous love of liberty, disposed them much less to enthusiasm for their chiefs than that spirit of chivalry which existed in the French monarchy. In England, they wish to recompense the services of a good citizen; but they have no turn for that unbounded ardour which existed in the habits, the institutions, and the character of the French. That haughty repugnance to unlimited obedience, which at all times characterized the English nation, was probably what inspired their national poet with the idea of assailing the passions of his audience by pity rather than by admiration. The tears which were given by the French to the sublime characters of their tragedies, the En-

* The death of Catherine of Arragon, in "Henry VIII."

† The Duke of Clarence, in "Richard III."

‡ Cardinal Wolsey, in "Henry VIII."

glish author drew forth for private sufferings; for those who were forsaken; and for such a long list of the unfortunate, that we cannot entirely sympathize with Shakspeare's sufferers without acquiring also some of the bitter experience of real life.

But if he excelled in exciting pity; what energy appeared in his terror! It was from the crime itself that he drew dismay and fear. It may be said of crimes painted by Shakspeare, as the Bible says of Death, that he is the *King of Terrors*. How skilfully combined are the remorse and the superstition which increases with that remorse, in Macbeth.

Witchcraft is in itself much more terrible in its theatrical effect than the most absurd dogmas of religion. That which is unknown, or created by supernatural intelligence, awakens fear and terror to the highest degree. In every religious system, terror is carried only to a certain length, and is always at least founded upon some motive. But the chaos of magic bewilders the mind. Shakspeare in "Macbeth," admits of fatality, which was necessary in order to procure a pardon for the criminal; but he does not on account of this fatality dispense with the philosophical gradations of the sentiments of the mind. This piece would be still more admirable, if its grand effects were produced without the aid of the marvellous, although this marvellous consists, as one may say, only of phantoms of the imagination, which are made to appear before the eyes of the spectators. They are not mythological personages bringing their fictitious laws or their uninteresting nature amongst the interests of men: they are the marvellous effects of dreams, when the passions are strongly agitated. There is always something philosophical in the supernatural employed by Shakspeare. When the witches announce to Macbeth, that he is to wear the crown; and when they return to repeat their prediction, at the very moment when he is hesitating to follow the bloody counsel of his wife; who cannot see that it is the interior struggle of ambition and virtue which the author meant to represent under those hideous forms?

But he had not recourse to these means in "Richard III;" and yet he has painted him more criminal still than Macbeth: but his intention was to portray a character without any of those involuntary emotions, without struggles, without remorse, cruel and ferocious as the savage beasts which range the forests; and

not as a man who, though at present guilty, had once been virtuous. The deep recesses of crimes were opened to the eyes of Shakspeare, and he descended into the gloomy abyss to observe their torments.

In England, the troubles and civil commotions which preceded their liberty, and which were always occasioned by their spirit of independence, gave rise much oftener than in France to great crimes and great virtues. There are in the English history many more tragical situations than in that of the French; and nothing opposes their exercising their talents upon national subjects.

Almost all the literature of Europe began with affectation. The revival of letters having commenced in Italy, the countries where they were afterwards introduced, naturally imitated the Italian style. The people of the North were much sooner enfranchised than the French in this studied mode of writing; the traces of which may be perceived in some of the ancient English poets, as Waller, Cowley, and others. Civil wars and a spirit of philosophy have corrected this false taste: for misfortune, the impressions of which contain but too much variety, excludes all sentiments of affectation, and reason banishes all expressions that are deficient in justness.

Nevertheless, we find in Shakspeare a few of those studied turns connected even with the most energetic pictures of the passions. There are some imitations of the faults of Italian literature in "Romeo and Juliet:" but how nobly the English poet rises from this miserable style!—how well does he know how to describe love, even in the true spirit of the North!

In "Othello," love assumes a very different character from that which it bears in "Romeo and Juliet." But how grand, how energetic it appears! how beautifully Shakspeare has represented what forms the tie of the different sexes, *courage* and *weakness!* When Othello protests before the senate of Venice, that the only art which he had employed to win the affection of Desdemona were the perils to which he had been exposed;* how

* What charming verses are those which terminate the justification of Othello, and which La Harpe has so ably translated into truth!

"She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them."—SHAKSPEARE.

"Elle aima mes malheurs, et j'aimai sa pitie."—LA HARPE.

every word he utters is felt by the female sex; their hearts acknowledge it all to be true. They know that it is not flattery, in which consists the powerful art of men to make themselves beloved, but the kind protection which they may afford the timid object of their choice: the glory which they may reflect upon their feeble life, is their most irresistible charm.

The manners and customs of the English relating to the existence of women, were not yet settled in the time of Shakspeare; political troubles had been a great hindrance to social habits. The rank which women held in tragedy, was then absolutely at the will of the author: therefore Shakspeare, in speaking of them, sometimes uses the most noble language that can be inspired by love, and at other times the lowest taste that was popular. This genius, given by passion, was inspired by it, as the priests were by their gods: they gave out oracles when they were agitated; but were no more than men, when calm.

Those pieces taken from the English history, such as the two upon Henry IV, that upon Henry V, and the three upon Henry VI, have an unlimited success in England: nevertheless I believe them to be much inferior in general to his tragedies of invention, "King Lear," "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," &c. The irregularities of time and place are much more remarkable. In short, Shakspeare gives up to the popular taste in these, more than in any other of his works. The discovery of the press necessarily diminished the condescension of authors to the national taste: they paid more respect to the general opinion of Europe; and though it was of the greatest importance that those pieces which were to be played should meet with success at the representation, since a means was found out of extending their fame to other nations; the writers took more pains to shun those illusions and pleasantries which could please only the people of their own nation. The English, however, were very backward in submitting to the general good taste; their liberty being founded more upon national pride than philosophical ideas, they rejected every thing that came from strangers, both in literature and politics.

Before it would be possible to judge of the effects of an English tragedy, which might be proper for the French stage; an

examination remains to be made, which is, to distinguish in the pieces of Shakspeare, that which was written to please the people; the real faults which he committed; and those spirited beauties which the severe rules of the French tragedies exclude from their stage.

The crowd of spectators in England require that comic scenes should succeed tragic effects. The contrast of what is noble with that which is not, as I have observed before, always produces a disagreeable impression upon men of taste. A noble style must have shades; but a too glaring opposition is nothing more than fantasticalness. That play upon words, those licentious equivocations, popular tales, and that string of proverbs, which are handed down from generation to generation, and are, as one may say, the patrimonial ideas of the common people; all these are applauded by the multitude, and censured by reason. These have no connection with the sublime effects which Shakspeare drew from simple words and common circumstances artfully arranged, which the French most absurdly would fear to bring upon their stage.

Shakspeare, when he wrote the parts of vulgar minds in his tragedies, sheltered himself from the judgment of taste by rendering himself the object of popular admiration: he then conducted himself like an able chief, but not like a good writer.

The people of the North existed during many centuries, in a state that was at once both social and barbarous; which left for a long time the vestiges of the *rude* and *ferocious*. Traces of this recollection are to be found in many of Shakspeare's characters, which are painted in the style that was most admired in those ages, in which they only lived for combats, physical power, and military courage.

We may also perceive in Shakspeare some of the ignorance of his century with regard to the principles of literature; his powers are superior to the Greek tragedies for the philosophy of the passions, and the knowledge of mankind:* but he was in-

* Among the great number of philosophical traits which are remarked even in the least celebrated works of Shakspeare, there is one with which I was singularly struck. In that piece entitled *Measure for Measure*, Lucien,

ferior to many with regard to the perfection of the art. Shakspeare may be reproached with incoherent images, prolixity, and useless repetitions: but the attention of the spectators in those days was too easily captivated, that the author should be very strict with himself. A dramatic poet, to attain all the perfection his talents will permit, must neither be judged by impaired age, nor by youth, who find the source of emotion within themselves.

The French have often condemned the scenes of horror represented by Shakspeare; not because they excited an emotion too strong, but because they sometimes destroyed the theatrical illusion. They certainly appear to me susceptible of criticism. In the first place, there are certain situations which are only frightful; and the bad imitators of Shakspeare wishing to represent them, produced nothing more than a disagreeble invention, without any of the pleasures which the tragedy ought to produce; and again, there are many situations really affecting in themselves, which nevertheless require stage effect to amuse the attention, and of course the interest.

When the governor of the tower, in which the young Arthur is confined, orders a red-hot iron to be brought, to put out his eyes; without speaking of the atrociousness of such a scene, there must pass upon the stage an action, the imitation of which is impossible, and the attention of the audience is so much taken up with the execution of it, that the moral effect is quite forgotten.

The character of Caliban, in the "Tempest," is singularly original: but the almost animal figure, which his dress must give

the friend of Claudius, and brother to Isabella, presses her to go and sue for his pardon to the governor Angelo, who had condemned this brother to die. Isabella, young and timid, answers, that she fears it would be useless; that Angelo was too much irritated, and would be inflexible, &c. Lucien insists, and says to her,

> ——————Our doubts are traitors,
> And make us lose the good we might win
> By fearing to attempt.

Who can have lived in a revolution and not be sensible of the truth of these words?

him, turns the attention from all that is philosophical in the conception of this part.

In reading "Richard III," one of the beauties is what he himself says of his natural deformity. One can feel that the horror which he causes, ought to act reciprocally upon his own mind, and render it yet more atrocious.—Nevertheless, can there be any thing more difficult in an elevated style, or more nearly allied to ridicule, than the imitation of an ill-shaped man upon the stage? Every thing in nature may interest the mind; but upon the stage, the illusion of sight must be treated with the most scrupulous caution, or every serious effect will be irreparably destroyed.

Shakspeare also represented physical sufferings much too often. Philoctetes is the only example of any theatrical effect being produced by it; and in this instance, it was the heroic cause of his wounds that fixed the attention of the spectators. Physical sufferings may be related, but cannot be represented. It is not the author, but the actor, who cannot express himself with grandeur; it is not the ideas, but the senses, which refuse to lend their aid to this style of imitation.

In short, one of the greatest faults which Shakspeare can be accused of, is his want of simplicity in the intervals of his sublime passages. When he is not exalted, he is affected: he wanted the art of sustaining himself, that is to say, of being as natural in his scenes of transition, as he was in the grand movements of the soul.

Otway, Rowe, and some other English poets, Addison excepted, all wrote their tragedies in the style of Shakspeare: and Otway's "Venice Preserved," almost equalled his model. But the two most truly tragical situations ever conceived by men, were first portrayed by Shakspeare:—madness caused by misfortune, and misfortune abandoned to solitude and itself.

Ajax is furious; Orestes is pursued by the anger of the gods; Phædra is consumed by the fever of love: but Hamlet, Ophelia, and King Lear, with different situations and different characters, have all, nevertheless, the same marks of derangement: it is distress alone that speaks in them; every idea of common life disappears before this predominant one: they are alive to nothing

but affection; and this affecting delirium of a suffering object seems to set it free from that timidity which forbids us to expose ourselves without reserve to the eyes of pity. The spectators would perhaps refuse their sympathy to voluntary complaints; but they readily yield to the emotion which arises from a grief that cannot answer for itself.—Insanity, as portrayed by Shakspeare, is the finest picture of the shipwreck of moral nature, when the storm of life surpasses its strength.

It may be a question, whether the theatre of republican France, like the English theatre, will now admit of their heroes being painted with all their foibles, the virtues with their inconclusiveness, and common circumstances connected with elevated situations? In short, will the tragic characters be taken from recollection, from human life, or from the *beautiful ideal*?—This is a question which I propose to discuss after having spoken of the tragedies of Racine and Voltaire. I shall also examine, in the second part of this work, the influence which the French revolution is likely to have upon literature.

ANECDOTES OF CHIEF JUSTICE JAY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Oldschool,

The character of the former chief justice, Jay, is one on which I have ever dwelt with singular veneration and delight. Amidst the numerous admirers of this venerable sage, I do not recollect one who has portrayed his peculiar characteristics on the bench. Amongst these I do not propose to class his spotless integrity, or the unimpeachable rectitude of his conduct; his exemplary patience and candour in the investigation of law, truth, and justice, or the luminous and convincing arguments of his judicial decisions. These he has, doubtless, inherited in common with many others. What peculiarly delighted me was, the unadorned simplicity and unassuming dignity of his deportment on the bench; a dignity perfectly exempt from those official forms and ceremonies, which, so far as my acquaintance with

judicial history extends, has never fallen to the lot of any other judge. Here, I believe, chief justice Jay was a unique.

Those at all familiar with the history of English jurisprudence know, that the judges have a style of communicating their opinions peculiar to themselves. It is cautious, circumspect, heavy and guarded—every word seems weighed in the balance, and every positive assertion is magnificently escorted by a train of hypothetical propositions. Fearful of saying too much, they, generally, say infinitely too little, which, to one unacquainted with their dialect, bears a character of timidity and indecision. This habit originates in a fear, perhaps commendable, of encroaching on the province of the jury, or from an apprehension that the meaning of their words may in future be extended to embrace more than what was meant. Such a style is, by courtesy, called the style of judicial gravity. Chief justice Jay was the reverse of all this: his arguments had a plumbness to the question in debate—they were direct, positive, and plain. After the debate was exhausted, the subject was presented from the bench to the jury, so unceremoniously, and with such simplicity of language, that they would wonder why in the course of debate all these arguments remained untouched.

The judge, on his part, would address the jury so familiarly and unrepulsive, that they lost all sense of the magistrate in the intelligent friend. He appeared, accidentally, to have taken up the point, and to have explained to them the question in debate.

When this opinion was once delivered, the judge, as if unconscious of the surprise so excited, awaited the call of the next case upon the docket, which was disposed of with the same simplicity of manners. Behind this plain and unostentatious exterior, we at length discovered the secret charm; a great and powerful intellect, intent on business only, and veiling its might.

This was a marked and beautiful trait in the character of this preeminent judge. Another was the fascinating reverence with which his opinions were always received. He was sure to excite a smile, but it was a smile of self-condemnation. We had to learn what dignity was, stripped of all judicial parade

and repulsive exterior. It was an accessible, open, affable, careless simplicity of deportment, mingled with a seeming unconsciousness of that character. A frown of haughtiness, coldness, or reserve, would have essentially impaired the reverence for this judge.

Another feature peculiarly admirable in his character was, his mild and temperate, yet firm and decisive control of the bar. As an evidence of this, the following anecdote may be mentioned: A question was once argued before the court, in which a man who had unwarily became bail was sued, and where precisely the same law applied as affected the principal. The lawyer, with great propriety, made no distinction in his plea to the jury between principal and bail. After he had finished, his client informed him of the material point omitted in his defence; and was desired to notice this distinction to the jury. He was informed, by his counsel, that before the court in which he was, this was of no sort of consequence; but he still persisted in his solicitation. At length the counsel arose, and afraid of provoking a judicial rebuff on the one hand, and of offending his client on the other, deemed it the safest course to take middle ground. Gentlemen of the jury, said he, my client suggests to me that I have omitted a material point in my defence, and which he desires me to state—a point which, I nevertheless, do not deem important, and that it is, that he is only bail in the present case. The chief justice very familiarly addressed the counsel, and said: At the time when you made your remark, was you sensible that it did not affect the merits of the case? Yes, may it please your honour. Then, replied the judge, *you are the more inexcusable for making it.*

The chief justice was peculiarly eminent for this grave and cutting mildness of judicial reproof.

A certain lawyer, whom it would be indecorous to name, was in the habit of reminding the state court, before which he commonly argued, and where his influence was unrivalled, that the case was undecided which they had reserved for consideration. He was compelled to give them this friendly notice to prevent them from losing all remembrance of the action.

This lawyer, so trained and disciplined, was employed in the supreme court of the United States, in a case reserved for future consideration. A day or two having elapsed, and no judgment, and forgetting the tribunal he was addressing, he rose, and informed the court—that the parties in the case which had been so recently argued, were waiting to receive, if the court were ready to pronounce, their judgment. Will the case spoil by keeping, inquired the chief justice?—No, replied the counsel, but (agitated a little by the severity of the reproof, and wishing to heal all wounds) I was fearful the court had forgotten it.—The court know their own business, Mr. B. said the courteous and smiling satirist on the bench.

At another time, a counsellor was flying in his argument continually from the evidence, and resorting to imaginary cases. The chief justice at length interposed, and admonished him to adhere to the evidence before the court, and to let such fictitious cases alone. The counsel promised compliance; but this habit was too inveterate to be easily subdued. The court was very soon after annoyed with another imaginary case. Is that case on trial, Mr. E.?—there is one case in evidence, and beware how you leave that and argue from cases without any. This reproof embarrassed the advocate a little, but did not prevent him from tripping again shortly after. Where is your evidence replied the judge; do not compel me to remind you of my injunction again. Again the advocate forgot himself. Gentlemen of the jury, I will suppose this case was in evidence thus.—Suppose you should sit down, sir?

His decision is no less notorious: When the court was once on the point of adjourning, an advocate rose, and declared, that what he had to offer would not detain the court a longer time than ten minutes. The chief justice pulled his watch from his fob, and exclaimed, *go on, sir.*

Chief justice Jay, in his address to the juries, was singularly felicitous. The following anecdote will serve as an example of his ascendancy. Every man on the jury was, by the statute law of the state, where a popular action was tried, exempted from serving. The chief justice acknowledged the law, but he represented to them the arduous and honourable duties of a juror.

They were component parts of the court, equally interested with himself in the acquittal of the innocent and conviction of the guilty. When gentlemen of intelligence and character declined that office, as they were the constitutional judges of the fact, the scene was reversed; the life or liberty of an innocent man was put in jeopardy, and the guilty were allowed a chance of escaping from punishment. Without their assistance he could not dispense that justice that the laws of their country, as well as their mutual security, required. After this address not one of them would claim the exemption which they had previously demanded.

I will relate, Mr. Oldschool, but one more instance of the courteous satire of the chief justice, which occurred in the case above mentioned. At the last day of the term, the judges were employed in examining and allowing the bills of cost as taxed by the clerk of the court. One man, having attended as a witness in behalf of the United States, both before the grand and petit jury, conceived himself entitled to double fees, both for travel and attendance. He presented his account accordingly, in which every thing was charged double. Even some extra services which he had rendered were charged twice over. Yes, said the judge, the court will allow the charge, if you are now ready to declare, upon oath, that you have walked a double distance, attended a double length of time, eat two dinners, and slept on two beds.

These, Mr. Oldschool, I acknowledge, are very imperfect instances of those luminous points of reproof, so constantly displayed by this distinguished magistrate from the bench. It is like judging of a lion, not by the dimensions of his body, but, from one of his hairs.

It was curious to observe the effect of such reproof upon the bar. Lawyers, accustomed to an excursive range of debate, felt themselves fettered to the point, they hardly knew how. Arguments which, at other times, would be extended to an immeasurable length, occupied a few minutes only—personal reflexions, which the evidence did not warrant, were abandoned—witnesses were protected from browbeating and insult—the questions were plain and perspicuous, and the timid were emboldened to an-

swer with confidence. This benificent change was wrought without ostentation or bustle, by the mild and unassuming dignity of cautious reproof. It was singular to observe the advocate, unacquainted with the character whom he addressed; to notice the changes wrought by these temperate checks, from headstrong confidence to reluctant and sullen acquiescence; and, at last, to a quiet submission, to a superior mind, without a murmur.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF GENERAL GREENE.

The events of our revolutionary war have of late acquired such an interest in the minds of our countrymen, that we are now anxious to be made acquainted with them in all their details. Of those which related to the southern campaigns, many particulars were wanting. General Lee turned the public attention to that quarter. We have now an opportunity to gratify this laudable spirit of inquiry, by giving the history of the southern campaign from the original letters of major general Greene. History proceeds hastily to the most brilliant periods of an army, neglecting or passing over with a slight notice, those events by which victory is in some measure disciplined to the conqueror's standard. The reader will here see the difficulties with which general Greene had to contend; and, he may rest assured, that the man who could so calmly face such difficulties, must be successful in the end. The following letters point out the sufferings and embarrassments of the American army, when every resource failed them, but the spirit and intrepidity of Greene. They are likewise a complete illustration of the character of that man; one which united the most endearing, affable, and friendly, with the most high and heroic. We shall devote a part of this journal regularly to the publication of them.

HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL WASHINGTON.

West Point, Oct. 16th, 1780.

Sir,

Your excellency's letter of the 14th, appointing me to the command of the southern army, was delivered me last evening.

I beg your excellency to be persuaded that I am fully sensible of the honour you do me, and will endeavour to manifest my gratitude by a conduct that will not disgrace the appointment. I only lament that my abilities are not more competent to the trust; and that it will not be in my power to be as exten-

sively useful as my inclination lead to wish; but as far as my zeal and attention can supply the defect, I flatter myself my country will have no cause to complain.

I foresee the command will be accompanied with innumerable embarrassments; but the generous support I expect from the partiality of the southern gentlemen, as well as the aid and assistance, I flatter myself, I shall receive from your excellency's advice, affords me some consolation in contemplating the difficulties.

I will prepare myself for the command as soon as I can; but as I have been upwards of five years in service, during all which time I have paid no attention to the settlement of my domestic concerns, and many divisions of interests and partition of landed property taken place in the time between me and my brothers, and now lie unfinished, I wish it was possible for me to spend a few days at home before I set out for the southward; especially as it is altogether uncertain how long my command may continue, or what deaths or accidents may happen during my absence to defeat the business. I beg your excellency's opinion upon the matter, and will regulate my conduct accordingly; however, it will not be possible for me to set out under five days from this place, if I put my baggage and business under the least degree of regulation; nor is my state of health in a condition to set off immediately, having had a considerable fever upon me for several days.

General Heath arrived last evening, and this morning takes the command. I will make him fully acquainted with all the orders and steps I have taken, which concerns his command, and will give him my opinion what further is necessary to be done for carrying into execution your excellency's instructions, and putting the garrison in a proper state of defence, and be prepared for the approaching winter.

General Mac Dougal is also here, and I have the pleasure to inform your excellency that he and I perfectly agree in opinion in what concerns the welfare of the garrison and its dependencies.

I have the honour to be, with great respect,
Your excellency's
Most obt. humble servant,

HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL WASHINGTON.

West Point, Oct. 19th, 1770.

SIR,

Your excellency's favour of the 18th, was delivered me this afternoon. I had given up the thoughts of going home before the receipt of your letter, even if I could have been indulged with your permission. My affairs require it; but I was afraid it would take up too much time, considering the critical state of affairs to the southward.

The day that I marched from Tappan, I wrote for Mrs. Greene, and expect her here every hour. When I wrote for liberty to go home, it was my intention to have stopped her on the road and turned her back; but if I should set out before her arrival, the disappointment, added to the shock of my going to the southward, I fear will have some very disagreeable effect upon her health, especially as her apprehensions were very lively upon the subject, before there was even a probability of my going.

I see the necessity for setting out, and feel the necessity for staying. I must beg your excellency's indulgence for one day longer; after which, if Mrs. Green don't arrive, I shall immediately set out for headquarters. My baggage sets off tomorrow, if I am not disappointed in getting horses, which colonel Hughes promises me shall not be the case. Nothing shall detain me longer than a couple of days from headquarters, unless I am very unwell indeed.

I thank your excellency for the double assurance you give me of support, and long to be upon my journey to meet lord Cornwallis, before he advances too far into the heart of North-carolina.

I am, with great respect and esteem,
Your Excellency's
Most obedient humble servant.

THE HON. THE BOARD OF WAR, NORTH CAROLINA.

Camp Charlotte, December 6th, 1780.

GENTLEMEN,

IT was said by a certain general, that in order to have a good army, you must begin by providing well for the belly, for that is the main spring of every operation. This business is not only important as it respects the army, but as it affects

the inhabitants in its consequences: for if an army is not well provided, the people will soon begin to feel the hand of violence; nor is it in the power of a general to avoid it.

In a war like ours, conducted principally upon the defensive, and commonly with raw troops, and with numbers inferior to the enemy, it is difficult to fix the proper places for magazines; nor would it be political, under the present constitution of our army, to form very large ones in any place, as we have not a force to defend them, nor can we afford to lose them. We should have a plenty provided; but there should be a number of deposits, rather than one or two large magazines. Whenever the provisions are laid in, regard should be had to the means of transportation; for it cannot be expected that the army can go to the provision, and therefore the provision must come to the army. Nor is it consistent with national policy or military security to disperse an army over the country, either to collect or subsist upon the food provided, for them as too many seem to have an idea of.

Great events often depend upon little things, and the fate of empires have sometimes been decided by the most trifling incidents: therefore, while we are contending for every thing that is dear and valuable, we should trust as little to chance or accident as possible. Magazines should, upon the common principles of war, be formed in the rear. From the present position of the enemy and that of our army, our principal magazines should be at Salisbury, Oliphant's mill upon the Catabaw, and several small ones upon the east side of the Pedee, as high up towards the narrows as possible, that the position of this army may cover them. As transportation is a difficult business, and very expensive, I should not recommend forming large magazines of beef, but putting up a large number of cattle to stall-feed. I would salt down as much pork as can be obtained, and have it deposited at places as favourable for water transportation as possible: for it is very seldom that an army is well supplied unless it is furnished by a water communication from the remote magazines. At this place there should be about a month's provisions laid in. To have a larger stock in our present weak state, while the enemy are receiving large reinforcements, will not be prudent; nor will it do to trust altogether for

supplies to be drawn from distant magazines. This place appears to be the most favourable for opposing the enemy's penetrating the country this way, and for checking their advances upon the lower route, unless it is quite upon the sea coast; for I cannot persuade myself that they will venture to cross the country below and hazard their line of communication, while we remain in a situation for piercing their flank, and intercepting their supplies. However, I am more afraid they will carry on a war of posts, than make long and sudden marches into the country. Should this be their plan, as I am persuaded it will, from its being evidently their interest and agreeable to their former mode, and if their collective strength is much superior to ours, they can establish a post almost where they please; and by laying in a large stock of provision, can easily hold them: for we have no heavy cannon to dislodge them; nor have we strength enough to set ourselves down before a work with security, or confidence of obliging the garrison to surrender. And the idea of storming works, which many speak of with as much familiarity and confidence as they would talk of gathering a basket of fruit, unless it can be effected by surprise, affords but a poor prospect of success: nor would a post be an object unless we had a force sufficient to hold it after possessing ourselves of it; and to make an attempt, and not succeed, will bring not only disgrace, but will be attended with the loss of our best troops; besides which, while so much depends upon the opinion of the people, both as to men and money, as little should be put to hazard as possible. Neither the army nor the country want enterprise, and if both are employed in the partizan way, until we have a more permanent force to appear before the enemy with confidence, happily we may regain all our losses; but if we put things to the hazard in our infant state, before we have gathered sufficient strength to act with spirit and activity, and meet a second misfortune, all may be lost, and the tide of sentiment among the people, turn against you, which will put every thing afloat in this state, and even endanger its political existence. The people of Southcarolina had no idea of the fall of Charleston producing such serious consequences to their state; nor can you tell what an unfortunate stroke may

produce in this. The king of Prussia advises, in a defensive war to attend to great objects and submit to partial evils.

I recommend moving all the salt and public stores, for the use of the army, now upon the seaside, into the interior country. Salt is such a capital article that not a moment should be lost in putting it in motion. The enemy are as sensible of its importance to us as we are; and as they know it will affect us greatly in the present state of our money, may think it an object to strike at; and the loss of it, generally, would give us a deadly wound, if not a fatal stab.

It is my desire, that the honourable the board of war should be with the army, or in its neighbourhood; and I conceive it indispensably necessary, while the army is so scantily supplied, and the whole executive powers rest with them. There should be not less than five thousand barrels of flour, and five of indian meal, laid up in the different magazines in this state; and there should also be five or six thousand barrels of salted provisions, principally pork, if possible; and not less than three thousand head of cattle put up to stallfeed, to be driven to the army for slaughter as they may be wanted from time to time. Several hundred hogsheads of spirits will be indispensably necessary, especially if there should be active operations this winter.

I would beg leave to propose registering all the wagons and casks in each county and district, and appointing a person to call out such numbers as the service may require, either to serve with the army, or upon the communications, on the application of the staff officers in the quartermaster-general's department. Nothing on my part shall be wanting to render this country every service in my power; and though I may not agree with the people at all times with respect to the mode of conducting the war, they may be assured I have their true interest at heart. I hope and expect the honourable the board will give me all the aid and assistance in their power; without which, recourse must be had to obtain the means of subsistence, not less distressing to the inhabitants, than destructive to the discipline and good government of the army.

I have the honour to be, with great respect,

Your's, &c.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE PRESIDENT OF CONGRESS PHILADELPHIA.

Camp Charlotte, December 7th, 1780.

SIR,

I arrived here on the 2d of this instant, to which place general Gates had advanced with the greater part of the troops from Hillsborough, and the rest were on their march, and have since joined.

It was the opinion of a council of war, held the 4th, that the circumstances of this army, would not admit of an immediate inquiry into general Gates's conduct, during his command in this department, as appears by the inclosed papers from No. 1 to 5, and many officers are of opinion that he is not chargeable with any thing but misfortune. The general sets out this day to visit his family in Virginia.

It had been determined by a council of war, before my arrival, to take post at this place; the strength and condition of the army not admitting of further operations. It is fed by daily collections, and has been subsisted with the utmost difficulty the short time it has been here. The counties of Roan and Mecklenburg have been so ravaged by the enemy, militia, and tories, that little more of any thing is left than is necessary to subsist the inhabitants. Indeed, the whole state has been so ravaged by the numerous militia that have been kept on foot, accompanied with such a scene of plunder and waste, that I am very apprehensive it will be next to impossible to form magazines sufficient for the support of the few regular troops we have. The country is so thinly inhabited, and the want of money, and the means of transportation, render the collections slow and difficult.

The board of war of this state, from an apprehension they cannot subsist the regular classes of militia in the field, and from a persuasion that the policy of employing militia, principally for its defence, is ruinous, have stopt the next class from coming out, until further orders; which will leave us nothing but the few regular troops, and Virginia militia, to oppose the enemy; except the militia under general Sumpter and colonel Marion, who are composed of men whose cases are desperate, being driven from their dwellings, and others who are allied by the hopes of

plunder. The first are the best of citizens, and the best of soldiers; the last are the dregs of the community, and can be kept no longer than there is a prospect of gain. With this force upon such a loose constitution, and in such a wretched state, we shall have it in our power to carry on nothing but a kind of fugitive war.

The regular force that is here, is so naked and destitute of every thing, that but little more than half of them are fit for any kind of duty; and unless clothing is soon forwarded, their condition must be deplorable. General Gates has given such a just and full description of their situation, in some of his former letters, that it is unnecessary for me to be more particular. The troops from Virginia may be literally said to be naked. I have desired the governor not to send forward any more, until they are better clothed and equipped; for we had much better be without men, than to have such as are unfit for service. It is a great mistake, which many entertain, that soldiers can do with little clothing in this climate: the variableness of the weather, renders clothing here, equally as necessary as to the northward, and perhaps the complaints and diseases that follow the want of it, are greater here than there.

I have parties out exploring the rivers Dan, Yadkin, and Catabaw, to see if I can't aid the business of transportation by water; without which, I am convinced our supplies will be scanty, if we are able to subsist at all. Virginia must aid us, for this state is unequal to the burthen.

Lord Cornwallis is at Winnsborough, about half way between Camden and Ninety-Six, both of which places are strongly fortified, the first with five redoubts, and the last with ————. Besides these places, there are a number more fortified posts, in different parts of the state, and about twelve or fourteen hundred militia under arms. The reenforcement from Newyork is said to be arrived in part, if not the whole. I cannot ascertain their numbers: several people from lord Cornwallis's camp, say he is preparing to move, but where is unknown.

The inclosed papers, No. 6 and 7, contain the reports of general Sumpter's last action, and colonel Washington's stratagem, by which he took colonel Rugely and his party. I hope these little flashes of success may not slacken the measures for giving

support to this army; for nothing of consequence can be effected until we have a permanent army to offer the enemy battle, and then I would march into the heart of Southcarolina, and oblige them to evacuate all their out posts. In this situation, we should have the country with us, and the success of the war here depends much upon opinion and appearances; such is the state of the money, and the division of sentiment among the inhabitants.

All the prisoners taken by colonel Campbell, at Kingsmountain, are enlarged upon different conditions, except about one hundred and thirty: many have been enlisted into the militia as substitutes, and others paroled: the officer that had them in charge, confesses his fault and folly, but that will not produce the prisoners; they would have been of the utmost importance in the exchange with lord Cornwallis.

An auditor of accounts is exceedingly wanted here, and the public service suffers for want of one.

I have appointed lieutenant colonel Carrington deputy quartermaster general for this army, which I hope will meet the approbation of congress.

I have the honour to inclose for your perusal, a Charlestown paper of the 27th ult. and am, with sentiments of the highest esteem and respect,

Your excellency's, &c.

DR. JOHNSON'S LEXICOGRAPHICAL PECULIARITIES.

From an English publication.

In all the varieties of inquiry which have been instituted into the writings of Johnson, his dictionary seems to have escaped with less examination, after that which its first appearance excited, than any of his other works. It presents, however, many things curious in literary estimation, as significant of his prejudices, his affections, and his sentiments. In the course of many years assiduous use of this dictionary, I have been careful to note down these peculiarities as often as they occurred, and if

the following selection should be considered interesting to your readers, I shall be happy to occupy a leisure moment by sending you one or two more specimens.

He tells us in his preface, that his intention originally was to admit "no testimony of living authors;" but he adds, "he departed from this resolution when some performance of uncommon excellence excited his veneration, when his memory supplied him, from late books, with an example that was wanting, or when his heart, in the tenderness of friendship, solicited admission for a favourite name." To which of the above three causes I am to attribute the quotation of *himself* as an authority, I know not; but I find the word *idler* illustrated by the following line from his own tragedy:

> Thou sluggish *idler*, dilatory slave!
>
> IRENE.

It was probably the tenderness of affection that induced him to quote from Goldsmith, but he quotes him wrong, as may be seen under the verb *to breast*, where he has these lines:

> "The hardy Swiss
> *Breasts* the keen air, and carols as he goes."
>
> GOLDSMITH.

The couplet runs thus in every copy of Goldsmith's *Traveller* which I have seen:

> "Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
> *Breathes* the keen air, and carols as he goes."

It is evident he quoted from memory.

Beattie is another contemporary whom he uses as an authority; but his acquaintance with him did not commence till about the year 1770, at which time he was beginning to rise into notice, having then published, within a short space of each other, his *Essay on Truth*, and his *Minstrel*. I could almost be tempted to think that Johnson quoted him on one occasion *merely* to mark his friendship, for under the adverb of negation *no*, he introduces this line, "poor Edwin was no vulgar boy," from the first book of his Minstrel. But surely it did not require Dr. Beattie's example to strengthen those of Pope, Swift, and the translators of the Bible, all of whom Johnson cites. The other occasion, on which he quotes Beattie, is for a definition of the word

humble-bee, though I know not from what part of his writings it is taken, unless it be from his *Theory of Language*.

The word *dimply*, not a very elegant epithet, he inserts upon the single authority of Warton, another contemporary:

> "As the smooth surface of the *dimply* flood,
> The silver-slipper'd virgin lightly trod."

The verb *to giggle* he also supports upon the single authority of his friend Garrick, in a couplet from one of his epilogues:

> "We show our present joking, *giggling* race,
> True joy consists in gravity and grace."

The word *fabulist* is also authorised by a line from Garrick.

He quotes the authority of Richardson in the words *devilkin* and *suicide*.

In the verb *to mounch*, he quotes Mr. Macbean, one of his "humble friends," according to Mr. Boswell, as an authority for the definition of the word relatively to its meaning in Scotland, Macbean being considered no doubt a good evidence.

I have produced one instance where Johnson quoted himself as an authority. I find him using the same authority on another occasion, but modestly veiling it under the term anonymous. Thus, in the illustrations of the word *mimick*, I find the following line:

> "Of France the *mimick*, and of Spain the prey."
>
> ANON.

And in his London, a poem, is the following couplet:

> "Sense, freedom, piety refin'd away,
> Of France the *mimick*, and of Spain the prey."

The word *rattlesnake* is illustrated by a quotation from Edward Moore's comedy of the *Foundling*, an author whom I do not recollect to have been an associate of Johnson.

Another contemporary whom Johnson quotes, is his friend sir Joshua Reynolds; and when the reader is told that he quotes him in illustration of the word *portrait*, he will allow that he could not have quoted a better authority.

A very inelegant word, *ridiculer*, is supported by the single authority of the expected patron of his dictionary, lord Chesterfield:

"The *ridiculer* shall make only himself ridiculous."

I have confined myself in this letter, which I now hasten to conclude, to an enumeration of such instances of contemporary citation in Johnson's dictionary as I have happened to detect, and shall only further observe, that the words *chit* and *bravado* are introduced upon anonymous authority. In a subsequent communication I shall introduce instances where he evidently indulged his prejudices, literary, religious, and political, even in the severe and abstract labour of definition.

SMOLLETT.

The following particulars respecting some of the poems of that author, are extracted from a note attached to the "Poems and Plays of William Richardson, A. M. Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow," published in 1805.

His *Ode to Independence* was left in his own hand writing, with some other papers, to the late Robert Graham, esq. of Gartmore, who was one of his trustees, and who gave it to the author of the present publication, under whose inspection the first edition was elegantly printed by the celebrated messrs. Foulis, printers to the University of Glasgow. It is also proper to mention, that in the fifth line of the third antistrophè, the editor took the liberty of substituting one word in place of another. The line in Smollett's MS. was,

Where Insolence his wrinkled *snout* uprears.

No doubt the word *snout* presents a more complete image, and conveys, therefore, a more impressive meaning than the word *front*, which was introduced in its place; but it did not seem so suitable to the dignity of lyric poetry, or the peculiar loftiness of the Ode to Independence. If, however, the more distinct imagery, and consequent vigour, obtained by retaining the original expression, are capable of counterbalancing the considerations that urged the editor to its exclusion, it is proper that fu-

ture editors may have it in their power to restore to the poet what certainly belongs to him.

By the above mentioned Mr. Graham, the following anecdote concerning another performance by Dr. Smollett, entitled the *Tears of Scotland*, was also communicated, and which he received from one of those who were present when the incident occurred. Some gentlemen having met at a tavern, were amusing themselves before supper with a game at cards, while Smollett, not choosing to play, sat down to write. One of the company, who also was nominated by him afterwards to be one of his trustees, observing his earnestness, asked him, if he was not writing verses. He accordingly read to them the first sketch of his *Tears of Scotland*, consisting only of six stanzas; and on their remarking, that the termination of the poem, being too strongly expressed, might give offence to persons whose political opinions were different, he made no reply; but, with an air of great indignation, subjoined the concluding stanza.

Concerning the obelisk erected in honour of Buchanan, it is necessary, on account of an inaccurate statement of the matter, though not intentionally so, in a work already before the public, to mention the following particulars. The first suggestion of this monument, as it is now executed, was by the late Robert Dunmore, esq. in a very numerous company, among whom was the author of this publication, in the house of a gentleman in the neighbourhood. A subscription for the purpose was then begun, and nearly filled up; and the *design* furnished, as his contribution, by Mr. Craig, an eminent architect, who was also present on that occasion.

P. S. In an interesting life of Dr. Smollet tby Dr. Anderson, who *rouses*, if I may use the energetic language of an ode addressed to him by the translator of Dante, who rouses

> The Heliconian strain
> The cause of virtue to sustain;

the anecdote respecting the poem entitled the *Tears of Scotland*, is mentioned, on the authority of Dr. Moore, with circumstances somewhat different from those communicated to the author by Mr. Graham. The writers will perhaps differ from the mere critics of poetry, concerning the probability of the two accounts.

KEMBLE'S PRONUNCIATION OF THE WORD ACHES.

A few years ago, when Mr. Kemble revived the play of "The Tempest," a knot of sciolists assailed him with the most illiberal abuse for pronouncing the word *aches*, in the following line, as a *dissyllable*.

"Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar."
Tempest, Shakspeare, vol. iv. p. 42. edit. 1803.

That these unmanly carpers were "ignorance itself in *this*," is, I believe, pretty evident to any one however slightly acquainted with our old poets and dramatists. From the writings of Shakspeare and his contemporaries, down even as low as the days of Dryden and Swift, hundreds of instances may be adduced where the word *must* be pronounced as a dissyllable, to preserve the metre. And, though I may be mistaken, I am inclined to think, that the word when occurring as a *noun* was uniformly used as a dissyllable, and as a monosyllable when it occurs as a *verb*, by writers contemporaneous, or not far removed from, the times of Shakspeare.

I cannot "find in my heart to bestow all my tediousness" upon the proof of *this* proposition; but in support of the assertion that *aches* was used as a dissyllable by Shakspeare and his contemporaries, and after them to a very low date, I will adduce only *one* instance from Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, D'Avenant, Dryden, and Swift.

SHAKSPEARE.

"*Aches* contract and starve your supple joints!"
Timon of Athens, vol. xix. p. 29.

BEN JONSON.

"Yea fright all *aches* from your bones!
Here's a med'cine for the nones."
Volpone, Act ii. Sc: 2.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

"And may she give ye as many hurts as I have,
And twice as many *aches!*
Luc. Noble captain—"
The Knight of Malta, Act ii. Sc. 1.

MASSINGER.

"And that kills scabs, and *aches* of all climates."
A Very Woman, Act iii. Sc. 1.

FORD.

"Sleep? Sleep at court? and now? *Aches*, convulsions."—
The Broken Heart, Act ii. Sc. 3.

D'AVENANT.

"'Tis next old *aches* and bad fame."
The Wits. D'Avenant's Works. 1673. p. 171.

DRYDEN.

"Catarrhs, rheums, *aches*, live three ages out!"
Upon the Death of Lord Hastings, v. 82.

SWIFT.

"Old *Aches* throb, your hollow tooth will rage"
Description of a city shower, in the original folio edition of the Tatler, 1710.

It would be an endless and a useless labour to enumerate all the instances in our early dramatic poets of this word's being pronounced as a dissyllable; and if any doubt can yet remain upon that subject, the following epigram from HEYWOOD will remove it.

"Of the letter H.

"H is worst among letters in the crosse row, . . .
For if thou find him other in thine elbow,
In thine arme, or leg in any degree,
In thine head, or teeth, in thy toe or knee,
Into what place so ever H, may pike him,
Where ever thou find *ache*, thou shalt not like him."
Epigram 59. The fyrst hundred.

ACCOUNT OF JOSEPH PAISLEY, THE GRETNA GREEN COUPLER.

THE deceased Joseph Paisley, of coupling celebrity, was born on the borders of England, in the year 1728, or 1729, at the obscure hamlet of Lenoxtown, about a mile distance from Gretna Green; at which place and at Springfield (its immediate neighbourhood) the subject of this memoir half a century continued to weld together the chains of matrimony, to render happy or miserable great multitudes of anxious lovers. Early in life, Paisley was apprentice to a tobacconist; but becoming disgusted with his employment, he changed it for that of a fisherman, and was allowed by his brethren to bear the palm on all occasions

where strength and agility were required. It was in this humble capacity that he was initiated into the secrets of a profession, which he managed with such address. He had formed a connexion with one Walter Cowford, who lived very near to Sarkfoot, upon the seashore; and who, though strange it may appear, was both a *smuggler* and a *priest*. Old Watty had the misfortune to be but indifferently lodged, having "a reeky house," and what is perhaps worse, a scolding wife, so that he was necessitated to perform the marriage ceremony on the open beach, among the furze, or, as it is provincially called, *whins:* on these occasions young Paisley officiated as clerk. But our hero had ambition, and he only wanted an opportunity for its exertion. An opportunity soon offered itself: one time Watty went to the Isle of Man for the purpose of fetching over a cargo of contraband brandy; whilst his assistant remained at home to perform the necessary rites during the absence of the former. Finding that he could rivet the matrimonial band equally as well as his master, and being at the same time under some pecuniary embarrassment, he began business on his own account, and by his ability and address, soon overcame all competition.

About the year 1794, he was served with a subpœna to give evidence at Bristol respecting the validity of a marriage. It was expected by thousands that the event of the trial would put an end to *Joe's* matrimonial career: the contrary, however, took place; for by his dexterous management, he not only succeeded in rendering the match valid, but was enabled to follow his favourite profession with increased security. During this journey he visited the metropolis, where he was much noticed by the nobility and gentry. Had he been of a covetous disposition, he might have accumulated a considerable fortune; but since the time to which we allude, he had never been distant a single mile from Springfield.

Of Joseph's personal strength there are many well authenticated accounts; his strength of arm was prodigious—he could have taken a large oaken stick by the end, and continued to shake it to and fro, until it went to pieces in the air! The excellence of his constitution was likewise often tried; though it must be allowed that his intemperance was proverbial, yet he reached

his eighty-second year. He was accustomed to relate with great pleasure a celebrated achievement in which he and a jovial companion, a horse-breaker, were once engaged, when they consumed the amazing quantity of *ten gallons of pure brandy* in the short space of sixty hours; and what is more, these two thirsty souls kicked the empty cask in pieces with their feet, for having run dry so soon. It may be conjectured that the conversation of such a character could not be very engaging; juvenile feats of activity, and his beloved brandy, formed the chief topics of his discourse, which, until very lately, never turned upon religious subjects.

But let justice be done to the character of the man. It must be allowed, indeed, that he was too fond of a stoop of liquor, and was of coarse and unpolished manners; but was not addicted, as reported, to profane talking and obscene discourse; without hazard of contradiction, it may be averred, that he was a very honest and charitable man, and an inoffensive neighbour, and that he was generally respected by all who knew him.

Paisley is succeeded in the capacity of coupler by a young man, a friend of his; and there is no fear that the business will fall off, as three weddings have already taken place since the interment of the old man.

SOCIETY IN ENGLAND.

The following observations on the state of Society in England were published about the year 1806, by Mr. Dutens, and coming from an impartial stranger, whose long residence in that country qualified him to appreciate its institutions and forms, it may be presumed an accurate picture of English manners:

It is more difficult for foreigners to form acquaintance in England than in any other country. The reader will judge, by what I am going to communicate, and which is taken from a little work which I formerly published for the instruction of foreigners.

Society in England is not at all upon the same footing as in Paris, Vienna, Rome, or Naples: it is formed upon a plan which suits the English; they enjoy it in their own way, and foreigners may participate in it.

The greater part of the men who compose the first class of society are in parliament: some are peers of the realm, and belong to the house of lords; their sons, relations and friends, and the rest of the nobility, are members of the house of commons; as well as the country gentlemen, who come to reside in London during the sitting of parliament. The hours of parliament are extremely uncertain: they frequently sit till midnight, or till one or two o'clock in the morning, and sometimes later. From this custom arises the difficulty of having regular dinners during the sitting of parliament; except on Saturdays and Sundays, and some days in the holidays. The ladies, however, have large parties at night: but from the same reason, there is a much greater proportion of females than gentlemen, at these assemblies; partly because the men, after the breaking up of parliament, go to dine together at each other's houses, or at their *clubs;* and partly because it is so late, that they do not think it worth while to give themselves the trouble of dressing. These are the first class.

Among the better sort of citizens there are also some members of parliament; and there are some who, without belonging to the house of commons, are employed in public affairs, and are fond of talking of them. These likewise have their clubs; and the greater part of them like assembling there, much better than going to play at cards with the female friends of their wives. I must add, that among *this class* there is very litle *gallantry*: every one is constant to his wife, whom he is sure to meet every night at supper with the rest of the family. Besides, almost all the English have some business, some favourite amusement, some studies, or some pleasures, to which they devote themselves with as much attention as to business. They prefer spending the rest of their time in their own houses, to the dull pleasure of frequenting assemblies, which however are very numerous. There are not perhaps less than two hundred houses in London, where two or three assemblies are given

during the winter; so that there are sometimes three or four on the same night. The company begin to meet at nine or ten o'clock. People of fashion, both males and females, who are invited to them, all go to each; and stay there a longer or shorter time, as may be agreeable. Some are going in as others are coming out; three or four hundred people meet without seeing each other, and speak to one another without waiting for an answer. Card-tables are prepared in the different rooms, and card-playing lasts till one or two o'clock in the morning. In some houses suppers are given; but that is not common. If any French gentleman or lady should come to London, this compliment is paid to them: it is thought to be what they like best; but it must not be imagined that this is the general custom. Being at Paris some years ago, at the prince de Conti's, I met the viscount de Noailles, who had just returned from London, where he had been six weeks. He was giving the company an account of the manner of living at London; and among other things, he said that they supped there, but did not dine. I was a little astonished at this assertion; and took the liberty to tell him that I had been absent from London only six months, and that was not the custom when I came away. He assured me very seriously, that I should find it so when I returned: as if a nation altered its manners in six months. It is thus that we are mistaken, when we form general opinions upon the little we see.

Besides this way of meeting, there are, during the winter and spring, dinners of families, and their common friends, who come in turn: these are settled dinners, to which no one goes who is not invited. Thus there is not a city in Europe, where a person is less likely to fall in at the hour of dinner, at a friend's house, than in London. You run the risk of finding that he is gone to dine with a friend; or that he has a select party, and his table is full; or that he is dining alone, and does not choose to be taken unprovided. There are perhaps some exceptions, but I do not know them; besides, exceptions do not make the rule.

As for the clubs, every body knows that they are assemblies of men, who elect among themselves the members of their society. They have houses which they pay, to which they can

go at any time; and there they read the newspapers, play at cards, and sup. There are clubs for all ranks, and all classes, even for mechanics: the latter content themselves with a private room in a tavern or a coffee-house.

In the country towns there is a little more sociability. The shackles of parliament do not exist there, and they assemble more freely; in other respects there is little difference. The life they lead in the country is upon another system. It is there that the English display their luxury, and make their principal expense; it is there that they exercise their hospitality. There are no considerable noblemen or gentlemen, or men of fortune, who have not an estate and a house suitable to their condition: some magnificent and noble, but all good and convenient. There they receive their friends and foreigners willingly. However, they are glad to be previously informed of the time when they are to come: because they themselves might happen to be gone to pay a visit for some days to some of their country friends; or that their house was full; or that they had arranged the plan of their living, which they would not like to change.

The manner of living in the country is more or less free, according to the disposition of the master of the house. In general, the company breakfast, dine, and sup together: those who absent themselves form an exception to the rule. At breakfast, parties are made for walking or riding: every one has perfect freedom in this respect. They return to dine; and after dinner, talk or play at cards till supper. The hours are more regular than in town; and as there is no business here, it is in the country that the English may be best seen in their natural disposition. They are not so gloomy as is supposed; on the contrary, an air of gayety prevails in the country, which greatly astonishes those who know the English nation only through the romances written by foreigners that have never set their foot in England.

Men of letters do not form a body in London, as they do at Paris: it is not a profession. There is no one house which the *literati* frequent more than another: they do not know what is meant by a *bureau d'esprit*. A lady of rank attempted, some years ago, to form one, and to have one day in the week set apart for an assembly of that sort; but it at last became ridicu-

lous. If the English, who are really learned, were boasters, they might be more proud of not pretending to be so, than of setting up for men of letters. Men of learning, and writers are to be found in all conditions of life, from the peer of the realm to the mechanic: one to please himself, another for his amusement, and a third for his emolument. Those whose objects of study are the same, assist each other, and communicate together; but we do not see, as in other countries, the naturalist, the poet, and the mathematician, meeting to agrée to praise each other, without being qualified to appreciate each other's merit.

Society does nothing in England for the sick; I mean the bed'ridden. In France and Italy, a man goes a hundred miles to be at the bed side of his sick friend. Here, if he is in the house, he quits it. His disorder may be contagious; or the sick man himself wishes to be quiet. Perhaps they are right. I wish neither to praise nor to blame; I only mention the fact.

I have perhaps dwelt too much upon this subject: but I have thought that if these memoirs should one day become public, they would be as much read upon the continent as in England; and the state of society in this country being so different from others, and arising from its constitution, every one must be pleased with me for giving him a just and clear idea of it. I have carried the subject the further, because I never saw a traveller who did not complain of the difficulties he found in getting into company in London. I have said that it arose from the public business: I will add, that the spirit of party, which ordinarily prevails with more or less violence in company, and even creeps into families, produces obstacles which are fatal to the harmony of society, and which destroy all its charms.

Happily for myself, my condition and situation excused me from forming political opinions; and if I possessed them, I should be fully sensible that it was not proper for me to avow them openly in conversation. In consequence of this reserve, I have always had the good fortune to have friends among all parties; and however difficult it has sometimes been to maintain it, I think I have so far succeeded, as never to have forfeited the good-will of any one; except in the instance already mentioned, for which, I will venture to say, I never gave sufficient cause.

DEATH OF WIELAND, THE GERMAN POET.

Christopher Martin Wieland, deceased at Weimar, the night of the twentieth and twenty-first of January, 1813, had seen three generations, during which, from the time of Gottsched to our present poetical period, he has contributed to give the greatest lustre to our literature. He had celebrated on the fifth of September last, not far from Jena, at the country seat of his ancient friend, madam Greesbach, the widow of the counsellor, the eightieth anniversary of his birth, to the great satisfaction and amidst the felicitations of all his friends at Weimar and Jena. The memory of this event has been preserved in a medal by Facius of Weimar, upon which the profile of our Anacreon is much better represented than upon a former one executed in 1783, by Abramson, at Berlin. Wieland afterwards returned to Wiemar, where he continued, with the ardour of youth, his favourite occupation, the translation of Cicero's letters, and was adding a sixth volume to that beautiful work, of which the fifth part had appeared in the course of 1812. He began to write early in the morning, and, as if he foresaw that the sand of time had but a few moments in reserve for him, he did not love to be interrupted in the employment. He had not altered in the least his ordinary mode of life; he appeared occasionally at spectacles, and frequently visited circles of friends. No person could have less concern about his health, until suddenly a slight change in his regimen, in the use of wine, to which he was accustomed, was followed by a kind of parellydis, attended with spasms, resembling, in their effects, those of the apoplexy. He was at times delirious, with lucid intervals, between which sparks of his poetic genius were still apparent.

The hall of the ducal palace in which his remains were exposed to view, is the same where, five years since, were placed those of the dutchess Amelia, whom he had so often sung under the name of Olympia.

Wieland had for a long time expressed a desire that his grave should be placed by the side of his wife's, who was buried in 1799, in a rural spot which he owned at Ormanstadt, about a mile from Wiemar, between that city and Auerstadt, where was

also interred a little daughter of his ancient friend Sophie de la Roche. His wish is as sacred as a law to his family. It is to Ormanstadt that the German youth will go to pay a tribute of regret to the poet of the graces, and the minstrel of Oberon.

SELECTED POETRY.

Mr. Rogers, who began his poetical career many years since as the author of the Pleasures of Memory, has recently published a collection of his works, containing, among other new pieces, "Fragments of a poem, called The Voyage of Columbus." When we recollect the nature of the subject, the acknowledged genius of the author, the labour and time which we understand he has devoted to this production—and particularly the anticipation of its singular merits, which preceded its appearance—we confess that we have been much disappointed in its general style and character. The stale device of giving to the poem the appearance of a translation from an ancient Spanish manuscript, the disjointed and loose texture of its fragments, and the almost puerile conceit of omitting, as if it were lost, one entire canto, detract most unnecessarily from the unity, and weaken the interest of the whole poem. Yet there are passages wrought with much elegance and taste, and many melodious lines, which recall the tender warbling of Mr. Rogers's early muse. The first canto is a very favourable specimen:

Night—Columbus on the Atlantic—the variation of the compass, &c.

Say who first pass'd the portals of the west,
And the great secret of the deep possess'd;
Who first the standard of his faith unfurl'd
On the dread confines of an unknown world;
Sung ere his coming—and by Heav'n design'd
To lift the veil that cover'd half mankind!
'Twas night.* The moon, o'er the wide wave, disclos'd
Her awful face; and nature's self repos'd;

* The poem opens on Friday, the 14th of September, 1492; and it is remarkable that the writer, who represents himself as having sailed with Columbus, never deviates from the track of the old chroniclers, but to discover from behind the

When, slowly rising in the azure sky,
Three white sails shone—but to no mortal eye,
Entering a boundless sea. In slumber cast,
The very shipboy, on the dizzy mast,
Half breath'd his orisons! Alone unchang'd,
Calmly, beneath, the great commander rang'd,
Thoughtful not sad. "Thy will be done!" he cried.*
Then, by his lamp, to that mysterious guide,
On whose still counsels all his hopes relied,
That Oracle to man in mercy giv'n,
Whose voice is truth, whose wisdom is from Heav'n,
He turn'd; but what strange thoughts perplex'd his soul,
When, lo! no more attracted to the pole,
The compass, faithless as the circling vane,
Flutter'd and fix'd, flutter'd and fix'd again!—
At length, as by some unseen Hand impress,
It sought, with trembling energy, the west!†
"Ah no!" he cried, and calm'd his anxious brow.
"Ill, nor the signs of ill, 'tis thine to show.
"Thine but to lead me where I wish'd to go!"

Columbus err'd not.‡ In that awful hour,
Sent forth to save, and girt with Godlike power,
And glorious as the regent of the sun,§
An angel came! He spoke, and it was done!
He spoke, and, at his call, a mighty wind,¶
Not like the fitful blast, with fury blind,
But deep, majestic, in its destin'd course,
Rush'd with unerring, unrelenting force,
From the bright east. Tides duly ebb'd and flow'd;
Stars rose and set; and new horizons glow'd;

scene, as it were, some of that preternatural agency to which they refer so continually.

* 'It has pleased our Lord to grant me faith and assurance for this enterprise—He has opened my understanding, and made me most willing to go.' See his Life by his son, Ferd. Columbus, entitled, Hist. del Almirante Don Christobal. Colon. c. 4 & 37.

† Herrera, dec. I. lib. i. c. 9.

‡ When these regions were to be illuminated, says Acosta, cum divino consilio decretum esset, prospectum etiam divinitus est, ut tam longi itineris dux certus hominibus præberetur. De Natura Novi Orbis.

§ Rev. xix. 17.

¶ The more Christian opinion is, that God, at the length, with eyes of compassion, as it were, looking downe from Heaven, intended even then to rayse those wyndes of mercy, whereby.....this newe worlde receyved the hope of salvation.—Certaine Preambles to the Decades of the Ocean.

Yet still it blew! As with primeval sway,
Still did its ample spirit, night and day,
Move on the waters;—All, resign'd to fate,
Folded their arms and sat; and seem'd to wait
Some sudden change; and sought, in chill suspense,
New spheres of being, and new modes of sense;
As men departing, tho' not doom'd to die,
And midway on their passage to eternity.

And again—canto fourth, the continuation of the voyage,

* * * * *

Still, as beyond this mortal life impell'd
By some mysterious energy, he held
His everlasting course. Still self-possess'd,
High on the deck he stood, disdaining rest;
Fathom'd, with searching hand, the dark profound,
And scatter'd hope and glad assurance round.
At day-break might the caravels* be seen,
Chasing their shadows o'er the blue serene;
Their burnish'd prows lash'd by the sparkling tide,
Their green-cross standards† waving far and wide.
And now once more to better thoughts inclin'd,
The seaman, mounting, clamour'd in the wind.
The soldier told his tales of love and war;
The courtier sung—sung to his gay guitar.
Round at primero sate a whisker'd band;
So Fortune smil'd, careless of sea or land.‡

* * * * *
* * * * *

Yet who but he undaunted could explore
A world of waves—a sea without a shore,
Trackless and vast and wild as that reveal'd
When round the ark the birds of tempest wheel'd;
When all was still in the destroying hour—
No sign of man! no vestige of his power!

* * * * *

* Light vessels, formerly used by the Spaniards and Portuguese.

† F. Columbus, c. 23.

‡ Among those, who went with Columbus, were many adventurers and gentlemen of the court. Primero was the game then in fashion. See Vega, p. 2. lib. iii. c. 9.

Day, when it came, came only with its light.
Tho' long invok'd, 'twas sadder than the night!
Look where he would, forever as he turn'd,
He met the eye of one that inly mourn'd.

* * * * *

Then sunk his generous spirit, and he wept.
The friend, the father rose; the hero slept.
Palos, thy port, with many a pang resign'd,
Fill'd with its busy scenes his lonely mind;
The solemn march, the vows in concert giv'n,*
The bended knees and lifted hands to Heav'n,
The incens'd rites, and choral harmonies,
The guardian's blessings mingling with his sighs;
While his dear boys—ah! on his neck they hung,
And long, at parting, to his garments clung.

* * * * *

Oft in the silent night-watch doubt and fear
Broke in uncertain murmurs on his ear.
Oft the stern Catalan, at noon of day,
Mutter'd dark threats, and linger'd to obey;
Tho' that brave youth—he, whom his courser bore
Right thro' the midst, when, fetlock deep in gore,
The great Gonzalo† battled with the Moor,
(What time the Alhambra shook—soon to unfold
Its sacred courts, and fountains yet untold,
Its holy texts and arabesques of gold)
Tho' Roldan,‡ sleep and death to him alike,
Grasped his good sword, and half unsheathed to strike.

* * * * *

"Come on," he cried, and threw his glove in scorn,
"Nor this your wonted pledge, the brimming horn.
"Valiant in peace! Adventurous at home!
"Oh! had he vow'd with pilgrim-staff to roam,

* His public procession to the convent of Rabida on the day before he set sail. It was there that his sons had received their education; and he himself appears to have passed some time there, the venerable guardian, Juan Perez de Marchena, being his zealous and affectionate friend. The ceremonies of his departure and return are represented in many of the fresco-paintings in the palaces of Genoa.

† Gonzalo Fernandez already known by the name of The Great Captain. Granada surrendered on the second of January, 1492. Columbus set sail on the third of August following.

‡ Probably a soldier of fortune. There were more than one of the name on board.

" Or with banditti sought the sheltering wood,
" Where mouldering crosses mark the scene of blood!—"
He said, he drew, then at his master's frown,
Sullenly sheath'd, plunging the weapon down.

We have room only for the concluding canto:

Twice the moon fill'd her silver urn with light.
Then from the throne an angel winged his flight;
He, who unfix'd the compass, and assign'd
O'er the wild waves a pathway to the wind;
Who, while approach'd by none but spirits pure,
Wrought, in his progress through the dread obscure,
Signs like the ethereal bow—that shall endure!*
Before the great adventurer, laid to rest,
He stood, and thus his secret soul address'd.†

" The wind recalls thee; its still voice obey.
" Millions await thy coming; hence, away.
" To thee blest tidings of great joy consign'd,
" Another nature, and a new mankind!
" The vain to dream, the wise to doubt shall cease;
" Young men be glad, and old depart in peace!‡
" Hence! tho' assembling in the fields of air,
" Now, in a night of clouds, thy foes prepare
" To rock the globe with elemental wars,
" And dash the floods of ocean to the stars;§
" To bid the meek repine, the valiant weep,
" And thee restore thy secret to the deep!¶

" Not then to leave thee! to their vengeance cast,
" Thy heart their aliment, their dire repast!**
" - - - - - - - - - - - - -
" To other eyes shall Mexico unfold
" Her feather'd tapestries,†† and roofs of gold!

* It is remarkble that these phenomena still remain among the mysteries of nature.

† Te tua fata docebo. Virg.—Saprai di tua vita il viaggio. Dante.

‡ P. Martyr, Epist. 133. 152.

§ When he entered the Tagus, all the seamen ran from all parts to behold, as it were some wonder, a ship that had escaped so terrible a storm. F. Columbus, c. 40.

¶ I wrote on a parchment that I had discovered what I had promised; and, having put it into a cask, I threw it into the sea. Ibid, c. 37.

** See the Eumenedes of Æschylus, v. 305, &c.

†† Clavigero, VII. 52.

" To other eyes, from distant cliff descried,*
" Shall the Pacific roll his ample tide.

" Chains thy reward! beyond the Atlantic wave
" Hung in thy chamber, buried in thy grave!†
" Thy reverend form to time and grief a prey,
" A phantom wandering in the light of day!

" What tho' thy gray hairs to the dust descend,
" Their scent shall track thee, track thee to the end;
" Thy sons reproach'd with their great father's fame,
" And on his world inscrib'd another's name!
" That world a prison-house, full of sights of wo,
" Where groans burst forth, and tears in torrents flow!
" These gardens of the sun, sacred to song,
" By dogs of carnage, howling loud and long,‡
" Swept—till the voyager, in the desert air,
" Starts back to hear his alter'd accents there!§

" Not thine the olive, but the sword to bring,
" Not peace, but war! Yet from these shores shall spring
" Peace without end;¶ from these, with blood defil'd,
" Spread the pure spirit of thy master mild!
" Here, in his train, shall arts and arms attend,
" Arts to adorn, and arms but to defend!
" Assembling here, all nations shall be blest;**
" The sad be comforted; the weary rest:
" Untouch'd shall drop the fetters from the slave;
" And he shall rule the world he died to save!

* Balboa immediately concluded it to be the ocean for which Columbus had searched in vain; and when, at length, after a toilsome march among the mountains, his guides pointed out to him the summit from which it might be seen, he commanded his men to halt, and *and went up alone*. Herrera, I. x. 1.

† I always saw them in his room, and he ordered them to be buried with his body. F. Columbus, c. 86.

‡ One of these, on account of his extraordinary sagacity and fierceness, received the full allowance of a soldier. His name was Bezerillo.

§ No unusual effect of an exuberant vegetation. 'The air was so vitiated,' says an African traveller; 'that our torches burnt dim, and seemed ready to be extinguished; and even the human voice lost its natural tone.'

¶ See Washington's farewell address to his fellow citizens.

** North America became instantly an asylum for the oppressed; huguenots, and catholics, and sects of every name and country. Such were the first settlers in Carolina and Maryland, Pennsylvania and New England. Nor is South America altogether without a claim to the title. Even now, while I am writing, the ancient house of Braganza is on its passage across the Atlantic,

Cum sociis, natoque, Penatibus, et magnis dis.

" Hence, and rejoice. The glorious work is done.
" A spark is thrown that shall eclipse the sun!
" And, tho' bad men shall long thy course pursue,
" As erst the ravening brood o'er chaos flew,*
" He, whom I serve, shall vindicate his reign;
" The spoiler spoil'd of all; the slayer slain;†
" The tyrant's self, oppressing and opprest,
" Mid gems and gold unenvied and unblest:‡
" While to the starry sphere thy name shall rise,
" (The bright reward of generous enterprise!)
" Thine in all hearts to dwell—by fame enshrin'd,
" With those, the few, that live but for mankind."

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO A ROSE BUD, ON MY STUDY TABLE.

Illfated bud! and must thou bloom,
Mid musty books and classic lore!
And must thou find an early tomb,
Where flowery fragrance never breath'd before,
Alas! it ill befits thee to be found
Among the ponderous tomes of wights profound.
Better for thee to blush in beauteous pride,
On her fair bosom whom my soul holds dear,
Than in this hermitage thy charms to hide,
And " waste thy fragrance" in this humble sphere.
But sooth to say thy beauties charm the eye,
Of one who dearly loves such gift of spring,
Thou shalt not " uncommended die,"
For I a verse will sing.

* See Paradise Lost. X.

† Cortes, Pizarro.—' Almost all,' says Las Casas, ' have perished. The innocent blood, which they had shed, called aloud for vengeance; the sighs, the tears of so many victims went up before God.'

‡ L'Espagne a fait comme ce roi insensé qui demanda que toute ce qu'il toucheroit se convertit en or, et qui fut oblige de revenir aux dieux pour les prier de finir sa misère. Montesq.

Such as the youthful bard in fancy's dream,
Forms for his love, and thou shalt be my theme—
I'll say, to the beauties that grace this gay rose
No nymph resemblance so perfect has borne;
Your charms all its sweetest attractions disclose,
And your wit oft reminds me how pointed its thorn.
And some discourse there too shall be,
Of doubt that chills and hope that warms,
Then to my fair, I'll send the verse with thee,
The loveliest emblem of her peerless charms.

H.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO MARIA.

You did not like my lay uncouth,
Because I only said the truth,
Nor in deceit, nor flattery dealt,
But frankly told the fears I felt.

'Tis true, I was a silly elf,
To talk to you about myself;
Because as now I clearly view,
I should have only talk'd of *you*.

Yes, yes, I should have been more wise,
And told about a score of lies,
Toiling, with tropes and figures fine,
To prove to you, you were divine.

If I had said, to form your eyes,
That Nature search'd through all the skies,
And robb'd, to make them heav'nly bright,
Both Mars and Venus of their light:

If I had called you mild as even,
If I had said your smile was Heaven,
That you than life were dearer far,
And fairer than the morning star;

No doubt I should have won your trust,
You would have thought me frank and just,
You would have said, with secret joy,
I was a very candid boy!——

But I'll not jest; for I by half,
Am more disposed to frown than laugh;
I'm sure I said no more to you,
Than what was natural and true.

I said I doubted if the bard
Might hope to claim your heart's regard,
Because you might suppose the boy
Unworthy of so dear a joy.

Now if I err'd in doubts like these,
Why, dear, *correct me when you please;*
I will not fasten down the wind
To show your purity of mind:

I will not rove about the skies
To find a likeness for your eyes;
But I will say, without a fear,
That you are—What? *Why you are dear!*

And if you think such speech amiss,
Why, sweetest, then it comes to this;
That we must wrangle more and more
For I will say it o'er and o'er.

J. M—y.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO MARIA, ON HER RESTORATION TO HEALTH.

From the rude hand of Pain and Wo,
I hail thee, gentle maid, releas'd!
No more the unbidden tear-drops flow,
And every tort'ring sigh has ceas'd.

Thanks to the power that made thee whole,
And gave thee to the world again—
Of circles, the enliv'ning soul,
And first in beauty's matchless train,

'Tis bliss to find those eyes relume
The fires that lately dazzled there;
'Tis bliss to see that cheek resume
The roses it was wont to wear.

Since Spring now visits all the land,
Pouring around her softest gales,
'Tis time to burst Confinement's band,
And court the sunny hills and vales.

Come then, and let us tread the greens
That border Hartford's parent tide;
Than these, are found no lovelier scenes,
On Arno's banks or Mincio's side.

Come, and we'll breathe this grateful air,
Fraught with the sweets of every bloom;
Come, and we'll view this prospect fair,
Fashion'd in Nature's finest loom.

I long to see thee taste the sweets,
Which from the blooming season flow;
I long to find thee in retreats
That health and happiness bestow.

Then to my eye these hills and vales
In native beauty shall appear;
And then shall birds, and streams, and gales,
Waft sweeter music to my ear.

R.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

It has been long and justly lamented, that while almost every nation of Europe, however miserable its condition or humble its political importance, has a traditionary music, and national airs, our country alone does not yet possess these important characteristics. This is, indeed, a great and prominent defect in our social and political existence. Blest as we unquestionably are with

more individual and general prosperity, than is enjoyed by any other people, and as strenuously attached to our national institutions, we yet in this country want an undefined something of national feeling, and of general sympathy which unites societies more powerfully than the mutual enjoyment of all these advantages. It is not the casual vicinity of our homes that makes a nation. It is not a cold and prudent calculation of the benefits of union and the dangers of dissension, which binds states together. It is a higher, and a more generous sentiment, the kindred feelings, the resembling habits, the consciousness of mutual esteem, the sense of common dangers, all these more than the calm deliberations of wisdom, come warm and rushing from the heart to make us not merely know, but feel that we have a country. It is this, noble sentiment, which reason can neither form, nor control, nor even sometimes approve, which thrills through our breasts at the remembrance of our country—which identifies our pride, with its glory—which makes us blush for its failings, or weep for its misfortunes, or swell with its triumphs, and fixing on that country, our undivided affections, surrounds its institutions with the sacred enthusiasm of the passions. In no manner can these feelings be inspired or preserved, more effectually, than by national and characteristic poetry. They thus approach us with all the fascinations of genius, at an age when the generous passions are alone awakened, and connecting themselves with our earliest and dearest associations, establish over our bosoms, a seductive and durable empire. Their influence need not be told to those who know the power of physical sounds, in union with endearing recollections, or who remember, that since the time of Tyrtæus to the days of Dibdin, the songs and poetry of a nation have always prepared or accompanied its triumphs. "Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes the laws," was the observation of a judicious and profound statesman, which is peculiarly applicable to the popular institutions of our own country.

During the long interval of repose in which this nation has slumbered, the feelings of mutual kindness, and conciliation, which should attach us to each other, have, unhappily, lost too much of

their influence. The national sentiment has been wasted in the natural improvidence of prosperity; or, sometimes, lost in the violence of our political animosities; till, at length, we have become too indifferent to the blessings, and almost strangers to the feelings which distinguish, and should endear our country. This may have many causes; but not the least, in our estimation, is the want of certain rallying points in our habits and manners: where, for a moment at least, we might forget the divisions which distract us, and remember only our native land—certain shaded and holy spots, where the verdure of patriotism might be always fresh, and where should never be seen the noxious weeds of faction. Such might be the national songs, in which the value of our institutions, the blessings of our condition, the peculiarities of our manners, and the triumphs of our arms, embellished by the graces of poetry, could be familiarized to our ordinary amusements, and entwined with our best and most natural feelings of patriotism. Instead of being condemned, as we now are, on our public theatres, and even in our domestic festivities, to hear and to sing the praises of foreign countries, and the triumphs of foreign heroes, we might then, all of us, of all parties, and of all classes, unite in celebrating our own institutions, our own manners, our own statesmen, our own soldiers.

Surely that degradation should not long be suffered. Seven millions of people—of such people too, intelligent, active, and enlightened, beyond all former example;—born to higher destinies than were ever yet opened to any nation—the career of whose greatness and glory is rapid, constant, and almost irresistible; whose annals, though recent, are already splendid and glorious.—Such a people have every claim to a high and bold expression of their feelings, their habits, and their affections. To encourage that expression, to cherish those feelings, and thus to form a new moral bond among us, is an object of great national advantage, and of much individual honor. Nor could any moment be more propitious than the present. The whole sympathy of our countrymen, all that remained of national sentiment since the revolution, has recently burst forth to honor the glorious achievements of our navy, which have kindled a new and holy spirit of nationality

and enabled the humblest citizen among us boldly to say to the world that he too has a country. These generous ebullitions of feeling should not be permitted to pass with the occasion that inspired them: they may serve as the foundation of an enlarged and liberal system of national poetry. Our naval victories—the proofs of what this nation is capable—cannot be too often cited and admired. They refresh the intellectual senses—they make us proud of ourselves, and our country; and poetry can have no higher office among us than to embalm, in its purest essence, these brilliant deeds of heroism; to reflect, in all their lustre, the images of great and glorious triumphs; to familiarize the national mind to acts of high and generous heroism; and thus, by preserving the lofty tone of its patriotism, make the remembrance of the old become the cause of future victories.

In advancing so great a national object, we have thought that this Journal, from its wide circulation, and its having long been a repository for the fugitive productions of the American muse, might be rendered not a useless auxiliary, and we, therefore, cordially and anxiously urge all whose talents qualify them for such an office, to contribute their aid, by compositions of the class which we have designated. To the considerations which will crowd on the minds of those who can appreciate the value of such exertions, we cannot, it may be presumed, present any additional temptation; and it is, therefore, rather for the purpose of fixing the public attention on such a project, and of exciting a generous competition, that we propose

Two Premiums, each of One Hundred Dollars,

for the two best Naval songs, which may be forwarded to us, before the 1st of October next.

It is not intended to restrict in any manner, the taste of the writers, as to the nature of the songs, which may be modelled on the airs most familiar to us, and even on those of the enemy to whose tunes of national triumph, we seem to have in some degree, succeeded by right of conquest, as well as of inheritance. The communications can be sent to us as usual, without any designation of the author—they shall be judged, if not with taste,

at least with rigid impartiality, and when the successful candidate is announced, the premium, or any equivalent at his option can be demanded, and shall be immediately forwarded to him.

Our numerous poetical correspondents, whose contributions have inspired the intention of offering this premium, from the conviction, that they could readily produce something honourable to themselves, and to the poetical genius of their country, will not, we trust, disappoint this favourite expectation. To them, and to all who are anxious to direct their talents to objects of permanent utility, we would address the spirited invita- of the poet:

> Ye generous youths! by Nature's bounty graced!
> Whose throbbing hearts, have heard the call of Taste,
> With honest ardour, in the lists of Fame,
> Risk every hope, and rival every claim.

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